After Moro: Exclusive Interview With Oriana Fallaci

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ONE DOLLAR MAY 22, 1978

NEW YORK

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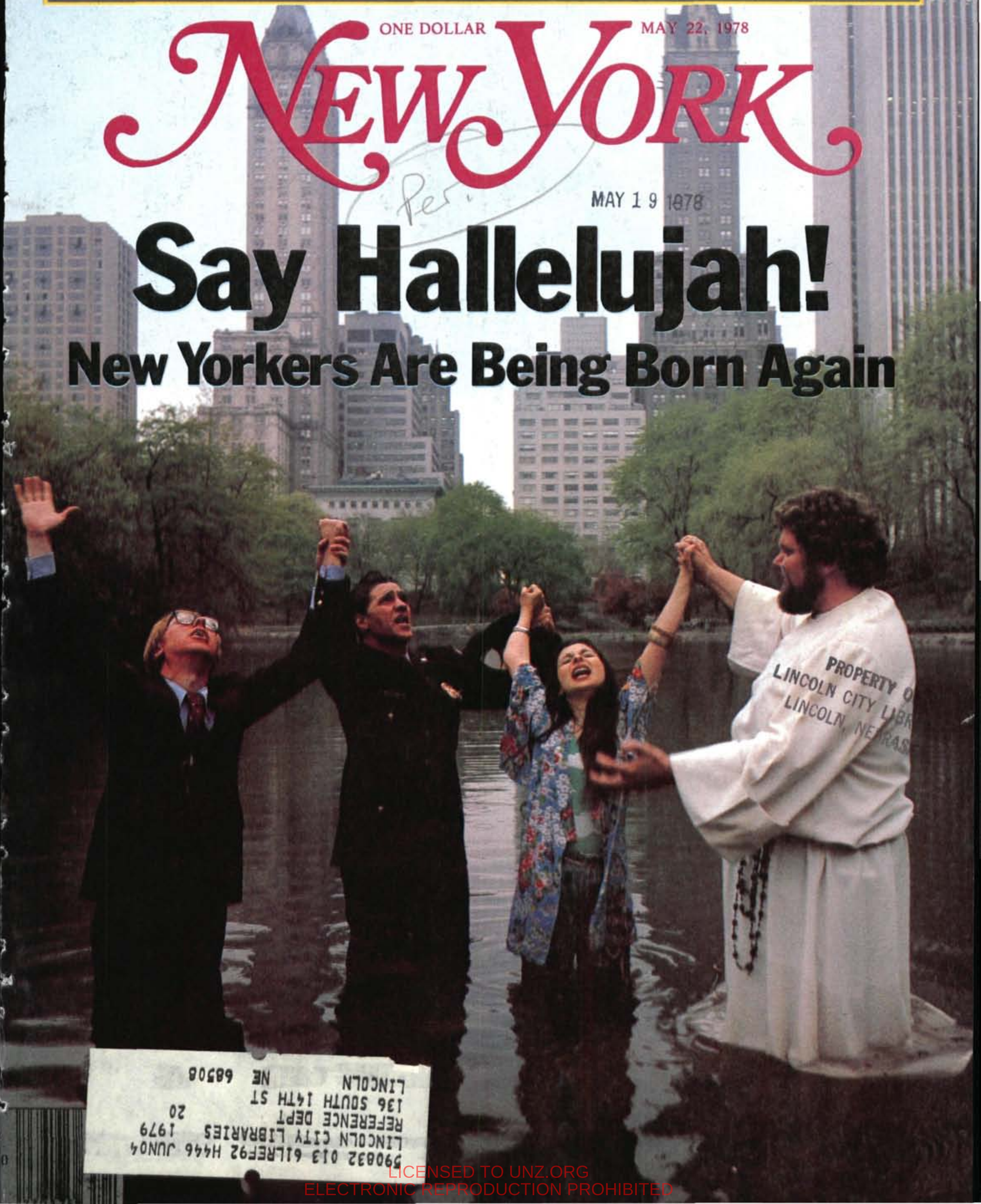
Say Hallelujah!

New Yorkers Are Being Born Again



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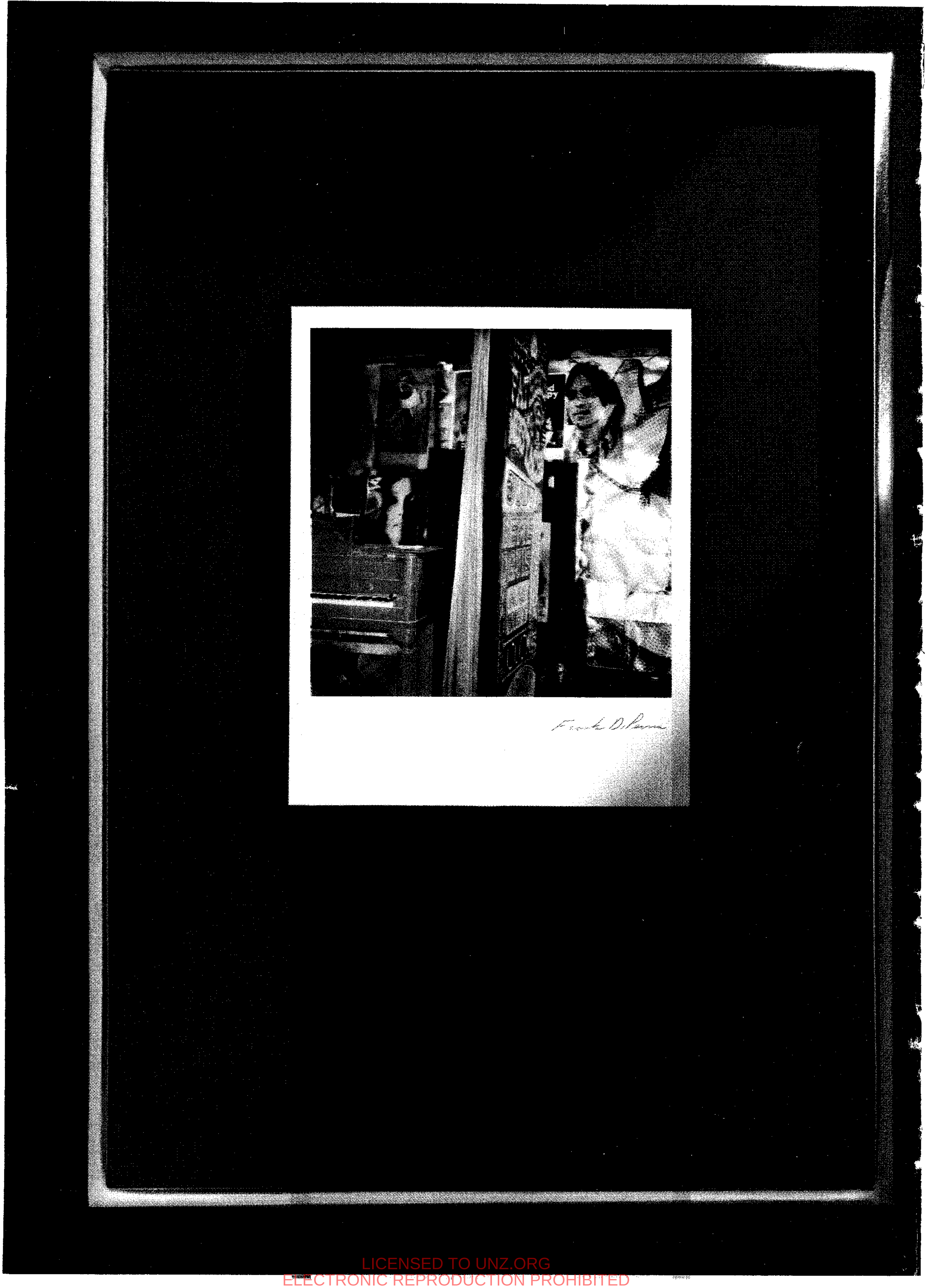

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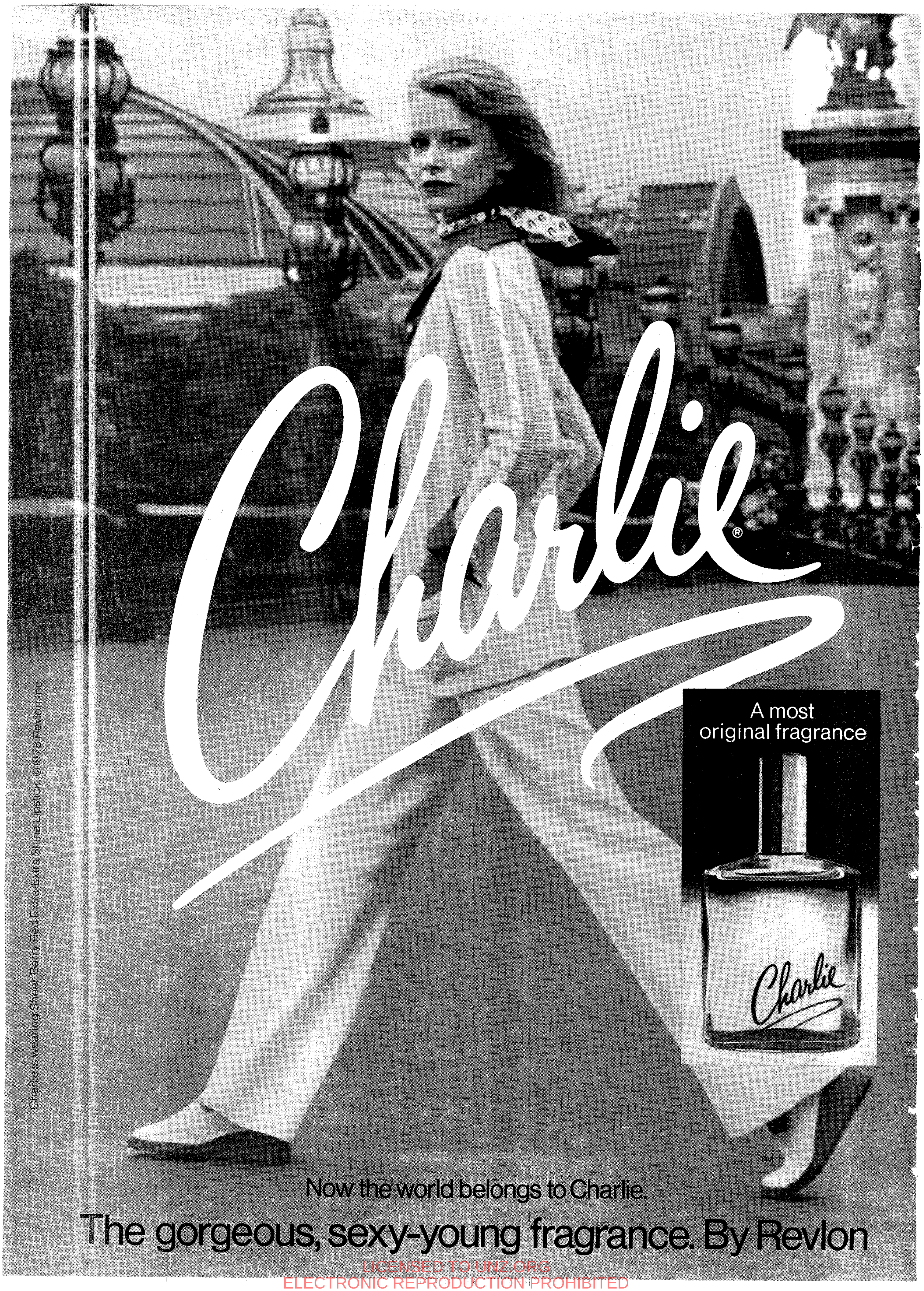
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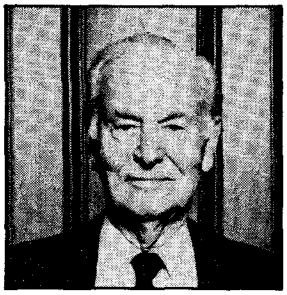

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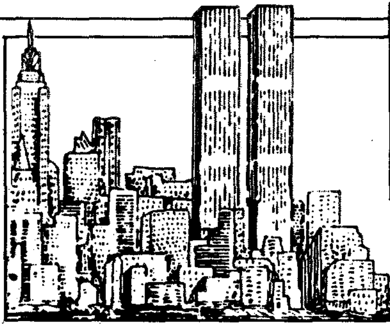

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Born Again in New York

By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

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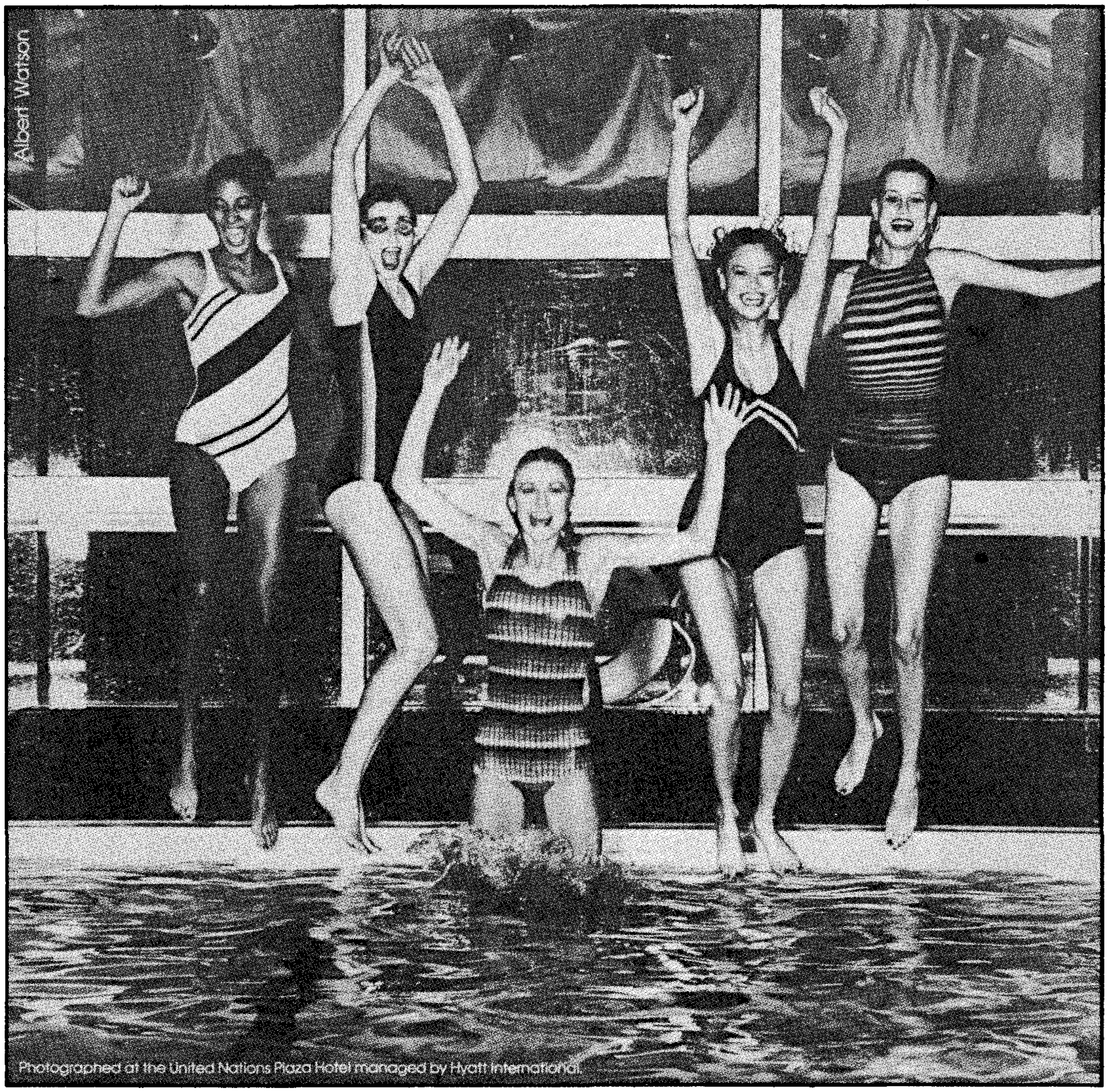

Albert Watson

Photographed at the United Nations Plaza Hotel managed by Hyatt International.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Tufo Keeps Limo, Loses Lee

Tufo and Lee: Too many pictures like this ended their affair.

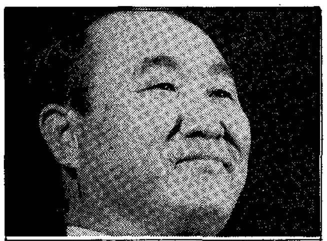
For three years now, Lee Radziwill and Peter Tufo have been a very hot item, with friends making book on the day they would marry. Well, no more. The combined pressures of *paparazzi* and business have finally forced the Beautiful Couple to cool it. Both Lee and Peter say they're "very private people" and the ordeal of being featured daily in the gossip pages just got to be too much. Lee's consoling herself by keeping very busy at her decorating business and Peter's doing the same at his law firm. Ironically, it was the romance with Jackie O's sister that almost cost Tufo one of his most cherished positions, unpaid chairman of the city's Board of Correction. A while back, disgruntled prison guards put out a statement attacking Tufo as a "dilettante" who sometimes turned up at prison riots with Lee's relatives in tow. (It was a cheap shot but got a lot of publicity, because the night it was fired there was a riot on Riker's Island.) Tufo not only rode out that little storm but is now one of the select few allowed to keep their city limousines. Only difference now is that Tufo is riding around alone.

'Times' Settling With Allen & Co.

It looks as if the big court showdown between the New York *Times* and Allen & Company over the Begelman scandal has been averted. Right now lawyers for the newspaper and for the giant investment banker are working out a deal that will require the *Times* to print a "clarification" of its remarks about Allen & Company and founder Charles Allen Jr. If the "clarification" is satisfactory, Allen & Company will not file its threatened $150-million lawsuit, based on a *Times Magazine* article by Lucian Truscott IV which characterized Charles Allen as the "Godfather of the New Hollywood." Neither of the two sides would speak for publication, but Truscott confirmed that something is in the works. "I am involved in formulating with the editors of the *Times* the wording of what the magazine will print with regard to my story," Truscott told us. "I'm completely comfortable with what the magazine is going to print. I have no qualms about the wording, content, or intent of what the magazine is going to say." It's a fair bet that the piece will say the *Times* never meant to imply that Charles Allen was a "Godfather" in the Mafia sense. It will also correct a couple of errors about Columbia Pictures' finances.

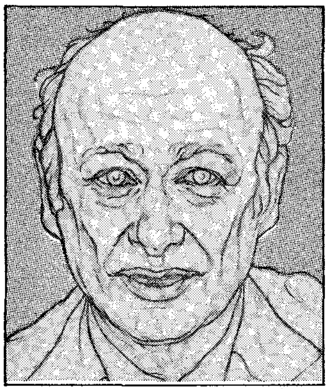
Moonies Backing MacArthur Movie

Author Robin Moore (*The Green Berets, The French Connection*) has just tapped an unusual source for the financing of his new movie. Moore has gotten the up-front money for his film, *Inchon,* from none other than the Reverend Sun Myung Moon and his Unification Church. "It's really quite logical," Moore told us. "The film is about General MacArthur's landing at Inchon in Korea. To the South Koreans and the Japanese, MacArthur is a godlike figure still. So when the Unification Church heard about the project, they wanted to help. They see the film as a religious undertaking." Moore said casting is about to begin. Who would he like to play the corncob general? "John Wayne. Who else? He'd be perfect in the role," said Moore. Andrew McLaglen, who has directed Wayne in the past, was to have done *Inchon* but dropped the project. "He decided he didn't like Korea," said Moore.



Reverend Moon: In pictures.

Koch to Sadat: Taste a Little



Mayor Ed Koch is looking forward to a whole string of world leaders staying in Gracie Mansion. "It's a wonderful way to show off our city," he said, while still flushed with the success of the Menachem Begin visit. "It's so much more relaxing than staying in a hotel. Why, Mrs. Begin even got to fix her own breakfast in our new kosher kitchen. She came downstairs Saturday morning and told the staff, 'This is the Sabbath. I'll cook the eggs myself.' Everyone kept sending New York's finest foods to the mansion. I had whitefish and lox coming out my ears." The mayor hopes the Anwar el-Sadats will be his next diplomatic guests when they visit the United States in September. "That will give the city a chance to show off all its fine Egyptian delicacies," he told us.

Two Jackies Tops In TV Ratings

It's getting so Jackie O won't be able to go to the movies *or* stay home and watch TV. Just as *The Greek Tycoon* opens in the cinemas, news comes that the script for a six-hour mini-series based on Jacqueline Susann's *Dolores* is now with CBS. Both properties are, of course, barely fictionalized portraits of the former First Lady. *Dolores,* in turn, should start a flood of Susann adaptations on the home screen. There will be a decision in the next week about who gets to make the mini-series of her *Valley of the Dolls* (George Barrie of Fabergé and Twentieth Century–Fox are battling for that honor), and *Once Is Not Enough* will be up for the mini-series grabs shortly. For a long time, the late Jacqueline's books were considered too hot for TV, but in today's anything-goes climate, they're just body temperature.

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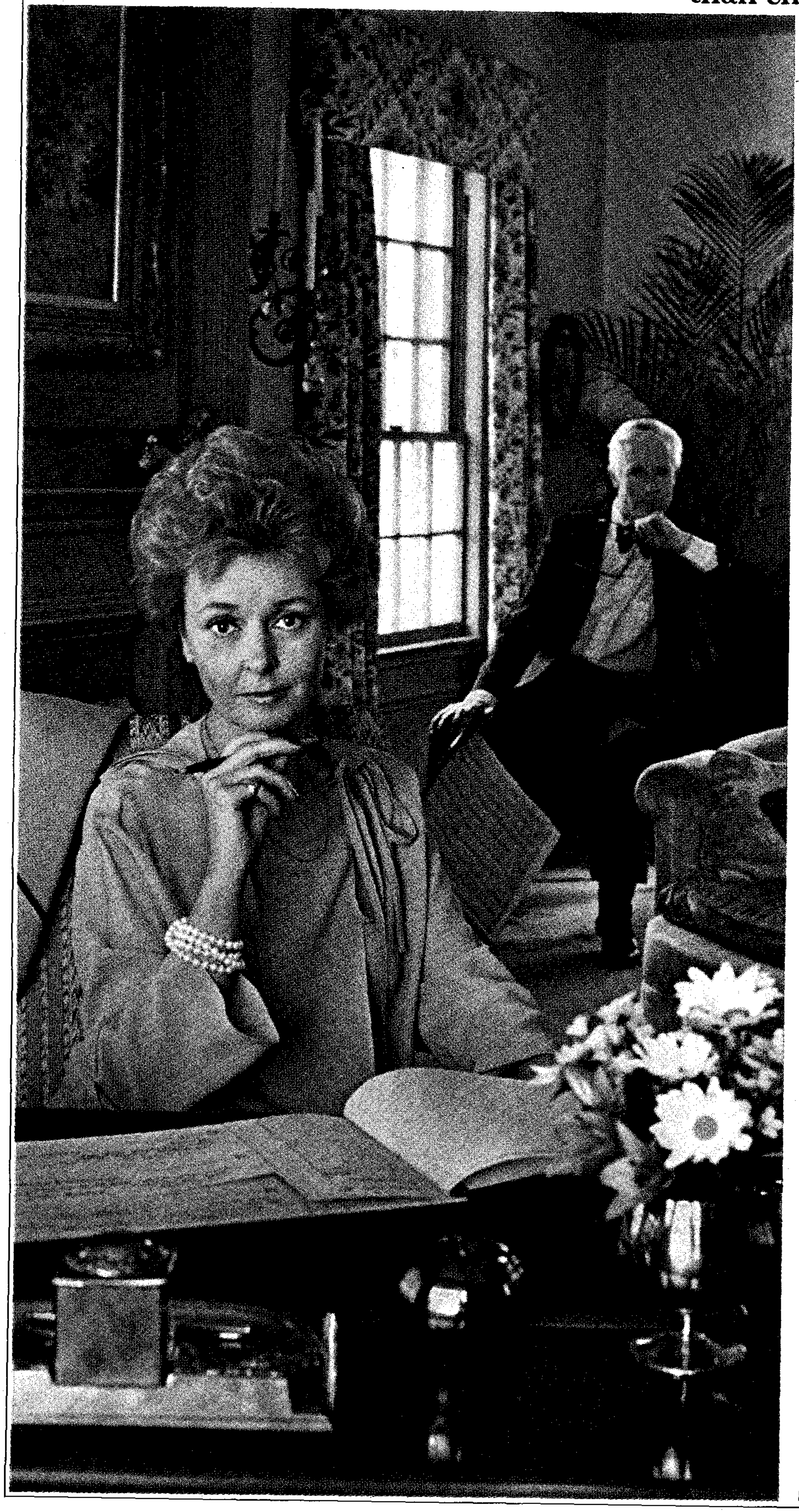

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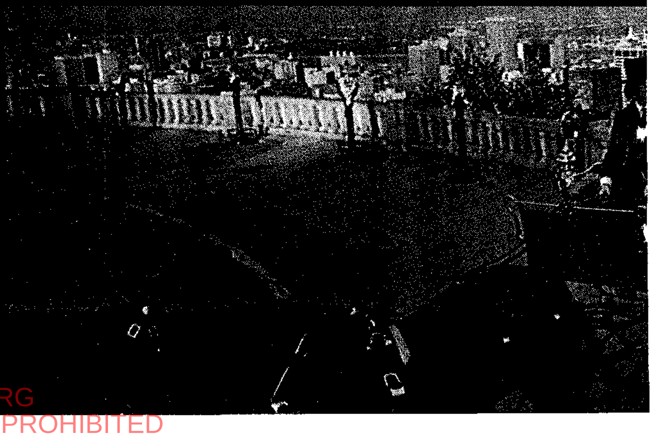

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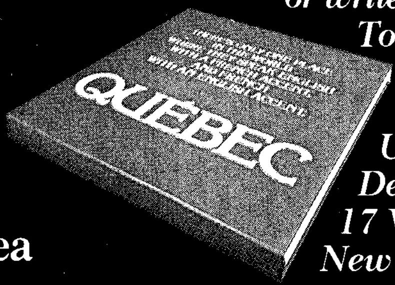

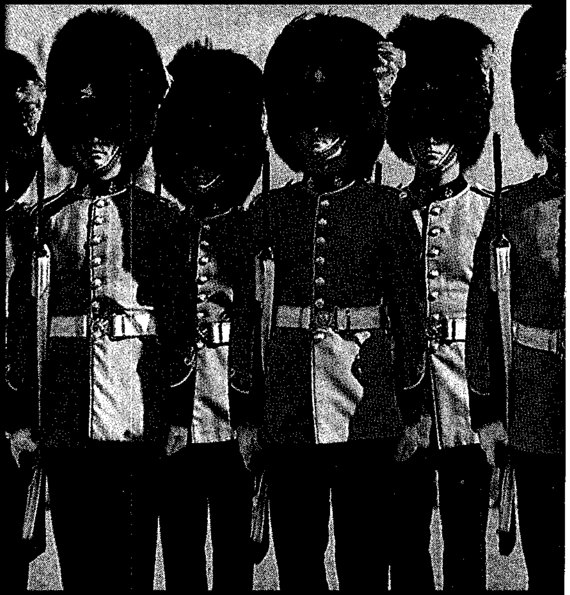

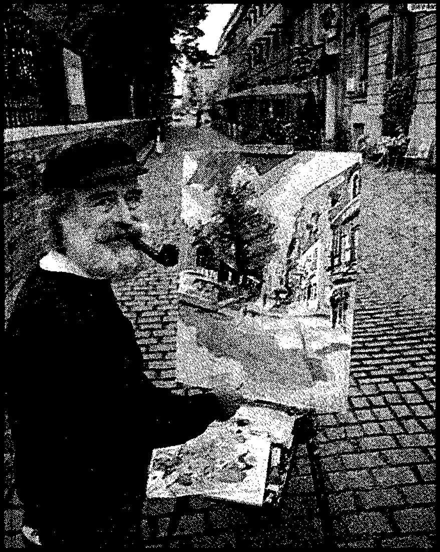

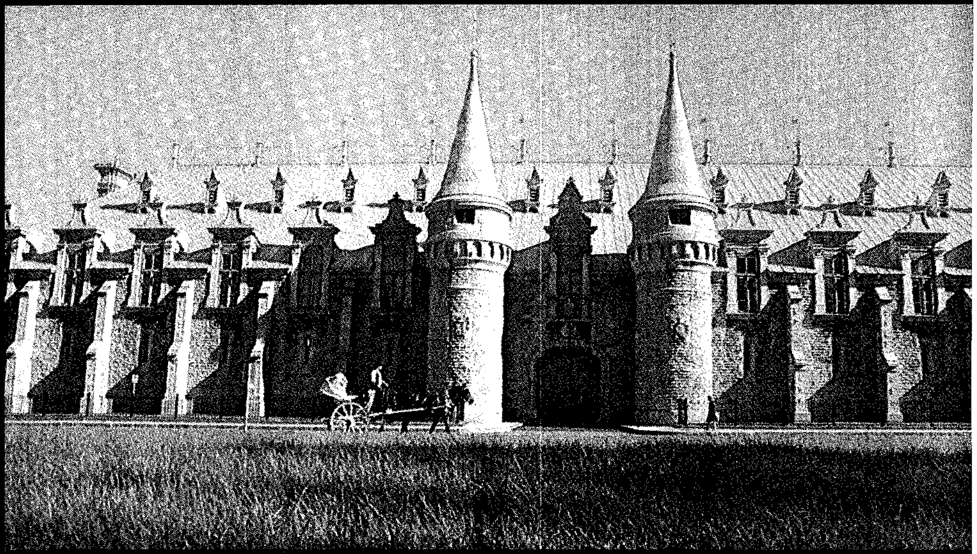

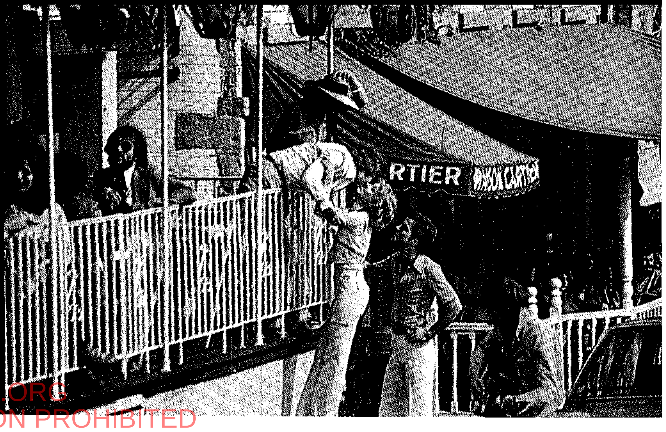

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Politics / Philip Nobile

AFTER MORO: AN INTERVIEW WITH ORIANA FALLACI

Oriana Fallaci, the Italian author and journalist whose personality and opinions frequently are as arresting as the subjects to which she addresses herself, was interviewed last week by Philip Nobile for *New York* Magazine. The subjects were Aldo Moro, the Red Brigades, and the state of Italy.

Moro is dead. You were one of those Italians who opposed negotiations to save his life. Do you feel any guilt?

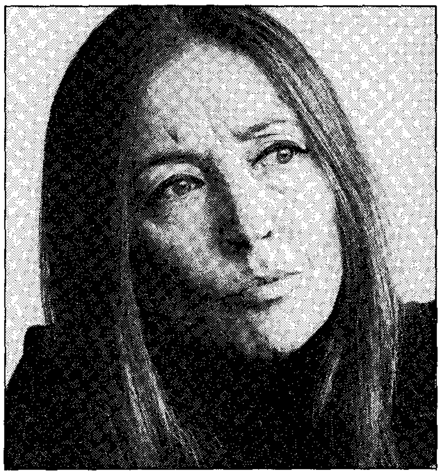
No, sir. I feel rage. Disgust. Grief. Hate. But not a shred of guilt. Negotiations were inconceivable, inadmissible. Nothing could be done, nothing should be done to save Moro's life. Moro would have been the next president of the republic, after all. So his life could not be separated from the life of the republic. If Moro hadn't died, the country would be dead.

That's politics, Miss Fallaci. Did you know him? How do you feel personally?

I told you. Rage. Disgust. Grief. Hate. I cried. But not a shred of guilt. Because I cannot divide politics from life, my life. Yes. I knew Moro. We met during one of his trips to Moscow when he was minister of foreign affairs. We flew together, and I followed him for a few days. Politically, of course, he was not my kind of man, but there was something in him that I could not help respect. His quiet dignity, his sad poise. He was a very sad person, you know. His eyes were sad, his voice. And I felt a faith, inside that sadness, which was not my faith, of course—because he was such a Catholic and I obviously wouldn't call him a leftist—that made me accept him. He was a decent man, and a man of peace, and an anti-fascist. And despite his phlegmatic temperament, his professorial sweetness, there was strength in him. Which is why I couldn't believe his desperate letters begging to save his life through negotiations. And I said, like many: "This is not Moro." God knows what happened. We shall never know. I hope he died well and knowing that he did not die uselessly.

Doesn't the death of Moro mean that the Red Brigades have lost?

They certainly have lost in the sense that their requests were rejected, and the trial against the thirteen they wanted to liberate goes on, and the country has remained on its feet. They also have lost because they have been isolated and repudiated even by extremist groups who had sympathies for them. Italy has demonstrated a maturity that I couldn't have hoped for. Both at a popular level, the masses, and at a governmental level. It is now clear that the Red Brigades are a fanatic sect of a few hundred, supported by a few thousand maybe, in a country of 56 million politicized people. But they haven't totally lost, or not yet, in keeping the country in a very dangerous and real tragic situation. This is not the end.



His death enraged her: *"There was something in him I could not help respect."*

What do you suppose they will do now?

According to their communiqués and programs, they will increase terrorism. I doubt they will do it through kidnappings again, now that they have seen how the state responds. But they can do it of course through killings, bombings, etc. It's obvious that they would like to make a Lebanon out of Italy, or an Ireland. What they forget is that the objective realities of Italy are not those of Lebanon and Ireland. The country has never been so united, the workers never so angry as they are against them after the assassination of Moro. So they will probably act as the Boxers acted in China at the beginning of this century. Remember their senseless, indiscriminate slaughters. Or should I recall the first crimes of the Blackshirts and Brownshirts in Italy and Germany?

Weren't you once personally involved in a political kidnapping?

No, I was not. What happened, when the son of the leader of the Socialist party was kidnapped, Guido De Martino, is this. A fascist communiqué was sent to the newspapers and it said that they would accept only Fallaci as intermediary. I had to answer if I accepted or not, and this is how I did it. "Granted that I do not recognize this vile kidnapping and these negotiations, neither *any* kind of kidnapping and negotiations; granted that I would never permit anyone to negotiate for me should I be kidnapped; considered, however, that it is not my life that is in danger but the life of another citizen, I put myself at the disposal of the bastards who demand my intercession while insisting that I shall not accept any imposition or blackmail, and reserving the right to spit in their faces." Of course nobody called anymore. However, the episode clarifies my attitude on the matter: If I am kidnapped, consider me dead. I said it on various occasions. Don't negotiate. Don't give up. Of course it's easier to speak courageously when death seems far away, but I like to believe that I wouldn't surrender. Sometimes in order to live we have to die.

You are a leftist. Can you say that you can take no solace in the disruption the Red Brigades have caused the state?

This question offends me, and it confirms that you Americans don't understand a thing about what it means to be a leftist. You don't even try. All you know about politics is voting for the Democratic party or the Republican party, like the Soviets who vote for Brezhnev or Podgorny. The word "socialism," for instance, still is a dirty word for many people here in America. Being a leftist doesn't mean to disrupt the state. It means to believe in the rights of human beings, in social justice, in freedom, in progress, in changing things for the better. It also means, by the way, to have guts and imagination. The Red Brigades are not leftist. They don't act for the people, the workers. They are hysterical fanatics, I told you, fascists. Red fascists, I call them. The state they would like to disrupt often hosts a bunch of bastards cloaked in respectability—in fact, I criticize them vehemently—but it's a state based in a damned good constitution. The one which was forged out of the Resistance. The malfunctioning of our state does not demand disruption. When a person is sick, you can cure him or her. You don't kill him or her. When I criticize the state or the

Photographed by Piero Raffaeli

administration of the state in my country, I do it as a doctor, not as an assassin. And mind that if Italy were under a tyranny, I would be among the first to kill the tyrant.

Who do you think pays the Red Brigades' payroll?

That is the million-dollar question, and I guess that a German would say to you the same thing if you asked who supports the Red Army Faction in Germany. Besides, they are certainly tied up with the German RAF. Well, my opinion is that they are supported from abroad. I am not one of those Europeans who always attribute their disgraces to the Americans or to the Russians, but these Red Brigades are too obscure, and what these tragic episodes point to is too good for both the Russians and the Americans.

I don't follow you.

You will when I remind you that one of their immediate goals is not to have the Italian Communist party in a democratic government, and to prevent the realization of the historical compromise between the Communists and the Christian Democrats. Which, by the way, is exactly what the Americans and the Russians want too. The Americans, because they simply refuse to recognize the right of the Communists to participate in the administration, no matter what the electorate says through the vote; the Russians, because they cannot afford the luxury of having a disobedient party triumph. Who of the two is behind it I do not know. You should interview CIA, or KGB. Or maybe some Czechoslovakian protector of such groups. Listen, where was Moro for 54 days? How is it possible that with all those searchers he wasn't found? Do you realize that two weeks after the kidnapping there were 62,000 roadblocks, 9,700 ground patrols, 1,200 group arrests, 35,000 houses ripped clean in searches, 1,200 air patrols, 2,500 naval patrols, 6.7 million persons under control, 3.3 million cars and trucks requisitioned, 5,900 boats inspected? All of this was carried out by 16,000 *carabinieri,* 18,000 police, 4,000 frontier guards and the army. And not the tiniest clue. Was Moro in some foreign bunker?

Not the American Embassy!

No. Not the American Embassy.

Then why did you mention the CIA? I'd believe almost anything about the CIA except clandestine support for the Red Brigades.

Because you underestimate CIA. It's the best intelligence service in the world. Plus, if considering the possible guilt of CIA breaks your American heart, I can underline that CIA has many factions. Only the Italian Socialist party has as many factions as CIA. And, let's say, should a faction of CIA have conceived the idea of fighting the Italian Communists with people who call themselves Communists, or should this faction have discovered that it was good to exploit a Soviet design behind the Red Brigades and encourage them, well, it would be terribly smart. It would be the CIA's Sistine Chapel after its stupid crime of killing Allende.

What are you suggesting?

I am suggesting that if I were a power who did not want the Communist party in government, who wanted to make a Chile out of Italy, who would be concerned about the future of the Mediterranean after the death of Tito, I would use any tool. I might begin with the black fascists and then carry on with the red fascists, and then the black fascists again, and then the red fascists again—the Red Brigades. I am suggesting that some external maneuvers exist in these tragic episodes. The Moro kidnapping was too perfect, not only technically but politically. There must have been an expert mind behind it. And I do not believe that it was the mind of the Red Brigades, because when they get arrested they turn out to be very mediocre, non-imaginative persons. So where does that expert mind come from? America, Russia, Czechoslovakia? I don't know.

Let's concentrate on the Russians.

You don't need to read *Pravda's* attacks on Enrico Berlinguer and the Italian Communist party to remember the blind rage that the Soviets have for Eurocommunism. The Soviets do not even admit the expression "Eurocommunism." For years now, they say that no such thing as Eurocommunism exists, nor can it exist, nor must it exist. Of course, it's a heresy. Also a schism. And where was this heresy, this schism born? In Italy. It then followed in Spain, in France, in England. In Italy, however, it is stronger than anywhere, and the Italian Communist party (ICP) is the strongest Communist party in the Western world. The *Pravda* attacks are curiously similar to the communiqués of the Red Brigades.

Why didn't Berlinguer subtly exploit the crises that the kidnapping brought on for the Christian Democrats?

Because the Italian Communist party is not what Dr. Kissinger keeps telling Americans on TV. Of course, Dr. Kissinger would reply to such a statement that I say so because I am soft on the Communists, though he knows very well that I am tough instead. So I quote someone who certainly isn't soft on them, the president of the Italian Republican party, Giorgio La Malfa. Also a man of the center, not left: "If

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the Italian Communist party were the diabolic political force that wants exclusive power, it certainly would not have encouraged the Christian Democrats to resist the blackmail of the Red Brigades. On the contrary, they would have welcomed the decline of the Christian Democrats and considered the kidnapping a great gift for their own diabolic projects. Of course, I don't ignore the fact that the ICP behaved that way also to demonstrate its capacity to rule. Nor the fact that the ICP needed to break clean from the ideological ambiguities of the Red Brigades. But anyone must recognize that the Italian Communists are very democratic.

How has the kidnapping of Moro affected Berlinguer?

If I were Berlinguer I would take as a serious warning the fact that Moro's body was left 300 yards from the Christian Democrats' headquarters and 200 yards from the ICP's. Contrary to what certain friends of Dr. Kissinger's tell the Americans, it is true (because it has been revealed by a leak from the police) that the man the Red Brigades wanted to kidnap originally was Berlinguer, not Moro. They abandoned the plan because Berlinguer is too well protected. (He always moves in a bulletproof car which is preceded by a police car and followed by a car with party bodyguards.) The hate of the Red Brigades for the secretary of the ICP is so vehement that in their communiqués they insult him almost more than the Christian Democrats. "His lurid collaboration." "The spies and the traitors of the filthy apparatus of Berlinguer." Finally, that confusion of the word "Communist." Berlinguer is a Communist, the Red Brigades define themselves Communist. And there still are people who don't like to remember that Dubcek is a Communist, and Stalin was a Communist.

Have you ever tried to understand the Red Brigades?

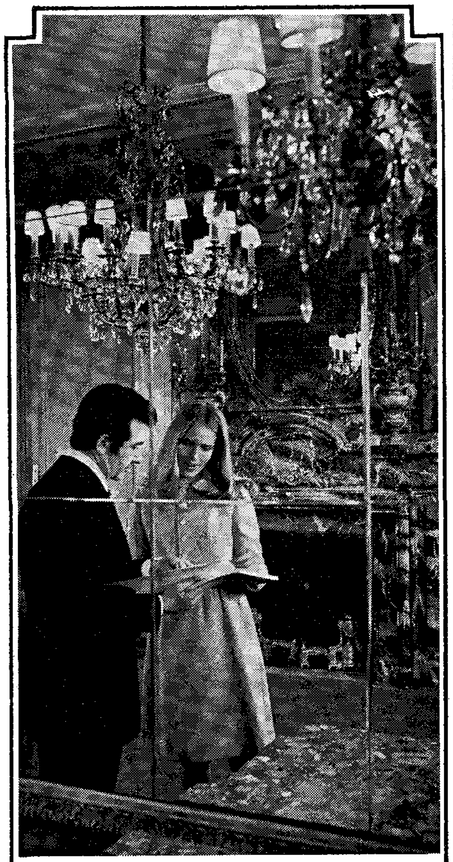
Sure I have. What kind of intellectual would I be if I didn't try to understand any fact or phenomenon? I tried as a person, as a liberal, as a leftist, as a journalist, as a historian. I read what they wrote. I studied the generation they belong to, its discontent. It wasn't easy because it seems to me that this generation has so much. They eat well, they sleep warm, they can say what they want, they live in a time of democracy and peace. They don't know what I speak about when I tell of the sufferings my generation endured when we were their age. The hunger, the cold, the fear, the war, the dictatorship. However, I did try, yes, to understand them. In the beginning, somehow, I even tried to sympathize to a certain extent. I analyzed the objective realities, the countless mistakes of my generation, the numberless faults of the Christian Democrats and the Communists, the corruption and the immoralities of the former, the involution of the latter and their surrender as opposition party, the superficialities of Italy's fiesta of freedom, the failure of our socialist dreams, the objective realities like the fact that we sent our children to free universities without granting them a job to use their degree. I thought that their protest might possibly be therapeutic for the country. But then they started killing and kidnapping and terrorizing, and for Christ's sake! When I read those communiqués and see that they claim to live in a country "that legalizes torture and murder as the Nazi SS," that "practices the political genocide through bloody violence," I stop trying to understand them. And I become furious, disgusted, enraged, and all I would like to do is kick them in their ass. Because if they are in bad faith, then they are criminals; if they are in good faith, then they are idiots. Tortures? Murders? SS? They can't even imagine what SS were, those SS that we fought and whose execution squads we faced. They would s--t in their pants if they merely saw the ghost of an SS. Dammit! It's easy to play revolutionaries in a democracy as tolerant as mine, in a country where there is that fiesta of freedom, where you don't even risk the death penalty if you kill.

Ideologically they are revolutionary!

What? Would you call revolutionary those old dogmas, those dusty slogans overcome by history? That putrescent Stalinism atrociously married to Nazism on the foundations of a sinister Catholic moralism? Because, by the way, their jailed leaders began as radical Catholics, not Marxists. No, not even ideologically do they ever point to the future; they always go back to the past of the Blackshirts and Brownshirts, who killed Italy and Germany in the twenties! The revolutionary is me!

Would you be a target of the Red Brigades when in Italy?

People like me are always a target of the fascists, whatever their colors. That is, of those who want to assassinate freedom. Because wherever there is fanaticism there is assassination of freedom. The Red Brigades certainly have an enemy list of intellectuals, writers, and journalists. Though I have been in a kind of exile writing a novel for a year and a half now, it's more likely that I am on such a list than not. In any case, if they have momentarily forgotten me, this interview will refresh their memory. ■



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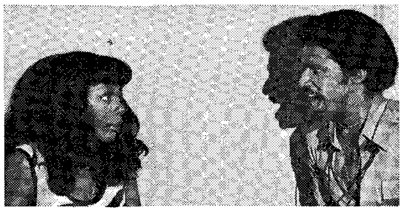
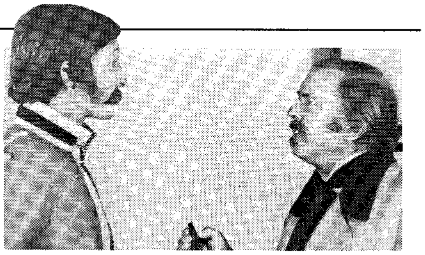
EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT



Donna Summer makes her film debut as an aspiring vocalist who masquerades as a waitress to be heard by disc jockey **Ray Vitte**, in **Thank God It's Friday,** a comedy with music also featuring The Commodores. Opens May 19th at Loews Orpheum and the Criterion.

Allan Carlsen stars as Jesse in Len Jenkin's new play, **The Death and Life of Jesse James,** directed by Gene Nye, which opens on May 15th at the Lion Theater, in the Westside Airline Terminal (42nd Street at 10th Avenue). Wednesday through Friday at 8 p.m. Saturday at 5 and 9 p.m. Sunday at 3 p.m. (947-4224 and 736-0242).



Tom Alter and **Richard Attenborough** costar in Satyajit Ray's **The Chess Players.** The film is set in Lucknow, India, in 1856, where the British East India Company is in the process of eliminating political independence. Opens May 17th at the Little Carnegie Theater.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

May 16 through 23

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 5/16, *Padre Padrone.* From 5/17, *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *The End.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 5/16, *The Birds; Psycho.* 5/17, *Rules of the Game; L'Atalante.* 5/18, *Sylvia Scarlett; Holiday.* 5/19, 20, *Dr. Strangelove; Alphaville.* 5/21, *The Passion of Anna; Cries and Whispers.* 5/22, *Scenes From a Marriage.* 5/23, *Two-Lane Blacktop; Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/15, 16, 17, Yugoslavian Cinema. 5/18, *Song of Freedom; The Big Fella.* 5/19, *The Wages of Fear; Diabolique.* 5/20, *Medea; Electra.* 5/21, *Summertime; Roman Holiday.* 5/22, 23, *I Vitelloni; We All Loved Each Other So Much.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Nunzio.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *A Woman of Paris.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/16, *The Killing of Sister George; Kansas City Bomber.* 5/17, 18, *Murmur of the Heart; Lacombe Lucien.* 5/19, 20, *Blume in Love; Two For the Road.* 5/21, 22, *1900.* 5/23, *Maytime; Naughty Marietta.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *We Will All Meet in Paradise.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Pretty Baby.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 5/18, *FM.* From 5/19, *Thank God It's Friday.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 5/16, *Annie Hall.* From 5/17, *Saturday Night Fever.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *F.I.S.T.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *F.I.S.T.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 5/16, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 5/17, *Julia.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Coming Home.*

Festival of Cuban Cinema, Beacon Theater, Bdway at 74th St. Thru 5/21, (call 874-1717 for dates and times). *The Bounty-Hunter; Days of Water; Black River; Spear of the Nation; One Way Or Another; Cantata De Chile; Angola: Victory of Hope; The Teacher.* Plus Alicia Alonso in *Giselle* and *Alicia.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Coma.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (PL 7-8320). *Jennifer.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Julia.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coming Home.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *For the Love of Benji.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 5/16, *Joseph Andrews.* From 5/17, *The Chess Players.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 5/18, *Jennifer.* From 5/19, *Thank God It's Friday.*

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 5/23, to be announced. From 5/24, *If Ever I See You Again.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *High Anxiety.* II. *Coming Home.* III. *The Turning Point.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 5/16, noon, *Island; To Fly;* 2:30, *L'Enfant de l'amour;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 5/18, 2:30, *Jesus Blood Never; Labored Party; Just Waiting;* 6 p.m. *Dyn Amo;* 8:30, *Times For.* 5/19, 2:30, *Dyn Amo;* 6 p.m. *L'Enfant de l'amour.* 5/20, noon, *I Am Suzanne;* 2:30, *Times For;* 5 p.m. *Tod Und Teufel.* 5/21, noon, *I Am Suzanne;* 2:30, *Girl; Kleiner Vogel;* 5 p.m. The March of Time: *Baptism of Fire; Why We Fight; The Nazis Strike.* 5/22, noon, *How The Myth Was Made;* 2:30, *Behidert;* 6 p.m. *Central Bazaar.* 5/23, noon, *Man of Aran;* 2:30, *The Princess and the Plumber;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 5/16, *Allegro Non Tropo.* From 5/17, *Joseph Andrews.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/16, *Julia; Harry and Tonto.* 5/17-23, *Straight Time; Cross of Iron.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/16, *Coma.* From 5/17, *Straight Time.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *High Anxiety.* II. Thru 5/16, *Allegro Non Troppo; Betty Boop Scandals.* From 5/17, *Dersu Usala.* III. *Word Is Out.* IV. Thru 5/18, *Annie Hall.* From 5/19, *House Calls.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (757-3106). Thru 5/17, *The Sea Gypsies.* From 5/18, *Fantasia.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 5/16, 17, *Kiss Me Deadly; The Killing.* 5/18-20, *I Could Go On Singing; A Child Is Waiting.* 5/21, 22, *Witness for the Prosecution; Inherit the Wind.* 5/23, 24, *Shake Hands With the Devil; The Whisperers.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *F.I.S.T.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *High Anxiety.* II. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304).

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Last Supper.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 5/16, *The Seduction of Mimi; All Screwed Up.* 5/17-23, *Straight Time.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Detective.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 5/16, *They Shoot Horses Don't They; Blockade.* 5/17, 18, *Murder My Sweet; Kiss Me Deadly.* 5/19, 20, *The Birds; Young and Innocent.* 5/21, 22, *The Band Wagon; Cover Girl.* 5/23, *Desire; Midnight.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/16, *Chained; Dance, Fools, Dance.* 5/17, *The Third Man; The Trial.* 5/18, *Ben Hur; King of Kings.* 5/19, 20, *League of Frightened Men; The Lone Wolf of Paris.* 5/21, 22, *Showboat; Roberta.* 5/23, *State of the Union; This Day and Age.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Greek Tycoon.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Coming Home.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coming Home.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *It Lives Again.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Joseph Andrews.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

All Screwed Up–Lina Wertmuller's film is about the migration of southern Italians to the heavily industrialized city of Milan. A bunch of young workers form a commune and the work examines their adventures both inside and outside the apartment they have taken over and refurbished. However, the film does not truly come off because the writer-director has bitten off more than she can chew; there are too many main characters and stories and problems crowded into a relatively narrow compass. Thru 5/16, St Marks Cinema.

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's quadruple Oscar-winner, part social satire, part "nervous romance," is his richest and most cohesive film and brings up to date his own evolution as a successful comic. Allen as the bumbling West Side womanizer and Diane Keaton as the fumbling shiksa are the matching misfits in the urban love story of the seventies. Quad.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Steven Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or *conflict between good and evil. Bay Cinema;* Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Fine Arts; thru 5/16, Playboy.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Festival; Greenwich; Trans-Lux East; Trans-Lux 85th.

Cries and Whispers–One of Ingmar Bergman's less felicitous films, into which the master has tried to crowd so much that the result begins to look like a parody of almost every foregoing Bergman film. Still, there are superb performances and even more extraordinary cinematography by Sven Nykvist, which combines with the imaginative set design to make this a spectacular visual experience for those who can ignore the plot. Bergman's camera movements are marvellous too, and Harriet Andersson's performance surpasses even the other very fine ones. 5/21, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Dear Detective–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de *Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.*

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds, who stars and directs, as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavor of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting rules. Baronet.

FM–An embarrassingly self-righteous comedy about a band of deejays on an FM rock station who refuse to buckle under commercial pressures—meanwhile peddling porn fantasies, firing has-beens, and stealing concert artists from their rivals. Starring Michael Brandon, Martin Mull, Eileen Brennan, and Cleavon Little. Directing debut of cinematographer John Alonzo. Thru 5/18, Criterion.

F.I.S.T.–Norman Jewison's drama of criminal infiltration in a teamster-style union only skims the surface of this fascinating subject, but it has charm and vitality. Sylvester Stallone as the charismatic, silver-tongued Johnny Kovak is always interesting, but the film lacks textural authenticity, and it hasn't the power drive to lift it off the ground. RKO Cinerama I & II; 86th St East; Eastside.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Thru 5/16, Gramercy and Embassy 72nd.

The Greek Tycoon–A story about wholly fictitious characters, with Anthony Quinn as a wealthy shipowner, Jacqueline Bisset as a president's wife, James Franciscus as the ill-fated president, and Edward Albert as the tycoon's ill-fated son. Loews State II; Loews Cine; 34th St E.

Harry and Tonto–Paul Mazursky's film is unbearably cute, especially when it labors under delusions of profundity. It concerns a senior citizen (lifelessly played by Art Carney) evicted from his New York digs and unwanted by his suburban daughter-in-law; he treks to Chicago and a daughter whom he doesn't want, then to Los Angeles, where he has a universally unwanted son but also much wanted sunshine. Thru 5/16, Olympia.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Quad; RKO 86 I.

If Ever I See You Again–Joe Brooks directs, and also stars in, a film about a commercial songwriter who begins a new career in Hollywood movies. With Shelley Hack, Jimmy Breslin, Jerry Keller, and George Plimpton. From 5/24, Loews Tower East.

Jennifer–Lisa Pelikan, in Brice Mack's film, plays a supernaturally gifted girl who is abused and taunted by her classmates until she is forced to defend herself by using her strange power. Forum; thru 5/18, Loews Orpheum.

Joseph Andrews–This second adaptation of a Henry Fielding novel to be directed by Tony Richardson is earthier and dirtier and uglier than *Tom Jones.* Ann-Margret, Michael Hordern, Jim Dale, and John Gielgud are fine in supporting roles, but Peter Firth is just another pretty face as the bumbling hero. Waverly; from 5/17, New Yorker; thru 5/16, Little Carnegie.

"LISTEN, YOU GUYS"

James Cagney plays an Irish rebel in Michael Anderson's **Shake Hands With the Devil,** costarring Dana Wynter and Don Murray, sharing the bill with Bryan Forbes's *The Whisperers,* costarring Edith Evans and Eric Portman, May 23rd and 24th, at the Regency.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinnemann has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. From 5/17, Gramercy and Embassy 72nd.

The Last Supper–Nelson Villagra stars as a plantation owner who stages a "last supper," casting himself as Christ, to which he invites twelve slaves. Cuban film, directed by Tomas Gutierrez. 68th Street Playhouse.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Ziegfeld.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance *of a once-beautiful, old and puffy whore. Plaza.*

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genious, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. From 5/17, Art.

Nunzio–Shot in an Italian section of Brooklyn and directed by Paul Williams, this film about a mentally retarded man (David Proval) spares us the more dispiriting cliches of the genre and has some lovely action (by Proval, Morgana King, and James Andronica, who also wrote the script), but it goes way off into kiddieville with its cartoon fantasy ending. Cinema II.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Thru 5/16, Art.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona,* incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers,* and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes From a Marriage.* Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography in the subtlest tones ever seen. 5/21, Bleecker St Cinema.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Coronet.

The Sea Gypsies–Story of a widower, his two daughters, and a photo-journalist who embark upon a sea voyage and are marooned on the coast of Alaska. Directed by Steward Raffill. Thru 5/17, Radio City Music Hall.

Scenes From a Marriage–Ingmar Bergman's television series—which loses by being combined and shortened into a single, only slightly-longer-than-standard-length film, is still a magnificent achievement, a very nearly definitive statement about marriage and man-woman relations today. Superb performance by Liv Ullmann, with Erland Josephson a close second. Irritatingly inadequate subtitles, but still a must—especially if seen in conjunction with reading the uncut script, now in paperback. 5/22, Bleecker Street Cinema.

The Seduction of Mimi–Lina Wertmuller, one of the best younger directors today, in close to top form. The mix, as usual, is politics and sex, comedy and drama. Although severely cut for the American market, this is still a funny, gripping film, dashingly directed, and with some ideas in its head. Thru 5/16, St Marks Cinema.

Straight Time–Dustin Hoffman gives a fascinating performance as a small-time hoodlum in a grim and funny film that is just this side of depressing. Or perhaps just the other side. The supporting cast of Theresa Russell, Harry Dean Stanton, Gary Busey and M. Emmet Walsh keeps us from noticing the plot holes in this L.A. caper film. 5/17-23, Playboy and St Marks Cinema.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill; Cinema III.

We Will All Meet in Paradise–The Sequel to *Pardon Mon Affair* has some very funny scenes but it sparkles less than its predecessor. The four Frenchmen—played by Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, Guy Bedos, and Claude Brasseur—strain to convey the kind of funny, slobbery, infantile relationship that the Italians can do in their sleep. Columbia I.

A Woman of Paris–Chaplin's 1923 romantic melodrama starring Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou is being re-released commercially for the first time since the 20s. The Victorian plot mechanics are redeemed by Chaplin's extraordinarily subtle treatment of an illicit affair, and a shimmering, ambiguous performance by Menjou. Cinema Studio.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Gower Champion plays opposite Liza. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Angel–Fred Gwynne and Frances Sternhagen in a new musical with book by Ketti Frings and Peter Udell, based on the Thomas Wolfe novel, *Look Homeward, Angel.* Music by Gary Geld, Lyrics by Peter Udell, directed by Phillip Rose, and choreography by Robert Tucker. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2. Minskoff Theater, Bdway at 45th (869-0550). (Closed)

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, and Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

HOLD TIGHT!

Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, and **Armelia McQueen,** in a scene from **Ain't Misbehavin',** the new Fats Waller musical show by Murray Horwitz and Richard Maltby Jr. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés,* she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers have returned from their well-earned holiday to resume their roles as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With

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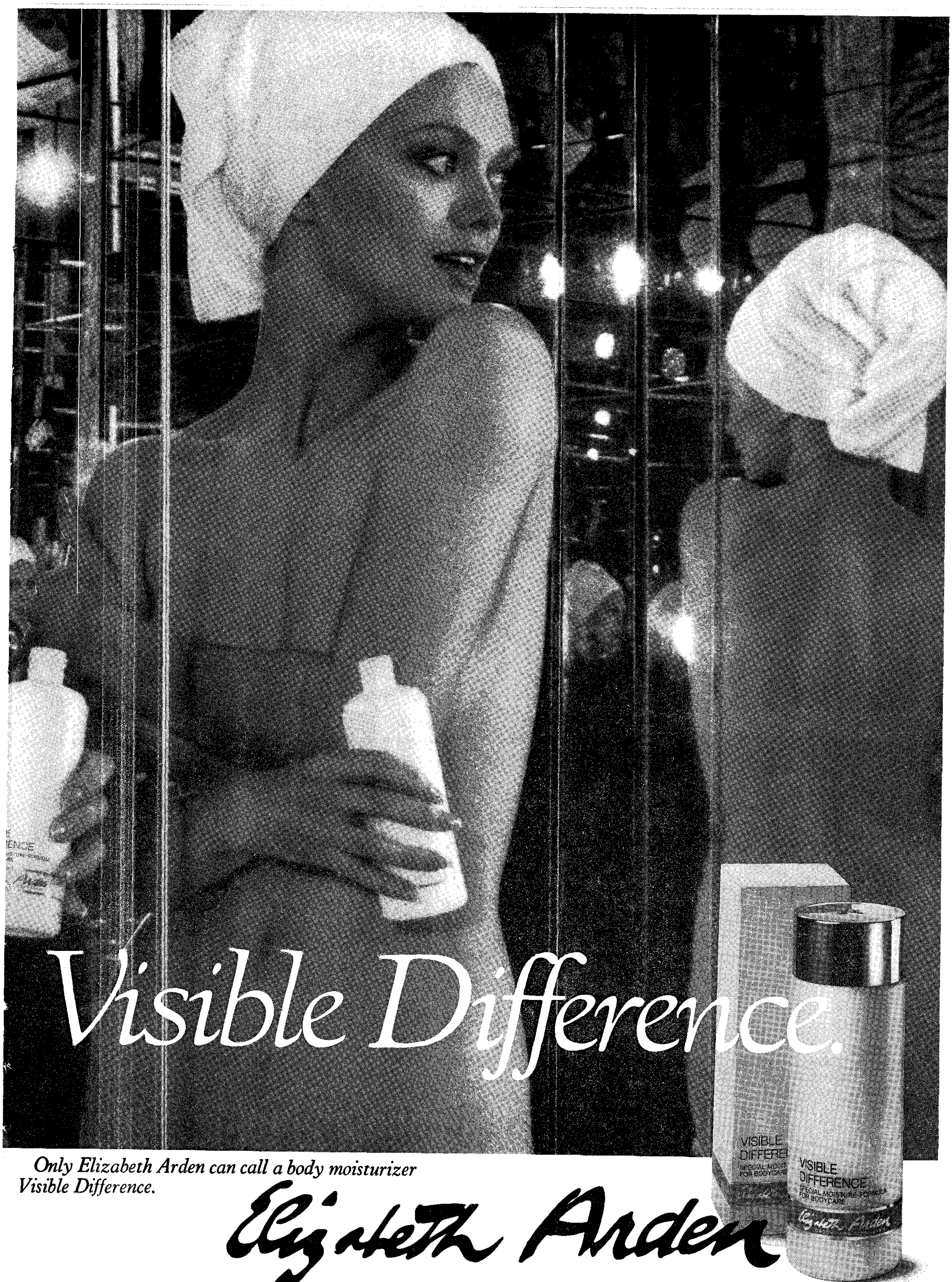
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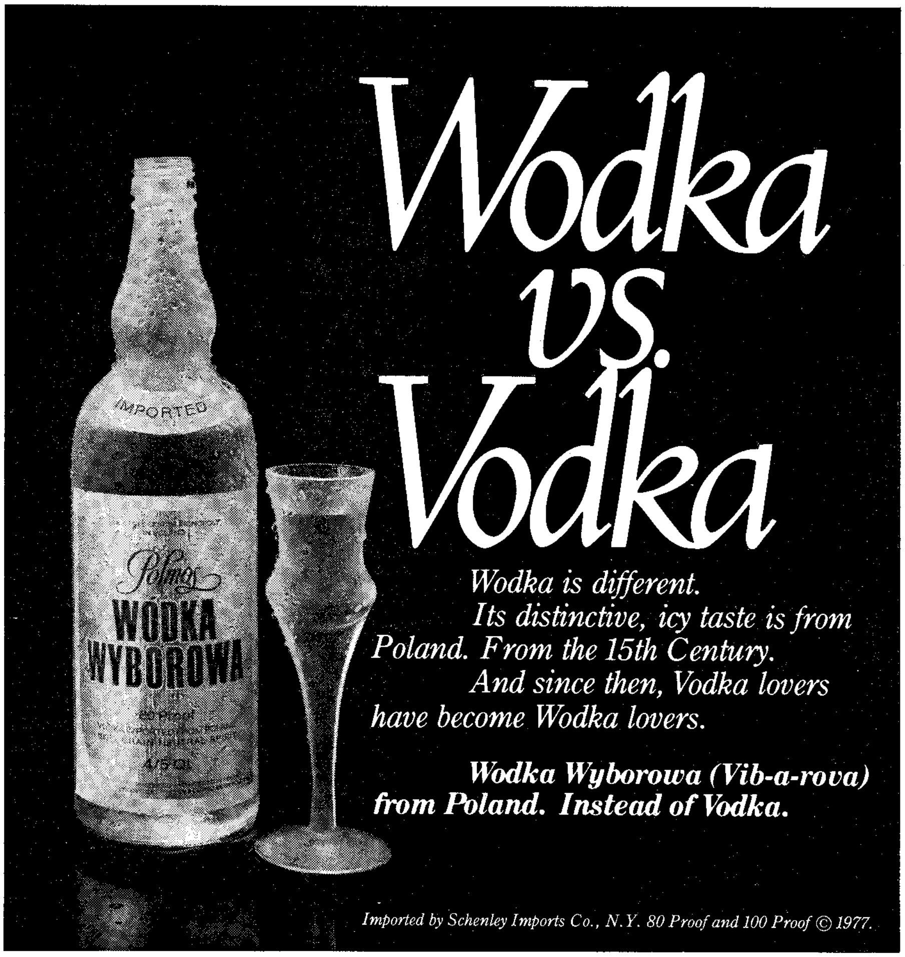
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Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Thru 5/14, Mon thru Wed; Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430). Moves 5/16 to Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490) where it will play Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3.

13 Rue de l'Amour–This is not the best of Georges Feydeau, but there is a supply of joy even in the lesser works of this madcap master. Nobody would be able to summarize the plot. You must accept the fact that the play is a sandwich; a hilarious, meaty second act between two somewhat dry slices of bread by way of a first and third. Even there you will find some hearty laughs. Basil Langton has picked some interesting players, chief among them Louis Jourdan, and he has directed some suitably fancy business at a condignly punishing pace. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 5/21. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Working–A new musical adaptation of Studs Terkel's best-seller about the working lives of America's "ordinary people," directed and adapted by Stephen Schwartz, with original songs by Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, Stephen Schwartz, and James Taylor. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 3. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw*, thru 6/25. Lanford Wilson's *The Great Nebula in Orion*. Megan Terry's *Ex-Miss Copper Queen on a Set of Pills*. Thru 5/27. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Androcles and the Lion–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Alan Simpson. Fri thru Sun, thru 5/28, at 7:30 p.m. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

The Bacchae–Euripides's tragedy about the conflict between flesh and spirit, directed by David Gild. 5/19-21, 26-28. Fri & Sun at 8:30; Sat at 7 & 9:30. St John the Divine, 112th & Amsterdam (678-6900).

The Bass Fiddle–Based on a story by I.L. Peretz, telling the adventures of a young fool who arrives in a small Polish village. Written and directed by Avram Patt. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 5/22. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Entermedia Theater, 2nd Ave & 12th St (475-4191).

The Biko Inquest–Fritz Weaver stars in a dramatization of the recent inquest in Pretoria, South Africa, into the strange death in prison of black consciousness leader Steve Biko. 5/16 at 8. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

Birdbath–A play by the great Leonard Melfi, on a double bill with *Ferryboat*. 5/12-14, 5/19-21, 6/2-4. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (473-9054).

The Birds–Aristophanes's play, directed by Rebecca W. Smith. With music by Charles Potter. Thurs thru Sun at 7 p.m. thru 5/21. Riverside Theater, Bdway at 103rd (663-5420).

A Bistro Car on the CNR–A musical revue whose music must have been found on a trash heap, and whose cast tries to make a virtue of impersonality, deserves short shrift. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

Bleacher Bums–A comedy about Chicago Cub baseball fans. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 3, a midnight show on Sat. Thru 5/21, Performing Garage, 35 Wooster St (966-3651).

Boat Sun Cavern–Play with music by Arthur Sainer, about two couples who demonstrate against a nuclear power plant in their town. Directed by Crystal Field. Thurs thru Sun, thru 5/28. $2.50. Theater for New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Cagliostro–An original three-act play by William Rolleri, directed by Martin Zurla, based on a fictitious hearing in the Vatican prior to Cagliostro's inquisition. Thurs thru Sat thru 5/27. Raft Theater, Ltd. 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Carmencita–Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin Jr., music by Tania Leon and Coleridge T. Perkinson, choreography by Martial Roumain. Fri thru Sun, at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 3 p.m., thru 6/18. INTAR, 420 W 42nd (247-6776).

The Chairs–Eugene Ionesco's play, directed by Ron Johnston. Fri thru Sun 5/19-21, 26-28. Fri & Sun at 8; Sat at 7 & 10. Loretto Plyhse, 20 Bleecker (242-3900).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Thru 5/21, Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Company–The 1970 musical by Sondheim and Furth. Tues thru Sun, thru 5/28. ELT Playhouse, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

The Comrades–August Strindberg's play, directed by Katrin Tralongo. Mon thru Wed at 8 p.m. Fri at 9:30 & Sat at 2:30, thru 5/24. $2.50. Shelter West Company, 15 Van Dam St (675-0948).

Cops–A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. $4, $5, $6. Thru 6/11, The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

Cyrano de Bergerac–Edmund Rostand's play, directed by Janet Hayes Walker, starring John Newton. 5/17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. mat 5/20 at 5 p.m. $3. Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

Diet Theatre–A new comedy by Erik Brogger, directed by Robert Engels. 5/19, 20, 26 & 27 at 10:30 p.m. 5/21, 22, 28, 29, at 7:30 p.m. $2.50. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Don Juan–Moliere's play, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5. 5/18-6/4. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Double Bill–Richard Harris's three-character comedy *Partners,* set in the Chelsea-Clinton area, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 5/28. Edmund Wilson's *This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches,* dealing with the glory and decline of Greenwich Village after WWI, Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. 6/1-25. $3. BMT, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

Double Bill–J. M. Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen,* and Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty.* 5/18-21, 26-28, 31-6/4, at 8:30. $2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Double Bill–Lonne Elder III's *Seven Comes Up, Seven Comes Down,* and Alice Childress's *Wine in the Wilderness,* both directed by Adeyemi Lythcott. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $6.50. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th (427-5615).

Double Bill–Anton Chekhov's *The Harmfulness of Tobacco,* and Eugene Ionesco's *The Lesson.* Fri & Sat at 8, thru 6/17. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Drama Committee Repertory–Strindberg's *Comrades,* Sat at 2:30; Mon & Tues at 8; thru 5/30. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

An Evening of One-Act Plays–Terrence McNally's *Sweet Eros;* John Guare's *The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year,* and Lanford Wilson's *Home Free.* Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 5/18-21. $2.50. New York Stage Works, 15 W 18th (734-6254).

Family Business–A play by Dick Goldberg about the sibling rivalry in an all-male Jewish family living outside of Boston. Directed by John Stix. Thru 6/4. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The Fifth of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 5/28. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Fourth Wall Repertory–Ken Krauss's *Don't Stand in the Doorway;* Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru 5/27, $3.50. *Off the Wall,* a comedy revue; Thurs at 10 p.m. Fri & Sat at 11:30 p.m. thru 5/27, $2.50. Provincetown Playhouse, 13 MacDougal St (254-5060).

Funeral March for a One-Man Band–Book by Ron White, music by Mel Marvin, Lyrics by Robert Satuloff, directed by Leonard Peters. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 5/21. $2.50. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Good Woman of Setzuan–Bertolt Brecht's, directed by Andrei Serban, music by Elizabeth Swados, 5/19-21, 24-28, 5/31-6/4, at 7:30. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

I Am a Camera–John Van Druten's play, based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories,* Thru 5/28. Thurs and Sat at 8:30, Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 334 E 14th (674-7200).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore;* Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit,* Shakespeare's

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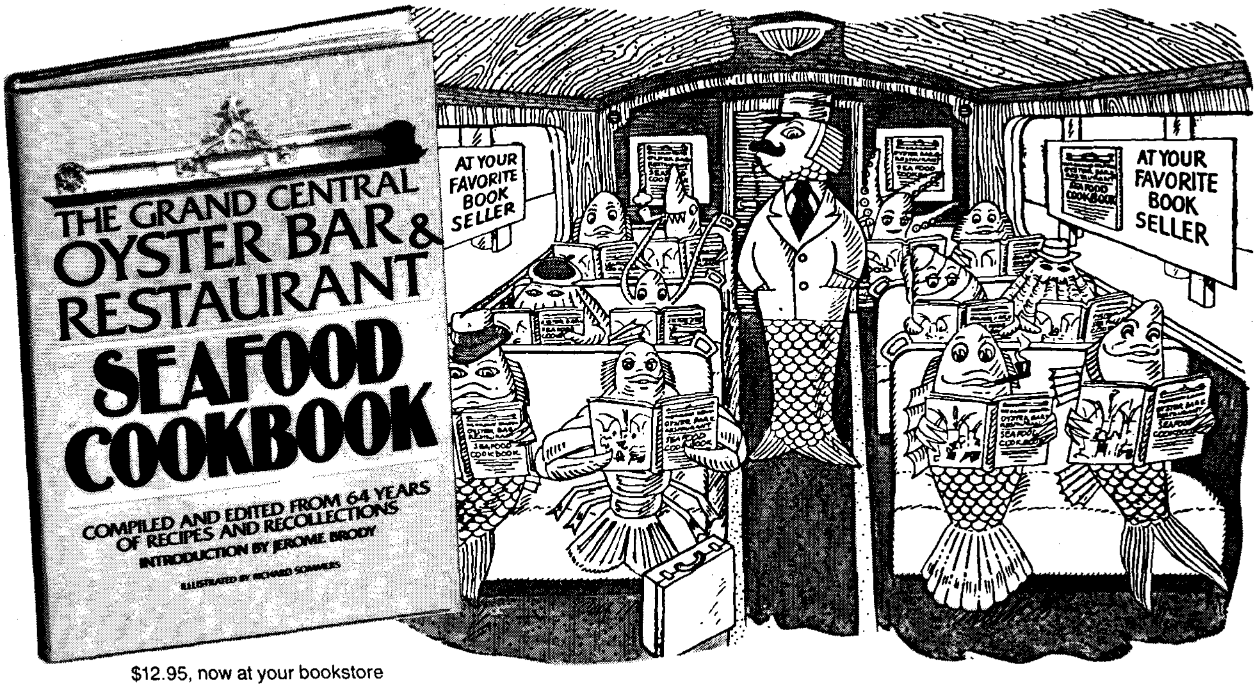
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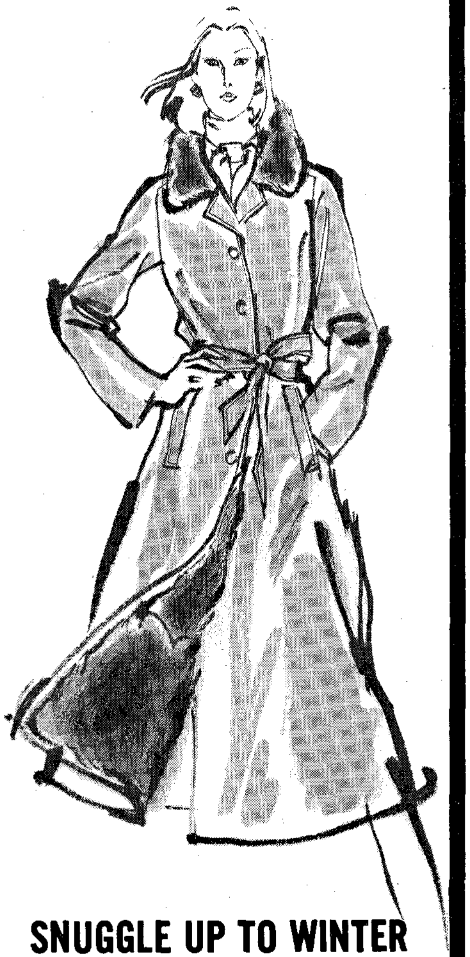

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Hamlet, and Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Je veux voir Mioussov!–Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon's play, *performed in French by the Cercle Dramatique* Amateur. Satire of Russian bureaucracy. 5/18, 19, at 8 p.m. 5/20 at 6:15 & 9 p.m. $5. Barbizon Plaza, 106 Central Park South (TR 9-9226).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet *is our* current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us José Ferrer as an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing *one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he* gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lunatics at Large–James Reach's comic murder *mystery directed by Edmund W. Trust. Thurs thru* Sat at 7:30, thru 6/6. Dramatis Personae, 114 W 14th (924-8400).

Man-Wo-Man–Ed Bullins's *Michael*, and Neil Harris's *Passion Without Reason*, presented by Black Osmosis/Solid Productions. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. thru 6/11. $4. New Heritage Repertory, 43 E 125th St (876-3272).

May I Have the Pleasure of This Dance?–Robert Lloyd's one-man show about an actor's experience. 5/16-19 at 8 p.m. 5/20, 21, at 3 & 8. $5. Actors & Directors Lab, 412 W 42nd (279-8822).

The Millionairess–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 5/21. $3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Adapted and directed by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Tues thru Sat at 7:40 p.m. thru 5/31. Colonnades Theater, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

The Moment–An essay by Virginia Woolf, adapted and directed by Linda Mussman, with Claudia Bruce and Ron Harrington. Fri & Sat thru May, at 8 p.m. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

My Mother Was a Fortune Teller–Phyllis Newman stars in a musical comedy by Arthur Laurents, directed by Craig Anderson, Wed thru Sun at 8; Sun *mats at 3 p.m. Thru 5/21. $4. Hudson Guild, 441 W* 26th (760-9847).

Nyatt School–Theater piece by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte, directed by LeCompte. Thurs *thru Sun at 7:30, thru 6/18. The* Performing Garage, 33-35 Wooster St (966-3651).

On With the Stuff: Four Whores in Outer Space–Jessie Hill's science-fiction drama, Mon thru Fri, 5/19, 22-26, at 1:15 p.m. $1.50. Bring your lunch. Quaigh Theater, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom–Based on *Phantom of the Opera*, directed by Edward Brown, musical is the story of a young dancer under the spell of a hall's mysterious inhabitant. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 4 & 8, thru 5/28. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

The Proposition–Musical revue, conceived and directed by Allan Albert, featuring Ray Baker, Ann Cohen, Timothy Hall, and Deborah Reagan. Thru 5/21. Actors Plyhse, 100-7th Ave So (541-7643).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway (799-7690). Moves 5/25, Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6300).

The Reception–L. M. Vincent's play. 5/23-28, 30, 31, 6/1-3, at 8 p.m. $3. 3 Muses Theater, Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (753-2310).

Reunion–Play with music, book and lyrics by Melvin H. Freedman, Robert Kornfeld, and Ron Roullier, *directed by Jeffrey K. Neill. About young and* middle-aged people. Fri & Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2 & Sun at 3, thru 5/28. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Rib Cage–*A new play by Larry Ketron, directed by* Andy Wolk. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. 5/17-6/4. $3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Riverside Shakespeare Company–*Hamlet* (complete), from 4:30 to sunset presented out-of-doors. 5/19-21, 26-28. $3. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Drive (877-1876). Special half-hour Renaissance entertainments before shows.

Romeo and Juliet–Shakespeare's, directed by Neal Weaver. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. 5/18-6/4. $2.50. Meat & Potatoes Co, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Rosa–A play with music by William Archibald and Baldwin Bergersen, set in Victorian England; directed by Patricia Carmichael. 5/17-20 at 7;30; 5/21 at 3:30 & 7:30 p.m. St Clement's, 423 W 46th (421-6720).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; David Guerdon's *The Laundry*. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Rusty and Rico and Lena and Louie–World premiere by the Guggenheim Award-winning playwright Leonard Melfi, directed by John Shearin, telling about two pairs of lovers living in shadows of New York City. Fri thru Mon, at 8 p.m. with a Sun mat at 3 p.m. $3. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Scenes From an Almost Socialist Marriage–Play by Susan Cooper and Chris Kraus. midnight, Thurs thru Sun, thru 6/3, $3.50. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

The Show Off–George Kelly's 1920s comedy, star*ring Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles. Tues thru Sat at* 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Sister/Sister–A work in progress by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, about women within the family (part of a trilogy). Sat thru Mon at 8 p.m. thru 6/4. (Mats at 3 p.m. on Sundays). Women's Interart Center Annex, 552 W 53rd, sec*ond floor* (246-6569).

Soho Repertory–*Cyrano de Bergerac*, 5/19 at 8:30, 5/20 at 7 & 10:30, 5/21 at 7:30 Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Story of an Hour–Kate Chopin's play about a woman shocked into change by the accidental death of her husband. 5/18-21, 25-28, 6/1-4, at 8 p.m. $3. Theatre Matrix, 750 Eighth Ave (861-3972).

Spanish Theater Repertory–Plays by Lorca, Carballido, Raznovich; Calderon, and Lope de Vega, in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru July. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

St. Joan of the Stockyards–Operetta by Bertolt Brecht in 1931, set in Chicago, directed by Jan Eliasberg. 5/23-27, 6/1-3, 7-10, 14-17, at 8:15 p.m. mats 5/28, 6/4, 11, 18 at 3 p.m. $3. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (744-7085).

Three on the Light Side–Three one-acters by Leila Blake, directed by June Plager. 5/18-21, 25-28. $3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine–Daniel Berrigan's 1971 drama about nine anti-Vietnam War protestors, *directed by Phillip Wilson. 5/19-21, 26-28, 6/2-4 at* 7:30. $2.50. Trinity Lutheran, 168 W 100th (865-2453).

The Troupe Repertory–*After Euripides's Electra, and Others*, by Maurice Baring, thru 5/21, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Upstairs Theater. *Lovers Choice Tonight*, by Ron Maker, thru 5/21, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3. $3. Downstairs Theater. *Chalk It Up*, a trilogy by Daniel Haben Clark, thru 5/26, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. $3. Downstairs. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Toys in the Attic–Lillian Hellman's play. 5/19-21, 26-28. Fri & Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. WPA Theater, 138 Fifth Ave (242-3900).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).*

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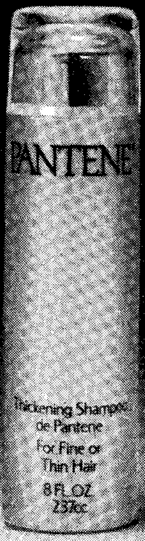

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THE LUBITSCH TOUCH

Nine American films directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Presented by the American Cinematheque in association with the American Film Institute. At The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Tuesday, May 2 at 8:00 pm
The Merry Widow (1934) with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier. The lavish Lehár operetta combines Lubitsch's continental flair with M-G-M's Hollywood glitter.

Thursday, May 4 at 8:00 pm. Two silent classics.
So This Is Paris (1926) with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. An uproarious sex farce about two couples who, out of boredom, flirt with each other's mates.
Lady Windermere's Fan (1925) with Irene Rich and Ronald Colman. A stylish and sly pantomime of Oscar Wilde's satire of marriage and infidelity.

Tuesday, May 9 at 8:00 pm
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938) with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. Multimillionaire Gary Cooper tries to woo his eighth wife while pursued by the previous seven.

Thursday, May 11 at 8:00 pm
Monte Carlo (1930) with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. Miss MacDonald sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" and is romanced by royal Jack Buchanan traveling incognito.

Tuesday, May 16 at 8:00 pm
The Shop Around the Corner (1940) with James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan. A masterful and disarming recreation of turn-of-the-century Vienna on the M-G-M back lot.

Thursday, May 18 at 8:00 pm
Design for Living (1933) with Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins. A dream cast sparkles in Ben Hecht's adaptation of Noel Coward's great comedy.

Tuesday, May 23 at 8:00 pm
To Be Or Not To Be (1942) with Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. Lombard's last film is a daring "black comedy" about Poland's greatest acting team during the Nazi occupation.

Thursday, May 25 at 8:00 pm
Trouble in Paradise (1932) with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. The definitive sophisticated comedy classic about the idle rich and con artists.

The screenings will take place at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. Tickets are $2.50 and are available at the door or by phone at 879-5674. This film series of new 35mm prints is made possible by a grant from Exxon Corporation.

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AROUND TOWN

Venture Theater–*Sim,* a comedy by William Osborn. Saturdays at 8 p.m. $4. *Desmond,* based on Kafka's story about an ape. Sundays at 4 p.m. $3. 230½ 8th Ave (924-4791).

The Verandah–Clifford Mason's play. 5/19, 20, 21 at 8 p.m. $3. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (421-1666).

Voices–Story of five women, with Cathrine Burns, Tamara Geva, Susan Greenhill, Rochelle Oliver, and Janet Ward, directed by Estelle Parsons. 5/18-6/3. Thurs thru Sat at 9:30; Sat mat at 3:30. St Clements, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Wager–Mark Medoff's play, directed by Gary Cherpakov. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 5/18-6/4. $3. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

The White Othello–Adapted by Wilda Harrison and Russell Newton Roman and directed by Cynthia Reade. Fri & Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. thru 5/21. $2.50. All Angels Church, 251 W 80th (PL 7-6300).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

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Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. "Latin Fantasy," featuring Alberto Rochi, and Cuban song stylist Lissette, Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Carmen Appelgren sings and dances 5/16; Tanya Harris on 5/17, and singer Alex Peters appears 5/18 at 10 and midnight. Dancing in the lounge nightly (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club with a revue reminiscent of the 30s. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian Joey Villa is here thru 6/4, with singers Laine Igneri and Frank Anthony (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 5/27, jazz great Dorothy Donegan plays piano nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Thursdays at 8:30, an all-female comedy revue. Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

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Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2:30 p.m. Thurs and weekend, with bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed at 6:30 p.m. (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Thru 5/27, singer *Samona Cooke entertains three times nightly.* Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city, and the cocktail piano trio is above average. Horace Diaz and his group supply dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to *music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat,* 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short is here with Beverly Peer on bass, and Gene Gammage on drums. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland is here for her sixth season & continues thru 6/30.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The Bernie Leighton Trio for listening and dancing, Tues thru Sat, 9 to 12:30.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 thru 5/27, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. - 2 a.m.

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when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. 5/16-20, Rene McLean, a talented saxophonist who unsurprisingly reflects the influence of his father, Jackie McLean, but gives pater's music a new twist in transferring it to the tenor sax. On Mondays, Ted Daniels has the big band (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Martha Schlamme sings nightly, and John Monteith and Suzanne Rand perform at midnight Thurs thru Sat, thru 5/27 (473-9367).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 5/17-20, Hal Galper Trio with Cecil McBee and Joe La Barbara (675-4720).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins plays from 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly. (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. This is the city's bastion for traditional jazz. The house band is led by clubowner-bassist Red Balaban and includes the majestic veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson. 5/16, The ebullient trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell sits in. 5/21, the Scott Hamilton Trio (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, that grand old lady of the blues, sings Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30 and Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. Warren Vaché and his trio (Don Coates on piano, Chuck Briggs on drums) perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30, thru 5/19. 5/22-6/30, Red Richards (687-1860).

David K's Aquarium Lounge–1115 Third Ave. Hugh Shannon sings old and new favorites, Tues thru Sat, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Pianist Hod O'Brian's trio with guitarist Joe Puma has most of the week (Wed. thru Sun.) and virtuoso bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne has a trio on Tuesday. But the best is reserved for Monday nights, when Al Haig brings his inimitable finesse to the keyboard (371-2220).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Hopper's–452 6th Ave. Singer Joe Williams, Mon thru Sat, 9:30, 11:30, and an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion–130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock (759-9041).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–Singer-actress Claudia McNeill is here through 5/27, singing songs associated with the career of Ethel Waters. From 9:15 p.m. (PL 8-2272).

Norman's–1220 Second. This new cabaret is one flight up and ornamented to suggest a '30s radio studio. The triple bill, appearing nightly except Sundays and Mondays for an indefinite stay, includes a comedy troupe called Orphans of the Storm, the marvellous singer Helen Humes and her trio, and a big band for dancing led by Gene Roland (759-1477).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 5/16, Richard Torrance, 5/17-20, The John Herald Band, Artie Traum & Pat Alger (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Holly Woodlawn entertains thru 5/23 (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storytowne–41 E 58th. Elly Stone makes a concert appearance 5/19-21, 5/26-28, at 9 p.m. (755-1640).

Village Gate–Bleecker & Thompson. 5/19,20, the tough, acerbic Chicago blues stylings of Son Seals will alternate with the dreamy vamps of South African pianist Dollar Brand for an enticing bill (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. Red Garland, the famed pianist from Dallas who once held a seminal Miles Davis band together, is in the midst of a comeback; his pellucid lyricism is difficult not to like (AL 5-4037).

West End–Bdway & 114th. Mondays, Jazz Session; 5/16-23, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans (669-9160).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Liberace, Westbury Music Fair; 5/16-18 at 8:30, 5/19 at 8, 5/20 at 7 & 10:30, 5/21 at 7:30.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Concerts

Tuesday, May 16

National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall, 8.

Manuel Barrueco, guitar, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Guarneri String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Eva Jaslar, harp, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Wednesday, May 17

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Richard Maximoff, viola, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Margaret Hee-Leng Tan, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Hildegarde, Town Hall, at 5:45.

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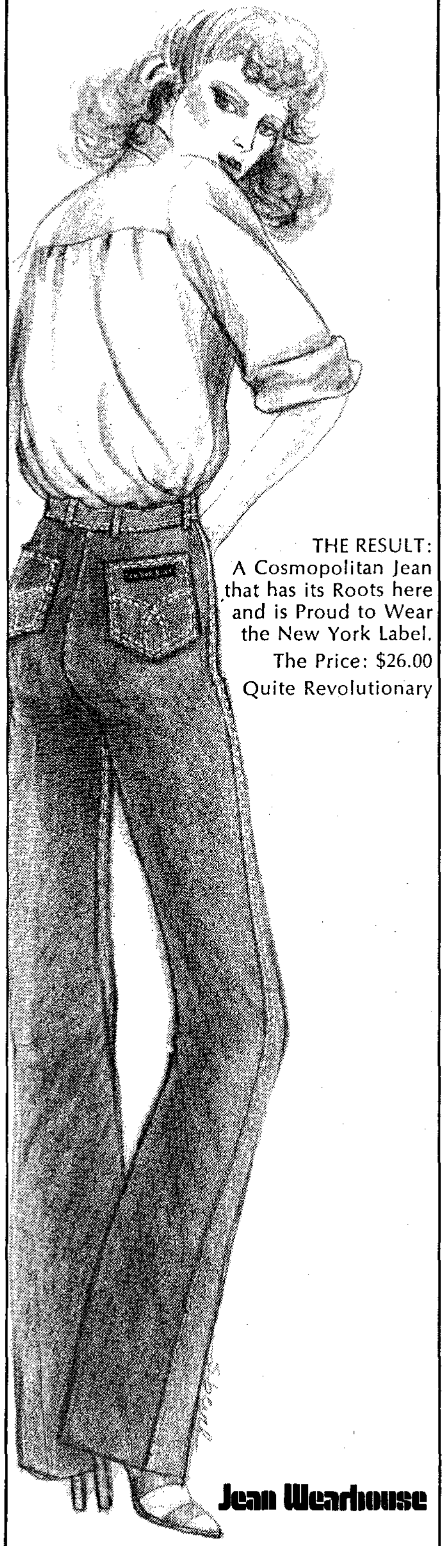

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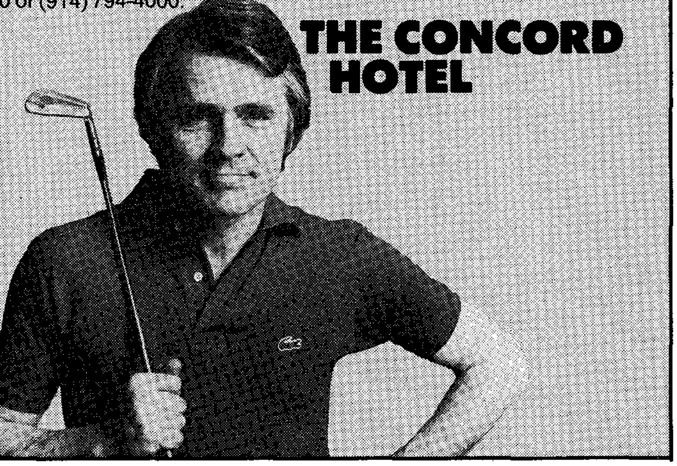

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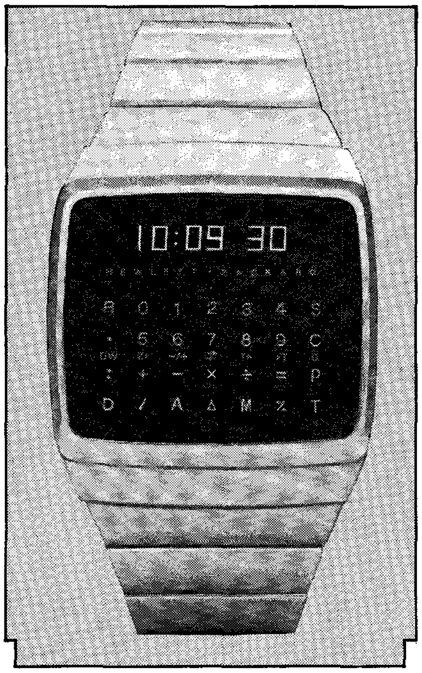

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AROUND TOWN

Juilliard String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Lynda Sharman, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Larry Lorber, piano, Town Hall, at 8:15.

Thursday, May 18

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Witold Malcuzynski Memorial Concert, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Speculum Musicae, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Yuval Waldman, violin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Izumi Tanaka, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Jean Antrim, baroque flute/**Jocelyn Chaparro,** harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Federal Music Society, Town Hall, at 8.
Musica Sacra Orchestra & Chorus, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Brooklyn College Chorus & Doctors' Orchestral Society, Stuyvesant High School, 345 E 15th St. (859-1180), at 8.
Stephen Smith, organ, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.

Friday, May 19

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Monique Van Vooren, Town Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Robert Sharon, piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Turk Mauro, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), 9.
Garrick Ohlsson, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Oliver Lake Quartet/Steve Lacy & Michael Smith, jazz, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8:30 & 11.
Bruce Johnson, jazz, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Sonny Russo, trombone, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.

Saturday, May 20

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ira Braus, piano, Town Hall, at 2.
Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Bruce Johnson Trio, Motivations, 476 Broome St. (226-2108), at 8:30 & 10.
Y Chamber Symphony, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Oliver Lake Quartet/Steve Lacy & Michael Smith, jazz, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), at 8:30 & 11.
Roger Childs, tenor, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
Concert Party, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-4022), at 8:30.
Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra, Pace University Schimmel Center (285-3715), at 8:30.
Turk Mauro, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), 9.
Cruz Brothers/Eunice Newkirk, Martin Luther King Jr. High, 122 Amsterdam Ave. (627-0620), at 7.

Sunday, May 21

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Power Memorial Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Argentine Concert, Town Hall, at 4.
Student Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Richard Sussman & Co., Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.
Queens College Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Stefani Starin, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Variety Show, Carnegie Hall, at 8:30.
Brooklyn College Chorus & Doctors' Orchestral Society, Brooklyn College, at 3.
Kazuko Hayami, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Riverside Handbell Festival, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (740-7000), at 4.
Gary Steigerwalt, piano, Bronx Museum, at 2.
Village Singers, Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. (254-9703), at 3.

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Chava Alberstein, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Piano Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Owens, Owens & Zafrana, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (448-6283), at 2.
Daniel Reed, violin, Queens Museum, at 3.

Monday, May 22

Music With Jens Nygaard, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Peter Viani & John Trentacosta, jazz, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Toni & Rosi Grunschlag, duo piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Flavio Becerra, tenor, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
All City High School Band, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Nicholas Tower Secor, guitar, Town Hall, at 8.
Composer's Group Recital, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Dizzy Gillespie & Quartet, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (766-9334), at 7 & 8:30.
Donald Joyce, organ, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 8.

Tuesday, May 23

A REAL LULU

Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Carole Farley** will appear as a soloist with the New York Philharmonic Tuesday, May 23 thru Saturday May 27 at Avery Fisher Hall. The program will consist of works by Richard Strauss, Mozart, Léhar, Kalman, and Johann Strauss. At 8:30 (874-2424).

Chamber Music, NYM Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
American Composers Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Frederick Draper, classical guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Ludwig Olshansky, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Carmen,* 5/19-20 at 7:30.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 5/17 at 2 & 8:30, 5/18-19 at 8:30, 5/20 at 4 & 8:30, 5/21 at 4.
New Opera Theater, BAM Playhouse (636-4100). *Pomme d'Api* & *Ba Ta Clan,* 5/18 at 8, 5/20 at 2.
Opera Workshop, Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (766-9334). *Carmen,* 5/18 & 20 at 7, 5/19 at 7, 5/21 at 4.
Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St. (674-5243). *Tosca,* 5/20 at 7:30.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

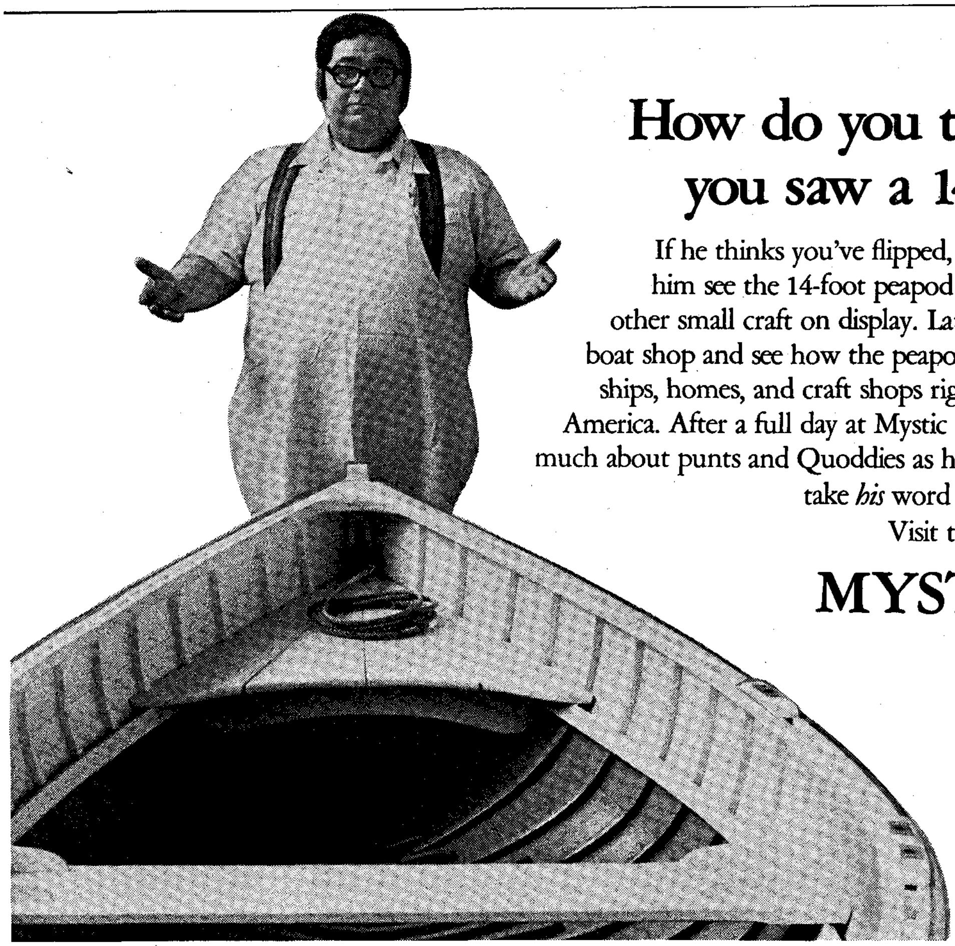
WELCOME BACK

The great Russian ballerina **Natalia Makarova** returns to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House with the American Ballet Theater. She can be seen this week in a *Don Quixote* pas de deux on May 17, in *Voluntaries* on May 20, and in a *Romeo and Juliet* pas de deux on May 22 (580-9830).

Tues, 5/16 at 8: *The Nutcracker.* Wed, 5/17 at 8: *Les Sylphides; At Midnight; Pas de Deux; Push Comes to Shove.* Thurs, 5/18 at 8: *Les Sylphides; Pas de Deux; At Midnight; Graduation Ball.* Fri, 5/19 at 8: *Petrouchka; Pas de Deux; The Leaves Are Fading; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Sat, 5/20 at 2: *Petrouchka; The Leaves Are Fading; Voluntaries.* Sat, 5/20 at 8: *Petrouchka; Pas de Deux; At Midnight; Voluntaries.* Mon, 5/22 at 8: *Les Sylphides; At Midnight; Le Sacre du Printemps.* Tues, 5/23 at 8: *Theme and Variations; Pas de Deux; The Leaves Are Fading; Le Sacre du Printemps.*

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 5/16, at 8: *The Four Temperaments; Pas de Deux; Vienna Waltzes.* Wed, 5/17 at 8: Gala benefit. Thurs, 5/18 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Tricolore; Symphony in C.* Fri, 5/19 at 8: *Swan Lake; Irish Fantasy; Dances at a Gathering.* Sat, 5/20 at 2: *Fanfare; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; Pas de Deux; Symphony in C.* Sat, 5/20 at 8: *Swan Lake;*



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Allegro Brillante; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; An Evening's Waltzes. Sun, 5/21 at 1: *Serenade; Episodes; Symphony in C.* Sun, 5/21, at 7: *Allegro Brillante; Tricolore; Bournonville Divertissements.* Tues, 5/23 at 8: *Fanfare; Dances at a Gathering; Bournonville Divertissements.*

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER
CITY CENTER

Tues, 5/16 at 8: *The Lark Ascending; Hermit Songs; Blood-Burning Moon; Journey; Night Creature.* Wed, 5/17 at 8: *Streams; Countdown; Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder; Revelations.* Thurs, 5/18 at 8: *Hidden Rites; Passage; Blood-Burning Moon; Suite Otis.* Fri, 5/19 at 8: *Night Creature; Facets; Masekela Langage; Caravan.* Sat, 5/20 at 2: *Hidden Rites; Suite Otis; Revelations.* Sat, 5/20 at 8: *The Lark Ascending; Icarus; Gazelle; Journey; Night Creature.* Sun, 5/21 at 2: *Streams; Coverage; Butterfly; Suite Otis.* Sun, 5/21 at 7:30: *Butterfly; Passage; Suite Otis; Revelations.*

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Tues, 5/16 at 7:30: *Grosse Fugue; Symphony in C; Signatures.* Wed, 5/17 at 7:30: *Carmina Burana; Divertimento No. 15.* Thurs, 5/18 & Fri, 5/19 at 8: Same program as 5/17. Sat, 5/20 at 2: *Family Matinee; Symphony in C.; Signatures.* Sat, 5/20 at 8: *Grosse Fugue; Symphony in C.; Signatures.* Sun, 5/21, at 2: Same program as 5/20 evening.

OTHER

Trisha Brown Co., Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 5/22-25 at 8.

Larry Clark & Judith Moss, Washington Square Church,135 W 4th St. (924-0077), 5/19-20 at 8.

Mutual Exchange, ATL, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077), 5/19-21 at 8.

Larry Richardson & Dance Co., Dance Gallery, 242 E 14th St. (685-5972), 5/19-20 at 8, 5/21 at 3.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Atlanta Contemporary Dance Co., 5/18-20 at 8, 5/21 at 2.

Sims Cosmopolitan Dance Troop, Choreoground Theater, 69 W 14th St. (254-5315), 5/20 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Arman–Sculpture and tapestries, thru 5/30. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Hannelore Baron–Collages and wooden constructions, thru 7/1. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Leonard Baskin–New wood sculpture, sibyl bronzes, drawings, and watercolors, 5/17-6/9. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

***Daniel Brustlein**–New interiors and landscapes, thru 6/1. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Scott Burton–Metal tables using different finishes, thru 6/3. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

Luis Camnitzer/Barbro Ostlihn–Parts of a dictionary/Paintings, thru 6/2. Goodman, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Dimitra–Paintings, thru 5/27. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Jim Dine**–New still lifes, drawings, and colored etchings, thru 6/9. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

John Groth–Oils, watercolors, drawings, thru 5/24. Sande, 61 E 57th (688-1904). Mon-Sat 10-6.

***Al Held**–*Black and white geometric themes, thru 5/17.* Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-124).

Horst Janssen–Graphics and still lifes, thru 5/20/ Illustrated books, thru 5/27. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334)/Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310).

Freidrich Meckseper–Prints of otherworldly still lifes, self-portraits from 1958 to 1978, thru 6/30. Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E 57th (688-8522).

Archie Rand–Vigorous abstractions and mural studies, thru 6/1. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Bruce Robbins–Drawings and fulcrum sculpture, thru 6/3. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

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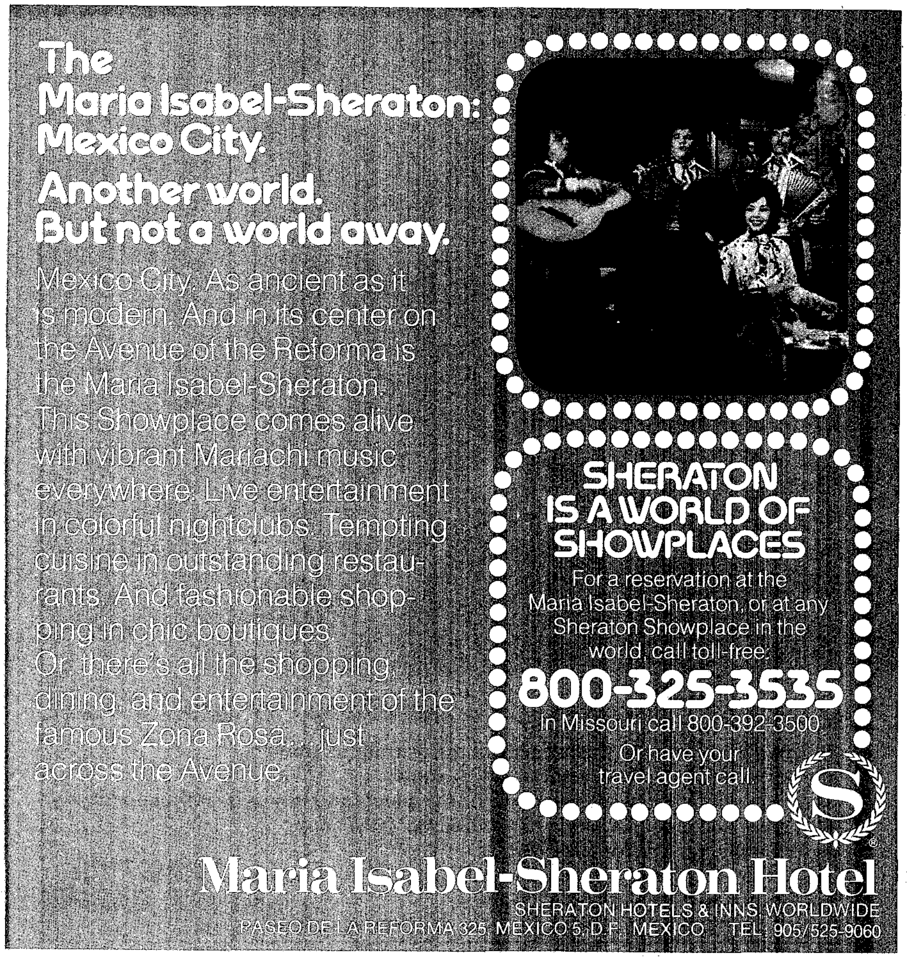
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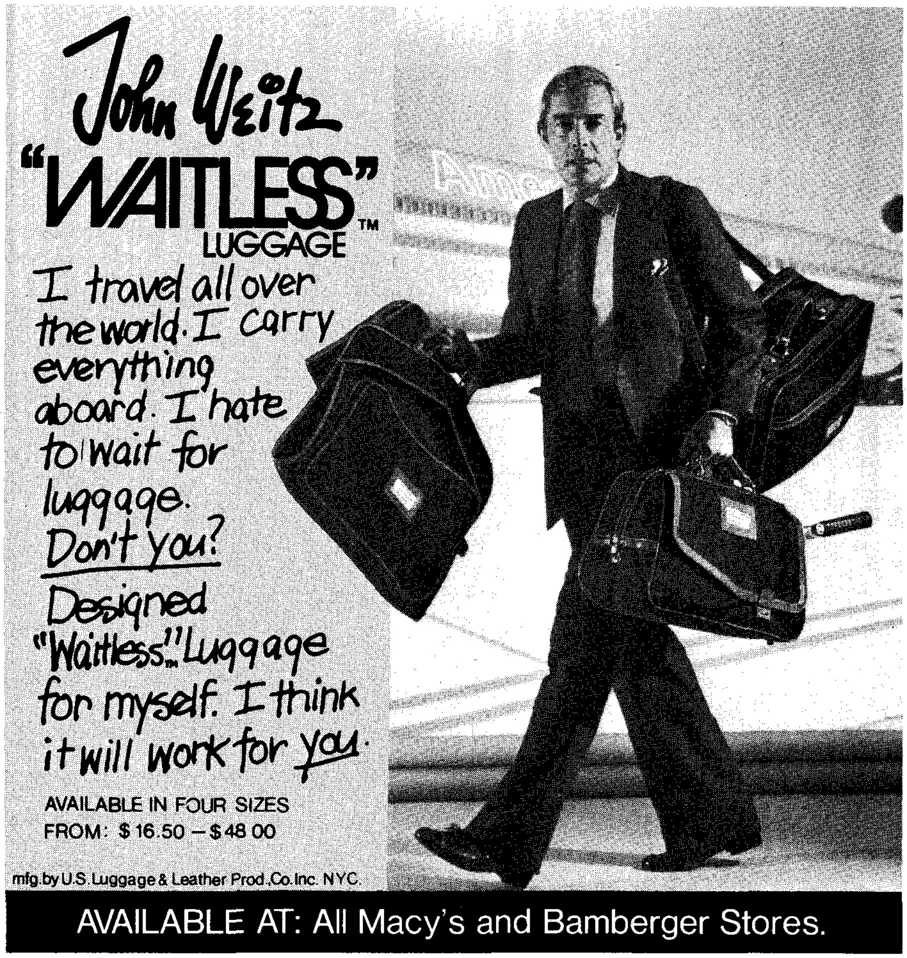
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AROUND TOWN

Jean Venitien–Post-impressionistic works, 5/20-6/17. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

***Jane Wilson**–Recent still lifes, thru 5/27. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Agnetti**–Conceptual pieces dealing with Elizabeth I of England, crime, and provisionality, thru 5/24. Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Carol Anthony**–Paintings, thru 6/10. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Mel Baker–Polymer relief sculpture, thru 5/29. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

***Elizabeth Bart**–Oils, 5/17-6/17. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Gretl Bauer–Pinhole-like abstractions, thru 5/27. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Henryk Berlewi**(1894-1967)–Constructivist works, thru 5/30. Laboetie, 9 E 82nd (535-4865).

R.O. Blechman/Edward Sorel–Watercolors and drawings for *Candide,* the *New Yorker*/Illustrations, including *Superpen,* thru 6/16. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Leonora Carrington–Surreal visions, thru 5/27. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).

***A.M. Cassandre**–Posters (from 1923 to 1939), thru 6/27. Reinhold-Brown, 26 E 78th (734-7999).

***Jose Luis Cuevas**–Recent drawings from Paris, 5/20-6/9. Borgenicht, 1080 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Joe Downing–Watercolors, thru 6/3. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Martha Mayer Erlebacher–Recent paintings, thru 6/9. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Jean-Michel Folon–Subtle jewel-like scapes of urban malaise, thru 5/27. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Bob Fowler–Metal wall compositions, 5/17-27. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).

Sidney Geist–Recent sculpture, thru 5/29. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Gisson–Views of France, thru 5/31. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).

Morris Graves–Delicate, ephemeral still lifes, thru 5/24. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

***Budd Hopkins**–*Hera's Wall,* thru 5/31. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Julian B. Hyman/Helen Soreff–Photos of NYC and New England/Iron oxide paintings and installation drawings, thru 5/23. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Margarita Lozano–Pastels, thru 6/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Miro–Aquatints, including *Equinoxe* and lithos, thru 5/20. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

Zero Mostel–Paintings and drawings, 5/17-6/2. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

***Robert Motherwell**–Works executed since 1976, including paintings and collages seen at Dusseldorf, plus some earlier pieces, thru 5/29. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

Laurie Noebls–A mixed-media autobiography, thru 5/20. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

***Robert Rauschenberg**–Prints from 1975 to 1977, thru 5/27. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

John Safer–Abstract sculpture, thru 5/27. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).

Emanuel Schary–Israel and its people, thru 5/21. Guild, 1145 Mad at 85th (861-3776). Wed-Sun 11-5, Thurs 12:30-5.

Robert Schechter–Photographic collages and color works on Plexiglas, thru 5/27. Automation House, 49 E 68th (794-1593). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Carol Sutton–Small paintings/Works by Griefen, Kelsey, others, thru 5/27. O'Reilly, 35 E 67th (988-4370).

Mary Janice Thornton–Oriental portraits, still lifes, thru 5/23. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

Robert Turner–Tracings on clay, thru 5/27. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163).

***Utamaro**(1753-1806)–Woodblock prints, drawings, and illustrated books. Nature studies, domestic scenes, and the courtesans, thru 5/30. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.

Greg Wyatt–Bronze sculpture, thru 5/20. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

John Zak–Flower paintings, thru 5/27. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

SoHo

David Anderson/Michael Stevens–Metal sculpture/Wood sculpture, thru 5/27. Braustein/Quay, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Nat Cole/Martha Bjoza Reinken–Figurative views on 3D wood/Large sculptural collages, thru 5/21. Pindar, 127 Greene (533-4881). Wed-Sun 12-5.

Josh Edgerly–Line abstractions, thru 5/31. Bragr Times, 165 Duane (369-5368).

Luis Frangella/Sue Frecon/Russell Sharon–Perceptual drawings/Multi-canvas oils and notes/Clay bells, thru 6/30. Space, 82 Duane (233-1916).

***Fromboluti**–Charcoal drawings with pastel/Subtle to austere color works by Boutis, Ethe, Fine, Weil, thru 5/18. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Juan Gonzalez/Terence La Noue**–Finely drawn works/Earthy, mysterious wall constructions named after sites in Mexico and North Africa, thru 6/1. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Alan Green–Acrylics on canvas, drawings, and etchings, thru 5/27. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

John Hilliard–Works, thru 5/24. Gibson, 392 W Bdwy (966-9808).

Fran Hodes–Realist portraits, thru 5/31. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Elwood Howell/Joan Melnick–Lyric landscapes/Underwater-scapes, thru 5/21. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Diane Kaiser–Ink wash drawings and ceramic reliefs, thru 5/24. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Ray Kelly–Rainbow sculpture and sundials, thru 5/27. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

***Alain Kirili/Robert Petersen**–Iron and terra-cotta sculpture/Enamel paint and pencil on linen, thru 5/27. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

Stephen Kuzman/George Wilson–Figurative paintings/Nude photos, thru 5/27. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

***Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt**–A work-in-progress dealing with byzantine liturgical walls, thru 5/31. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Lynne Mayo–Fire signs, thru 5/27. Echo, 133 Mercer (WA5-4799).

***David Novros**–Paintings and drawings, thru 6/3.* Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Harold Olejarz–Staircase sculptures in plywood and pine, 5/20-6/7. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Alan Shields–Recent work, thru 6/3. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Susanna Steig–Realist amusement parks, thru 5/31. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

***Clover Vail**–Drawings and pastels, thru 5/30.* A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

OTHER

Peter Archer/Li-Lan–*Recent paintings by both, thru* 6/3. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

Rene Brochard–Reliefs of semi-sculptured steel embeded in paint, thru 5/26. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Rebecca Cooperman/Audrey Hirsch–Color abstracts of the studio and its plants/Constructs of wood, clay, chain, and drawings, thru 6/4. Noho, 542 LaGuardia (473-9619).

Ann Freilich–Semi-abstract landscapes in gouache and oil on paper, thru 5/27. Roko 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Augustus Goertz–Abstractions, thru 5/20. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). Wed & Sat 12-6.

Thomas Kovachevich–Paper pieces, drawings, and sculpture, thru 5/20. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Dintenfass**–50 W 57th (581-2268). Forms in sport (1842–1978), including works by Eakins, Dove, Hommer, Hopper, Lawrence, others, thru 6/2.

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Watercolors, drawings, and photos by Beatrice Wood, Duchamp, Picabia, Man Ray, Sheeler, and Covert, thru 6/16.

Hamilton–20 W 57th (765-5915). New sculptors, thru 6/3.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Etchings by Appel, trompe l'oeil by Edelmann, drawings by Steinberg, others, thru 6/17.

***Weiner**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Lovers in Indian miniature paintings, thru 5/30.

***Zabriskie**–29 W 57th (832-9034). Works shown at An American Place, Stieglitz's gallery from 1929 to

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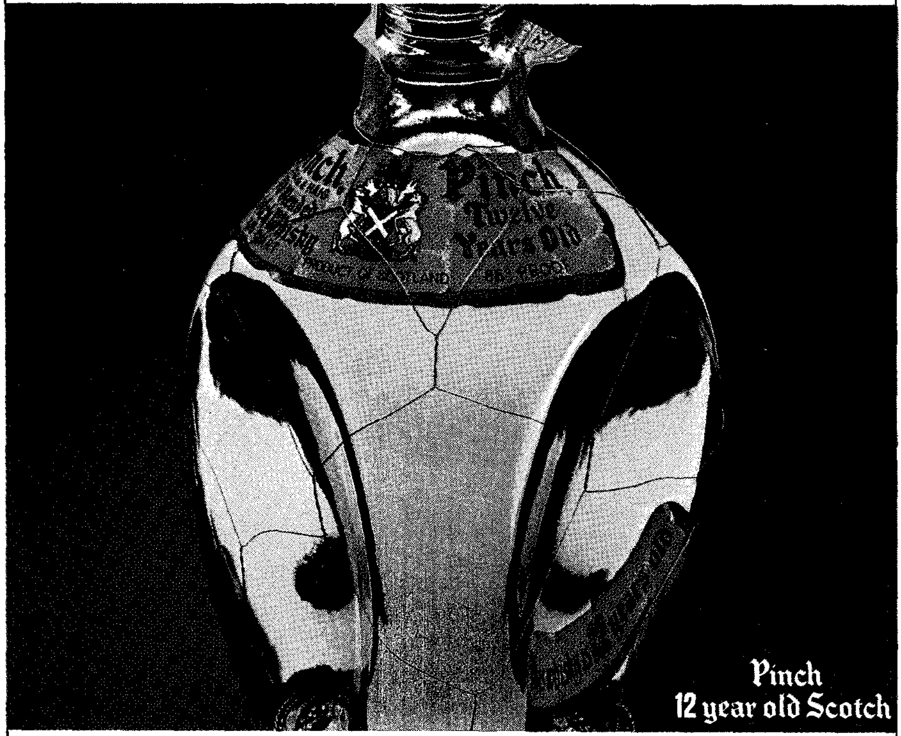

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1946, including paintings and watercolors by Dove, Hartley, O'Keeffe and photos by Adams and Strand, thru 5/27.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

American Indian Community House–10 E 38th (532-4897). Hopi and Navajo crafts, thru 6/30.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). City scenes by Rutigliano, English landscapes by G. Tozer, and fantasies by M. Tozer, thru 6/10.

***Carus**–1044 Mad at 79th (879-4660). Constructivist work of the 20s, including Lissitzky's *Victory Over the Sun*, Leger, Lozowick, Moholy Nagy, others, thru 5/20.

***Davis & Long**–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Ballet set and costume design from the collection of the Wadsworth Antheneum, thru 6/2.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Glass sculpture, boxes by Fritz, Ingber, Taylor, thru 5/20.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). 20th century masters, including Dubuffet, Magritte, Matisse, Reinhardt, others, thru 6/7.

Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980). Sculpture by Bourgeois, de Kooning, Lichtenstein, Moore, thru 6/3.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-3. NYC in the literature of Cooper, Irving, James, Wharton, others, thru 6/3.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Giovanna, Hazel, Ronay, others, thru 5/26.

Master Eagle–40 W 25th (WA4-8277). Mon-Fri 10-4:30. Illustrations by School of Visual Arts students, thru 5/23.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs of food and drink with Addams, Arno others, thru 7/15.

***Shepherd**–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century English paintings, drawings, watercolors, thru 6/30.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architectural drawings of the 20s and 30s from Haines, Lundberg, and Waehler, thru 6/3.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Dean and Parks, sculpture by Salamun, thru 5/31.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Small works in all media, thru 5/31.

SoHo

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Clough, Fares, Goldberg, Lees, and Thornycroft, thru 6/17.

Bleecker Renaissance–644 Bdwy at Bleecker (929-3309). Tues-Sat 12-6. Constructs by 50 artists in this 1890s building, thru 5/30.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-8. Drawings for animated films, including *Fantasia*, thru 6/10.

Freidus–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Acrylic on masonite by Chaite, literary forms and symbols in drawings by De Cointet, photos by Jenkins, thru 5/27.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Documentation by Celender, wall sculpture by Leigh, wall reliefs by Long, paintings by McLean, and photos by Trager, thru 5/20.

Henry Street Settlement–466 Grand (766-9334). Seven Women, thru 5/26.

***Landmark**–469 Broome (966-1173). 17 artists each contributing 4 drawings, including DuBack, Grillo, Trieff, Yektai, 5/20-6/17.

71 Mercer–(925-1131). Sat-Sun 12-5. Ceramic sculpture by Aldrich, Meyers, others, thru 5/28.

Weber–420 W Bdwy (966-6115). Le Witt, Mangold, Rockburne, others, thru 5/23.

OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Contemporary African paintings and sculpture and its roots, 5/17-6/17.

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal, thru 6/10.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 2-5. Embroidery of Imperial China, thru 5/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

***NY Public Library**–5th Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *Religion in New Amsterdam:* books, letters, documents, maps, and prints of the first Old Word faiths to come to NYC, thru 6/28.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Faceless figures in paint by Fernandez, still lifes and portraits by

Landau, figures by Moran, and acrylics by des Rioux, thru 6/1.
NYU–Grey, 33 Washington Pl and Loeb, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. Works by Gauguin, Rodin, others, thru 6/2. and constructed paintings by Klinghoffer, thru 5/26.
***NYU**–100 Trinity Pl (285-6220). Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat 10-6. Imaginary architecture in drawings, thru 5/19.

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 6/1. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).
***Ansel Adams**–The early years, thru 6/30. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).
Gary Bernstein–A woman's awakening to life through images of the sea, thru 6/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).
***Anton Bruehl/Edmund Teske**–From the 20s to the 50s with Marlene Dietrich, Peter Lorre, studio studies, Mexico, other/Composite, solarized images, almost dreamlike, 5/17-6/24. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).
***John G. Bullock/**(1854-1939)–Landscapes and the people of Pennsylvania, thru 5/20. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).
J.J. Castro–Venezuela, thru 5/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.
Martin Fishman–Phallic photos, 5/23-6/11. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).
Martine Franck–Landscapes in black-and-white of France, Italy, USSR, and Morocco, thru 5/27. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).
Frank Gohlke/Alex Jameson–Midwest rural and urban scenes/Formal language of the camera, thru 5/20. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).
Geoffrey Gove–Color transformations, 5/18-6/30. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).
***Eva Klasson**–Her body/The grotesque by Brandt, Krims, Michals, Samaras, others, thru 5/20. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.
***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica,* thru 7/21.
Linda McCartney–Rock music luminaries and still lifes, thru 6/3. Bayard, 456 W Bdwy (477-3804).
Peter Mauss–Recent silver and palladium prints make in Vermont, thru 5/27. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).
Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 PM. Encounters by Duze, reflections by Portnoy, portraits of NYC and upstate by Portogallo, thru 5/30.
***Jean-Pierre Sudre**–Still lifes, thru 6/9. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).
Pete Turner–Geometric images of rails, cannonballs, and clouds in dye transfers, thru 6/23. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).
Walsh Home–1339 York Ave (628-2800). Photographers over 65, including Barbara Morgan, thru 5/30.
***Etienne Bertrand Weill**–Metal forms combining kinetic and graphic, music and choreography, 5/18-6/16. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *The Sport of Birding;* thru the fall. *Nigeria, Art in Everyday Life:* Wood, bronze, and ivory artifacts from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 5/31. *Rails of the World:* Paintings by J. Fenwick Landsdowne of this little-known bird family; thru 7/16.
Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by Bronx artists; thru 7/9.
Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Look Again:* Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru 5/31.
Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. Works by young American artists; thru 6/25.
Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. New brick sculptures by John Mason. Photographs by Claire K. Yaffa; thru 7/9.
International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Munkacsi-Spontaneity and Style:* The First retrospective of the work of Martin Munkacsi. *Magubane's South Africa:* A portrait of black South Africa. Thru 5/28.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 6/18. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Monet's Years at Giverny—Beyond Impressionism:* Eighty-one paintings done in the immediate environment and the surrounding landscape of his home; thru 7/9.
Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American lit. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial; 5/19 thru 7/29.
El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30 *Resurgimiento:* Paintings and sculptures from Puerto Rican and Latin American artists living in New York; thru 6/30.
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. Works from the museum's permanant collection; thru 6/11.
Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.
Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.
Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *The Great American Foot:* Celebrating the foot and its diverse images in our culture; thru 6/30.
Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 6/4.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Designed For Film - The Hollywood Art Director:* Demonstrating the importance of production design; thru 9/26. *Nine Windows by Chagall:* Stained glass windows illustrating episodes from the bible; thru 5/30. *Mexican Art:* Engravings, prints paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/29. *A Treasury of Modern Drawing:* Works by American and European artists; thru 7/4.
New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.
New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.
Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Photography - Art and Artifact:* Photographs by Abbott, Atget, Hine, Strand, others; thru 6/18.
Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Saul Steinberg Retrospective;* thru 7/9. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs; Cleveland Indians, 5/23-25 at 8.
Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Atlanta Braves, 5/16-18 at 8; vs. Philadelphia Phillies, 5/9 at 8, 5/20-21 at 2.
Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Seattle Sounders, 5/21 at 2:30.
Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. San Diego Friars, 5/16; vs. New Orleans Nets, 5/18; vs. Golden Gaters, 5/23. At 7:30.

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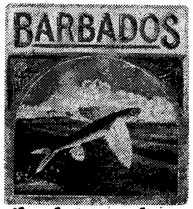

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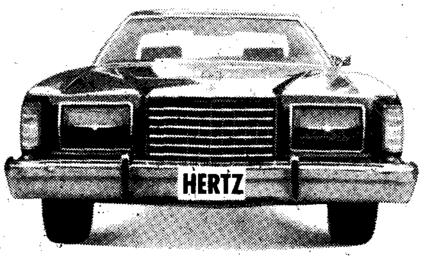
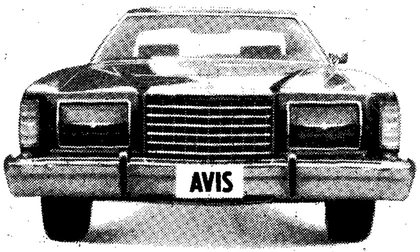


29¢ a Mile



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THE NEW OLINS: LT 1-6161

Born Again in New York

By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

"...Over the last two years, there has been a 500 to 600 percent increase in the number of born-again executives here..."

"I think people make religion look complicated," said the chairman of the board of Tiffany & Company, from his elegant paneled office overlooking Grand Army Plaza. "It's really very simple. You open yourself to the Lord and the Lord helps. At one time, when I had to buy Bonwit Teller, I was $2.5-million short and I didn't know how to get it and I was shown how to get it. It was completely a miracle. And the same thing happened when I purchased Tiffany and I was $1 million short."

Walter Hoving, an ex-"Episcopagan," who was "born again" in 1946, is one of the best known of America's prominent and affluent Evangelical Christians, through his advertisements for the "Try God" pin (an idea given him by a scrubwoman at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church), his funding of the Walter Hoving Home for "wayward girls," and his work with the Salvation Army, where he met his wife, the former Jane Pickens Langley. Still, even in business circles, Hoving has plenty of company.

At least four groups of 25 executive officers each meet weekly for prayer breakfasts in the Wall Street area alone. "It is amazing," one banker said, "how much temporal power is concentrated in these groups. And when someone like Tom Phillips, who heads the Raytheon Company in Massachusetts, comes to New York to bear witness, the 'multiplier effect' is astonishing." Ted Gandy, city director of Campus Crusade for Christ, says, "You will find some kind of Bible study going on in most major buildings in the midtown area. I've seen a measurable change—a fabulous change—in the spiritual temperature of the business community in Manhattan. Over the last two years, there has been a 500 to 600 percent increase in the number of born-again executives."

Pastor: *Paul Moore of the Lamb's.*

The moneymen (reeling, according to one insurance executive, from the Watergate disaster) discuss "ethics and the spiritual dimensions of their lives—we don't discuss politics. We believe in changing ourselves before we change the world. We believe our Christian ethics inform our political and economic decisions." The businessmen's groups are interdenominational and interracial. "We'd like to have women share with us, but they just don't come. Too bad."

It is, of course, common knowledge that Jimmy Carter and his sister Ruth Carter Stapleton are born-again Christians, as are Anita Bryant, the Boone family, and "total woman" Marabel Morgan (whose rebirth occurred while she was rinsing out a customer's hair in a beauty salon). We have all read about the celebrated conversions of Eldridge Cleaver and Chuck Colson and Larry Flynt, and those of Susan Atkins and Charles "Tex" Watkins, former members of the Manson family, and now "Son of Sam" murderer David Berkowitz.

But, it is entirely possible that the president of your insurance company, or your banker, is a born-again Christian. Lee Buck, senior vice-president of New York Life Insurance, is an Evangelical. So are Don Seibert, chairman of the board, J. C. Penney; Don Thomas and Bob Cotton of Anchor Savings Bank; John Harris of Chase Manhattan; and Ken White of Continental Oil. John Falvey, head of the New York Investment Securities Division of BankAmerica, said to me, "New York's born-again executives are coming out of the closet."

It is true that many other young born-again Christians are former practitioners of the occult arts, ex-Moonies, or refugees from est or Eastern fad panaceas. But it would be a great mistake to try to categorize this phenomenon simplistically. Among New York

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Barbara Harrison is author of the forthcoming Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Photographed by Bob Adelman

City Evangelicals, there are proselytizers from the Fortune 500, Cops for Christ, at least three groups of Christian Jews, thousands of converts from other Christian groups (including a whole congregation of Puerto Rican ex-Catholics), ex-convicts, Ivy League graduates, airline stewardesses, artists, and even "the Pretzel," a gentleman who, before his conversion, starred in cable television's *Midnight Blue* as a practitioner of auto-fellatio.

When New Yorkers think of Evangelicals, they often project Bible Belt faith healers, Holy Rollers, shuck-and-jive revivalists, or emotive performers such as Jimmy Swaggart, whose television show, aired irregularly here by Channel 9 (which is also home to the PTL, or Praise the Lord, Club, weekday mornings at 7:30), delights viewers with sweat, tears, hellfire sermons, and more body language than Elvis Presley dreamed of. Late-night old-time religion outpourings on radio reinforce the idea. But most of these are broadcast from out of town. Even last weekend's huge "Jesus '78" rally, held in the Meadowlands in New Jersey, gives only part of the picture.

The essential doctrines of Christianity—the divinity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the Trinity, the Virgin Birth—are held in common by all Evangelicals. All of them have had personal encounters with Jesus Christ—the born-again experience. Almost by definition, they are all proselytizers, because they are bound to believe that anyone who has not accepted Christ as his personal savior is hellfire damned. In short, "good works" by themselves don't work, and you won't find Mahatma Gandhi—or Dorothy Day—in an Evangelical heaven. Virtually all Evangelicals are highly conservative politically (exceptions are Senator Mark Hatfield and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young).

Beyond this, style and substance vary wildly. Most Evangelicals adhere to the Bible as the sole authority governing every aspect of their daily lives. They are not much given to metaphysical inquiry and, mostly, they disdain what John Falvey of BankAmerica calls the "claptrap" of established churches—rituals, formalism, and what is perceived to be the formality and coldness of Establishment Protestantism. Fundamentalist Evangelicals profess to take every word of the Bible literally. Pentecostalists have been "baptized in the Holy Spirit" and tend to speak in tongues (glossolalia). Charismatic Evangelicals believe in bodily healing by prayer. A small minority of Evangelicals belong to orthodox Protestant groups within the National Council of Churches, many more are distributed among Protestant groups outside the NCC, and to complicate matters there are also a number of Roman Catholic Charismatics. A few Evangelicals make a token nod toward ecumenism, but more express contempt for established churches.

The very cynicism of New Yorkers, our celebrated scorn for Establishment dicta, may actually contribute to the growth of Evangelicalism here. If "they" cannot solve our lamentable problems, who can? For Evangelicals, the answer is simple. Jesus can.

While this may appear to be a retreat from the things of this world, Evangelicals, like other Protestants, show considerable ability to make ends meet. Though they are fond of saying that their money comes from "love offerings," it appears that these add up. Income from Tiffany's pins supports not only the home for wayward girls but also Lamb's ministries' programs. Campus Crusade for Christ, of which billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt is executive head, plans to raise (nationally) $100 million next year and $1 billion by 1982. Religious-book publishing flourishes: According to the Christian Booksellers Association, industrywide sales last year were over $600 million; one publishing company, World, Inc. (an independent subsidiary of ABC), projected sales of $32 million this year, more than double its 1974 figure. The Christian Broadcasting Network, which carries its message over 130 TV stations, spent $20 million in broadcasting last year, while the Billy Graham Association spent $8.8 million on radio, TV, and film.

The great fear among liberal theologians of the established churches is that the "interior" nature of the born-again experience militates against social concern. "Inner peace" and political quietism often look remarkably alike.

"How," I asked one banker, "do Christian ethics inform your positions on city, national, and international issues?"

"Christian banking and insurance executives," he replied, "were praying for New York during the blackout and the snow emergency. New York needs something much more important than money—it needs Christ."

Said another banker, "Mostly we address ourselves to interpersonal or personnel relationships and family problems. I suppose that some of us would opt for an economic boycott of South Africa to see that justice is done; others would say that we ought to keep our money in South Africa—Jesus fellowshipped with tax collectors, after all. It's fair to say that we're a conservative group. We resolve problems outside the framework of politics, which explains why people like Chuck Colson, Eldridge Cleaver, and Mark Hatfield can all work together in the Lord. With the Lord's help, I'll be a better family man and a better investment banker."

I cannot imagine two men more unalike than Pastor Paul Moore of the Church of the Nazarene on West 44th Street—the social activist who promoted "Jesus Joy Concerts"—and Melvin Purvis—an itinerant Baptist evangelist from South Carolina, who was recently ordained a Baptist minister, and who preaches in churches of many denominations, as well as on street corners, with sermons so rigidly conservative as to endear him to the most reactionary of listeners.

Purvis is apocalyptic and premillennial: "There is no biblical warrant," he says, "for Christians to become involved in politics. Liberal politics is not a Christian option, because the underlying principle of welfare politics is that man shall live by bread alone. 'If a man can't work, neither shall he eat.'" Purvis does not believe in institutionalized charity or in programs for social reform: "Adam and Eve had a good social environment and look what happened to them."

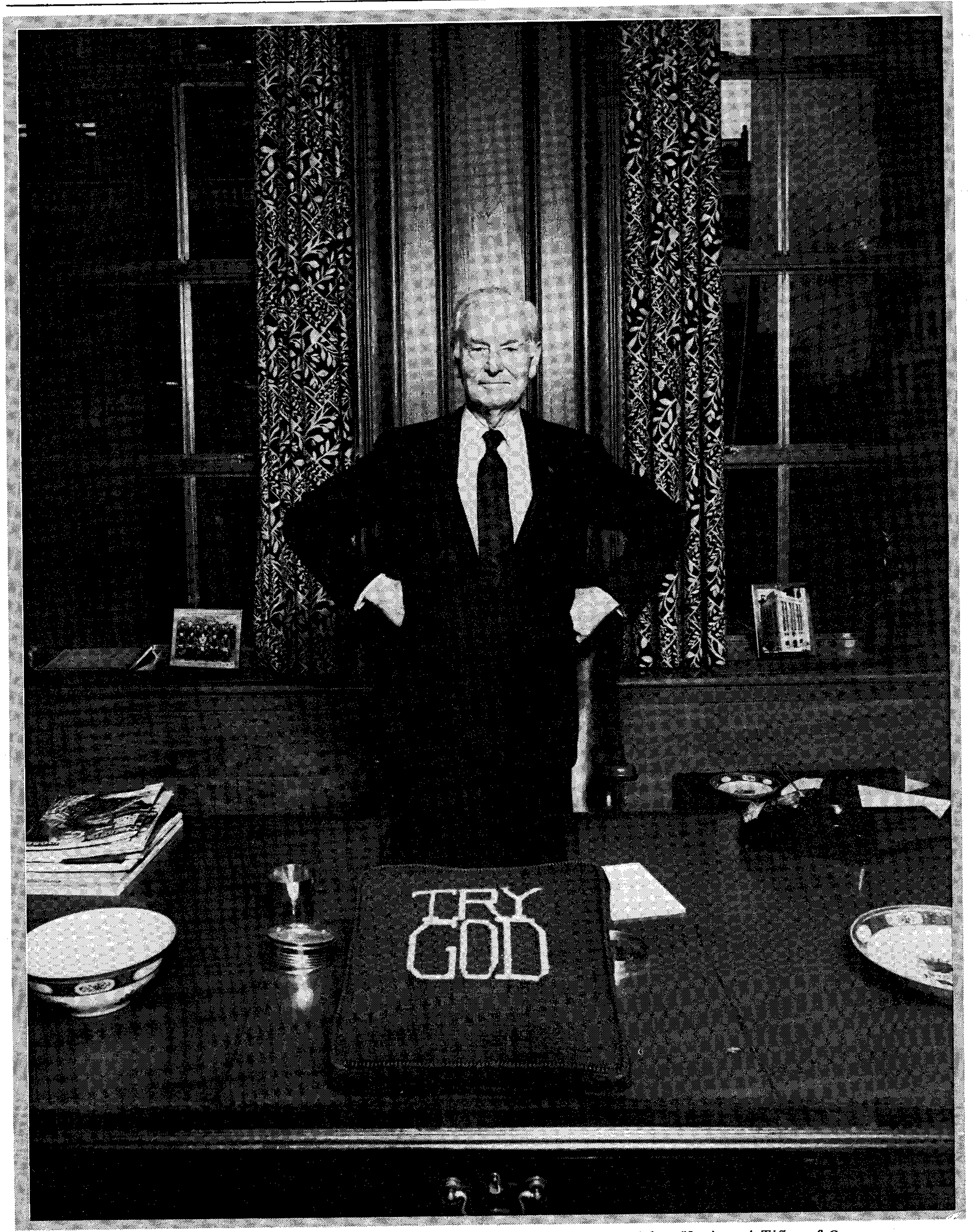
Purvis's preaching features the testimony of his own conversion. He came from a socially prominent South Carolina family, set out to be a success, and would be a millionaire today, according to himself, were it not for "the 1973 setbacks in the real-estate market." He describes himself at that time as an alcoholic who smoked 60 cigarettes a day, a barbiturate addict, "a high roller on the money market, and a compulsive gambler." He was also nearly a suicide. Jesus saved him at a red-light stop.

Purvis sees psychiatry as a tool of the devil. "I've been to a whole lot of psychiatrists, and I've read every work of Freud, and he's crazy. The guiding principle of psychiatry is that you're not responsible for your own sins. If you're not responsible for your sins, you can't repent."

Soon after his conversation, Purvis received the call to come to New York. "South Carolina is full of sneaky sinners. People come to New York to sin out in the open, and my job is to show them from Scripture that sin isn't as much fun as it's cracked up to be."

His mission to New York almost failed, however, till he and his wife, Judy, were taken in by the young, energetic members of the Manhattan Bible Church, at 401 West 205th Street. Purvis and Judy live now in a neat little bedroom off the basement meeting center of this converted warehouse,

"...'Religion is really very simple,' says Walter Hoving.'You open yourself to the Lord and the Lord helps. He does with me'..."



Tycoon: *One of the most visible of New York's Evangelical Christians is Walter Hoving of Tiffany & Company.*

"...'Yale Divinity School is full of the kind of phonies that killed Christ,' says Purvis. '*They* got religion; *I* got Jesus'..."

apparently undisturbed by the dedication to social welfare shown by Pastor Tom Mahairas and his group of friends and followers, many of whom were drug dealers and juvenile delinquents before conversion (all Evangelical converts take undue glee in recounting their pre-conversion sins). Mahairas's plans include specific help to addicts and persons involved in drugs. At the same time, this tough urban ex-criminal has been exhilarated by Purvis's street-corner approach to salvation in Times Square and other sin centers. As Judy Purvis says, "There's never a dull moment with the Lord."

On the opposite end of the Evangelical spectrum from Purvis is social activist Paul Moore, who "wades right into the mess that is New York." Moore believes in "holistic Christian caring." He defines this as "a combination of religious piety and social concern that focuses the conscience of patriotic Americans on urban need. Many Evangelicals have totally self-centered, experiential conversions. But man is not just spirit. He needs food, clothing, shelter, physical comfort, and ways in which to express his creativity—so we must be concerned with our environment and the social needs of the community. But don't confuse us with the United Fund. Unless the Spirit of God enters a man, the good that can be done him is minimal and not lasting."

Two years ago, at the Lamb's Club, Moore began to take an approach to Evangelicalism that is at once theatrical and pragmatic. Lamb's, built in 1904 as a theatrical club, was bought for $500,000, and on its stage Moore puts on shows like *Godspell*, adding to the play's original book a scene in which Christ (left on Broadway, *in extremis*, on the Cross) is resurrected. Yearly operating expenses are estimated at $250,000. Money for Moore's programs comes, he says, not only from Tiffany "God Loves You," "Try Jesus," and "Born Again" pin sales but also from "individual sacrificial donors." Stanford White's handsome building houses not only the church but a residence for 30 born-again actors, artists, ex-stickup men—like Harold Johnson, who likes to show off his mug shots. Some of the residents are gay. "God isn't angry at their gayness, says Moore, who has a "gay outreach" program; "he only disapproves of homosexual *acts*."

In a grillroom originally patterned after the one in Buckingham Palace, Lamb's serves "Mercy and Benevolence" meals with "Christian entertainment." A recent performer was Noel Paul Stookey, lately of Peter, Paul and Mary, who now records gospel music on his own label, Neworld records. (Mary is said to find this "uncool.")

Preacher: *Melvin Purvis, street-corner evangelist, with his wife, Judy.*

Moore operates a Crisis Care Center 24 hours a day, seven days a week; 90 percent of the crisis intervention is done by young-adult volunteers—who consider themselves a kind of Christian Peace Corps. The pastor also hopes to establish a "University for the Christian Arts" on 44th Street. "Fundamentalists," he says, "raise their children to believe that the arts are taboo —and as a result, gifted musicians, actors, and artists have been lost to the world; we believe that the arts were given by God for the glory of God."

This notion causes Melvin Purvis to snort with derision. "Moore isn't anywhere *near* to being a godly man," Purvis says. "He isn't walkin' what he's talkin'. The word 'Christian' has become right cheap."

Pastor Moore is applying for city and federal funds to establish a "non-secure-detention group-care facility for girls from seven to sixteen who have come before family court," as an alternative to detention in "coercive" facilities like Spofford. The Select Committee on Crime has offered its support. Moore says, "Out of decent respect for individual human rights, we will not impose our religion on the girls—nor would the law allow us to."

But Reverend William Bray, who "fellowships" with Moore, let slip: "While we're detoxing those girls, we'll zing Christ to them without their even knowing we've done it."

Moore works closely with Father Bruce Ritter, a Catholic priest who shelters teenage runaways at a halfway house called Under 21, on 44th Street. "When I was a kid," Moore says, "we saw the pope as the Antichrist and everything evil and vile. Now I see no reason not to pray for ecumenism. Evangelicals who regard the Roman Church as evil just haven't gone to Mass and seen that dear little old sainted Italian lady on her knees praying to her God with her whole heart and tears flowing down her cheeks and loving Jesus dearly and adoring His mother, Mary."

Purvis is appalled by these sentiments. While he has read Martin Buber, Teilhard de Chardin, and Reinhold Niebuhr, he considers the Mass, and the sacrament of confession, a "perversion of Scripture"; his opinion of the major denominations is that "you come out of those places feeling like you've been baptized in lemon juice. Yale Divinity School and the Berkeley Theological Seminary are full of the kind of phonies that killed Christ. They have no charity in their hearts. *They* got religion; *I* got Jesus."

(These bitter sentiments, expressed to me, in different words, by most of the Evangelicals I met, seemed to stem from a deep sense of personal disappointment; the churches, born-again Christians seem to be saying, have failed them, and they have no wish to heal that broken connection.)

Moore claims to know nothing about politics: "It's all baloney; now it's time to try Christ's way. If Christ doesn't come to the city, the inner city will come to visit the suburbs, and it won't be pretty: Only a dedicated band of Christians can redeem New York."

Police Officer Jerry Francis of Manhattan's 5th Precinct, in Chinatown, is the leading figure in Cops for Christ, a group of about 292 born-again Christians who work in the NYPD, the Transit Authority, the Housing Authority, the Port Authority, and other city services including some of the hospitals. They meet once a month at the Archbishop Molloy High School, sometimes in fellowship with a 150-member New Jersey group. They would like to meet more often.

"We have three natural enemies," says Francis. "I don't know if it's Satan at work—but I'll tell you, shift work kills us. In order to get maybe 6 or 7 people together to give testimony at a church, I have to call 40 or 50 people. Also, there's great distance to travel—our guys live all over the place. The third thing is, well, you know a lot of police officers come on this job to help people, and they get disillusioned, as a lot of people do. But as soon as they get touched by the Lord, right away they want to get plugged into something—help the youth out, prison ministries, visiting little old ladies in hospitals. There's a lot of talent there, but to tap into it is tough."

Asked how being a cop sorts with his belief, Francis says, "Our God is a God of order and common sense. If I get a fellow who's up for larceny and I'm taking him to jail for the night, I ask him if he's satisfied with his lifestyle and he tells me, yeah, man, why? I let it go. Case closed. But if he says no, not really, then I tell him there's a better way of life and he can get there through our Lord Jesus Christ. Most of them are pretty shocked to hear that from a cop. That's what the Thirteenth Book of Romans is all about. God does have a plan, and we do need to keep law and order.

"Most of the time you're rushing from one job to another and you don't get a chance to minister to people. But could there be anything better than being a cop? Hey, who's out there at three o'clock in the morning? There's no priest out there, no rabbi, no next-door neighbor, no son or daughter or mother or father. There's me.

"When I came into this job, I got very hard, very tough, mean, cold. Didn't like minority groups. Didn't like middle-class people out in Staten Island who tell you how they pay their taxes. Only liked about half a dozen cops—the rest of them should be wearing dresses—they weren't tough enough. I got so messed up that all I could think about was hate, and it was killing me. It was reading the Bible saved me—after all, it's a story about some guys who were just a pack of meatballs till the Lord touched them."

Many Evangelicals—moderates and conservatives—directed me to Calvary Baptist Church, which they seem to regard as a common denominator of New York Evangelicalism, linking businessmen with blue-collar workers and many of the Jews for Jesus. There, across the street from the Russian Tea Room, I attended services that were the antithesis of the hysteria commonly associated with evangelism. There, I saw as many blacks as whites, as many fur coats as L. L. Bean jackets, as many men (all clean-cut) as women, and people of all ages. Calvary Baptist has a Mormon Tabernacle–type choir; its pastor, Dr. Donald R. Hubbard, wears a business suit and lectures rather than preaches, while congregants assiduously annotate their Bibles or make copious notes in loose-leaf notebooks. Church members looked happy and replete after services.

I suppose I came with the wrong set of expectations: I wanted the cadences and the rhythms and the moral fervor and authority of a Martin Luther King; I wanted also the recognition—implicit, at least since "We Shall Overcome" days, in southern black churches —that God uses men as His co-creators to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This sense is noticeably absent among white Evangelical leaders, who did little to support civil-rights legislation in the sixties, and less to protest the war in Vietnam. Earlier revival movements were different: A network of nineteenth-century Evangelicals was fervently reformist—the "Evangelical Empire" worked passionately for the abolition of slavery; nineteenth-century Evangelicals also helped the early feminist movement.

On matters relating to sex and procreation, it is fair to say that there is almost total unanimity and accord among Evangelicals, moderate and conservative (leaving aside Larry Flynt, whose position almost nobody seems to understand or wants to understand). The Christian Embassy, a conservative Evangelical group, is alleged to lead, but denies, an effort to get a constitutional amendment to take away the right to abortion, and an agitation against the ERA. When an avowed lesbian was ordained an Episcopal minister in New York City, many proper northeastern Episcopalians began to flock to Evangelical services. All but one of the Evangelicals I interviewed were outraged by Mayor Koch's defense of civil rights for homosexuals. The single exception was a lawyer who made the point that "the secular government is not God's army."

The only Evangelicals I met who bestir themselves to join picket lines were Jews for Jesus. They march for Soviet Jewry, and they turned out in force when the United Nations denounced Zionism as "racist." Their director here, Sam Nadler, estimates that there are tens of thousands of Jews for Jesus in America (5,000 of them in New York City). They are vocal out of proportion to their size. Their aggressive proselytizing has put them in bad odor with the JDL (which frequently pickets *them* when they engage in debates with rabbis of liberal synagogues) and with the established Protestant churches. The Long Island Council of Churches, which would like to live in peace with its Jewish neighbors, has asked for a restraining order to stop Jews for Jesus from pamphleteering and in other ways proselytizing. But Jews for Jesus feel that religious tolerance is not an option.

Nadler says, "Jesus is King of the Jews. How, having found the truth, can we not share what we have? I don't judge; do I look like a fruit inspector? But if Jews don't actively proclaim that Jesus Christ is God's only atonement for salvation, if they won't recognize that Jesus is kosher, God will judge *them*. You don't *have* to be Jewish to believe in Jesus. But being born into a Christian home doesn't make you a Christian any more than being born in a bakery makes you a bagel."

What distinguishes Jews for Jesus from "Hebrew Christians" and "Messianic Jews," two other Christian Jewish groups which are more compatible with other born-again Christians (nobody seems to know exactly how many Christian Jews there are), is not just their militant missionary techniques, which many Jews consider inflammatory, but their fierce determination to hold on to their *Yiddishkeit*, their Jewish culture. They may go to Calvary Baptist for Sunday-morning Bible studies and services, but they also meet in small clusters in private homes, where they speak Yiddish and generally reinforce their sense of being doubly "chosen."

"There is empirical evidence, in the form of Bible prophecy," says Goldie Rotenberg, a librarian and practicing attorney with a large New York law firm, "that Israel belongs only to the Jews and that we will play a special role in Christ's Second Coming." Twenty-eight-year-old Rotenberg serves in an unofficial capacity as legal counsel for Jews for Jesus; there are four fellow Evangelicals at her firm. She is a specialist on constitutional law, with an emphasis in the First and Fourteenth Amendments. She points out that born-again Christians choose, whenever possible, to avoid confrontations with the law. Fundamentalist Evangelicals, in fact, interpret Jesus's injunction to "love one another" to mean that lawsuits are unscriptural. But the nature of the activity of Jews for Jesus is, nevertheless, confrontational. "We'll do anything within the law—use leaflets, sound trucks—to bring other Jews to Jesus," she says. "We're not afraid of going into Jewish neighborhoods—those neighborhoods belong to *us*—let the JDL gnash its teeth."

Ms. Rotenberg is a child of the Holocaust; she was born days after her Polish parents arrived in New York City. "When I came to believe Christ was the Messiah," she says, "I felt like a traitor to my past and to my family. All I could think of was, How am I going to tell my mother? Her response was predictable: 'For this I

"...Cops for Christ has about 290 members in the NYPD, the Transit Authority, the Housing Authority, the Port Authority..."

had to survive Hitler?'"

If she gets married, it will be to a "nice Jewish boy—preferably from the Bronx—who speaks Yiddish." She will never allow her children to forget they are Jewish.

Jeffrey Brodsky, on the other hand, has little use for Jewish culture. Brodsky, 21, was bar mitzvahed in the Conservative foster home he grew up in under the aegis of the Jewish Child Care Association. He never got along with his foster parents (his father, he says, kicked him out when he found Jeffrey reading the New Testament), and he rejected Judaism because "it was all legalism. I rebelled by joining the marines." On his way to a "triple-X movie," Brodsky, then a student at Brooklyn College, where he was known as "Bad News Brodsky" (partly because of the bowie knife he prominently displayed), allowed himself to be convinced that Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church had "all the ideal answers; I had peace and communal love and a place to live, and I didn't have to worry about paying for gas and electricity."

For reasons that remain obscure to him—he can attribute his disaffection with the Moonies only to the fact that he'd seen them kick out a young runaway who wouldn't do the job they had assigned him—Brodsky, who now feels that the Holy Spirit was working in him during his two years of residence at a Unification dorm, began to look for a way out. Penniless, he went to Saint Patrick's Cathedral, where a priest offered him $100 to get on his feet and "tried to talk to me about the sacraments. But I could see that the Catholic church was full of idolatry. So I decided I would go back to what I knew—I'd fight and kill and practice the martial arts; and I'd make money as a gay prostitute, the way I'd done before."

Cop: *Jerry Francis of Cops for Christ.*

Then, through a series of encounters with Campus Crusade and the Berkeley Spiritual Counterfeits Project, Brodsky "accepted Christ as my Lord and Savior. It wasn't emotional. I felt like a judge had sentenced me. I knew it had happened because the Bible said it happened." Jeffrey Brodsky now lives with a born-again family and is engaged to an Evangelical girl; when he is not doing his "secular work"—he has a clerical-errand job—he distributes pamphlets on street corners, calling people of the "cults" to come to Jesus. He is praying for a "Jesus halfway house for est people and kids from the Divine Light Mission and members of the Forever Family. They are not part of God's family. I am part of God's family . . . nobody can kick me out."

Brodsky's odyssey is not dissimilar from that of many young people who have spent years searching for meaning and for a way to alleviate deep personal pain. Jesus, for these refugees, is a heavy, heady trip. For many, it may be just another fad, and Christ another panacea—one that has gained an aura of legitimacy because of Jimmy Carter's presence in the White House.

Campus Crusade for Christ counts on disillusionment and political apathy to bring young people to Evangelicalism. City director Ted Gandy says, "When I was at the University of Wisconsin in the late sixties, I saw nothing but hypocrisy on the part of radicals. They were all talking about love, but when the police or the National Guard came on campus, love went out the window; then it was sticks and stones. What the radical movements of the sixties failed to accomplish, Christ can accomplish."

Gandy wears two hats: He heads New York's Campus Crusade, and he also directed the church development of the well-organized Here's Life, New York! campaign, which, two years ago, trained 15,000 New Yorkers from 802 churches and 46 denominations to "communicate their relationship with Christ in a very positive and effective manner." For a three-week period, Here's Life bought TV and print ads, billboard space, and subway placards. Volunteers with computerized sheets of names and numbers took to the phones to share their personal relationship with Christ. Gandy claims that 25,000 New Yorkers "committed themselves to Christ" from April 10 to May 4, 1976.

The Campus Crusade is now in a "holding pattern"; when it has reached its fund-raising goal, it will give the boroughs' campuses "intensive care"—and it is extremely sanguine about reaching "tens of thousands" of college students, for whom, it says, no worldly solution has worked.

Evangelicalism is a hot combination of salvation, show biz, and patriotism. Every Evangelical I met was eager to "share" with me; all were expansive. No Evangelical I met seemed to be able to tolerate ambiguity, skepticism, or doubt—mine or his own. They emphasized inner peace, coupled with tangible earthly rewards.

Cautious observers wonder, given the prolonged and awesome struggles saints and mystics have had with doubt and belief, whether some instant "rebirths" aren't just another manifestation of the American proclivity for instant cure-alls. A Jesuit friend says that every time he hears a born-again Christian "testify," he is impressed with the radiant simplicity of their belief, and, at the same time, driven by the urge to read Christian thinkers from Thomas Aquinas to Graham Greene; "I cannot convince myself that vitality is a substitute for an understanding of the complexities of good and evil. It's all *too easy*."

Some theologians wonder whether this Evangelical phenomenon is a genuine spiritual revival or an offshoot of the political silence and self-absorption that characterizes the seventies. Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., of Manhattan's Riverside Church, while admiring the fervor of the new Evangelicalism, says, "I am deeply suspicious of personal conversion that is not accompanied by a change in social attitude. I think that finally Christ asks you to make common cause with suffering."

Even some Evangelicals express doubts. Jim Wallis, editor of *Sojourners*, an Evangelical magazine, says, "The movement is presented in terms of what Jesus can do for me. It calls many to believe and few to obedience."

Coffin says, "If you get an Evangelical with a social conscience, you've got one of God's true saints."

Whether Evangelicalism will give saints to the city—or whether it will merely provide private consolation for the alienated—remains to be seen. ■

Who's Buying America?

By David Edwards

"...Moderately wealthy Europeans, not just the super-rich, are buying U.S. land now and may someday choose to live on it..."

It is mid-December in Paris. A man stands for a moment in the doorway of a café on the Boulevard St-Germain and looks about before he enters. His forehead is wet with perspiration, and he clutches a suitcase purchased just three days before. As far as the French government knows, he is the owner of a one-star restaurant in Lyons that produces a profit of 20,000 francs per week. Actually, it makes 40,000 a week. And in his valise today is 1 million francs.

He crosses the café and sets his suitcase at the bar next to a man in a blue suit. He's offered a drink but refuses—he must catch the next train home. The suitcase stays behind.

Two days later, a shirt manufacturer drops in on a bistro on the Champs-Elysées where the same blue-suited gentleman waits at a table in the back. The manufacturer is on edge—he's never handled as much cash as he is carrying now. For several years he's been bleeding his own firm of assets through a simple technique—transfer pricing—taught to him by friends at the local banks. Money from loans borrowed against these assets is now in a suitcase in his hand. He leaves it by the blue-suited man.

Other than nationality, the manufacturer and the restaurateur have more in common than they know. Although they've never met, they are anxious about the possibility that France will turn to the left and become socialism's bellwether in Western Europe. The men are relatively wealthy, and they are scared. And since furtively dropping off their cash in Paris, they have become the co-owners of 1,500 acres of prime Tennessee farmland.

America today is experiencing a new kind of foreign-investment boom. While outside investments in United States companies have been on the rise for years, a trend of a decidedly different stripe is now emerging: Middle- and upper-class Europeans are moving their capital overseas, not to turn a quick profit but because capitalism's grand homeland may someday soon be the only place for them to live.

These are not the type of folks who've bought little *pied-à-terres* in the Galleria or the Olympic Tower for convenience—the super-rich have always been on the move. They are instead moderately wealthy Europeans illegally exporting francs, pounds, lire, and marks as a hedge against political turmoil. Quietly, these flight-capitalists are taking the necessary steps to emigrate and occupy their American holdings.

America is about to see an influx of well-heeled and well-connected people whose arrival just may have a significant impact on our economy and culture.

Of all the foreign investment activity in the United States, at least 26 percent, representing $250 million, is in commercial real estate. And although, of course, not all of this is being bought for future residency, some authorities believe a good portion may go for just that purpose. And little is being done about it.

"If we had been able to foresee the impact of the Irish potato famine," says one U.S. senator, "we would have had time to plan orderly resettlements." And adds another senator, Arkansas Democrat Dale Bumpers: "The seeds of a serious future problem are being sown with each acquisition of American land by foreign interests. We are aware that the problem is building, but we are only vaguely aware of the vast implication or its dimensions."

In fact, the official who monitors such activity, Milton Berger, director of the Department of Commerce's Office of Foreign Investment in the United States, agrees that many Europeans are "running scared." And he acknowledges that much of their purchasing activity here is being consummated for possible possession in the near future.

In 1975, Professor Fred L. Morrison of the University of Minnesota did an extensive study of alien land ownership for the federal government. While the report focused on the legality of foreign realty investments, Morrison says now he doesn't doubt that some folks on the Continent are planning to move across the ocean. And while he contends that plans to move are not yet widespread, he is personally aware of a number of Italian lawyers, some German farmers, and a physician who all seem to be searching for a possible way out. "I met a doctor in Europe who was buying land in Canada against the possibility of political trouble."

It is unclear today just how extensive European realty purchases here are—for both occupancy and investment. Strict European-currency-expor-

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David Edwards is an international banker now writing a book on export financing.

"... Europeans, paying inflated prices for real estate here, are pricing Americans right out of the market..."

tation restrictions make it imperative that many sales be conducted clandestinely through the use of multinational covers to avoid disclosure and prosecution. And certain U.S. restrictions necessitate sub rosa actions. While some experts, like Senate Commerce Committee counsel Eric Lee, concede that "no one knows," well-placed officials say the trend is on the rise and that it will likely continue unabated. As long as American land is comparatively cheap, as long as political terrorism is rampant in Italy and the Left makes gains in France and German industrialists must hire bodyguards, the potential for immigration is clearly significant. Just when this might begin will be determined largely by events beyond our control, overseas. But we can be certain that wealthy foreigners are not just buying American; they are buying America itself.

Last month, William A. Stiles, a former Marine Corps brigadier general, testified before the Senate Commerce Committee about foreign real-estate sales in America's heartland. Stiles should know: He now serves as a senior vice-president of Oppenheimer Industries, a Delaware corporation based in Kansas City which specializes in agricultural land sales.

In the years 1975 to 1977, Stiles told the committee, his firm was involved in the sale of $60-million worth of farmland to overseas purchasers. "At the present time," he added, "we have a list of properties being sought by foreign interests—a 'shopping list' of sorts—which totals over 50 separate real-estate assemblages or items with a money value of some $100 million. These properties range from irrigated land to ranches to farms to even vineyards with wineries." But this shopping list also included "specialized" properties, Stiles informed the committee, among which are estates, condominiums, and apartments.

And Stiles noted that the prospective buyers were not necessarily concerned with making a "good deal": "They are looking now to U.S. farm properties because they feel that this is the last place in the world where land could be confiscated."

All well and good, perhaps, except for one thing: the complete mystery surrounding the provenance of such purchases. Land ownership falls under state law, and 30 states have no restrictions on alien ownership. The rest have either full or partial restrictions, some dating back to the nineteenth century. Of those states with partial restrictions, South Carolina is one of the most lenient, permitting aliens to own up to 500,000 acres, while Indiana, New Hampshire, Mississippi, Connecticut, Kentucky, and Oklahoma have outright prohibitions. However, lax enforcement and the obvious inconsistencies among these statutes render them virtually useless.

As the Commerce Department's 1976 report *Foreign Direct Investment in the United States* noted: "Informed public discussion has been circumscribed by the lack of adequate data on the volume and character of foreign ownership in U.S. real estate." To understand just how and why this situation has evolved, we need only to return to Paris and our man in the blue suit.

He is a broker. But his specialty isn't the short sell or margins. Instead, the blue-suited man's forte is transporting francs to Switzerland in violation of French control regulations. For this, he receives a 3 percent commission—a fee which can be quite hefty, as he not only toils for the likes of small-businessmen on the Continent but also for the biggest licensed commercial banks in Europe.

Because of the legal strictures, the movement of money to Zurich or Geneva is crucial if the European purchases here are to be completed. And while the broker generally acts as little more than a bagman, the financier who places him in contact with those in need of his services is probably the key to the entire operation. Let us call this financier Miriam.

Miriam is a self-employed professional fund manager who arranges for illegal cash transfers. She doesn't know how the blue-suited broker gets money out of France, only that deliveries are guaranteed. Once that's accomplished, she swings into action.

The 35-year-old Miriam lives elegantly in Paris. She lunches at Maxim's four days a week and is dressed by de la Renta and Dior. She has loads of furs from grateful middle-aged fat cats. Her brains have made them money, and her inescapable charm has made them feel younger.

Miriam holds the purchase rights to

Flight-Capitalists: Banking on New York

Just as middle- and upper-class Europeans are buying United States real estate, their corporate countrymen are busily banking on New York City.

Fifteen years ago, there were only eleven foreign banks here. Today, though, the overseas banks number 248, including 77 of the 80 richest institutions. With new foreign banks opening here on the average of one a week, international banking has become our biggest growth industry, spurring the economy through jobs, taxes, and expensive rentals.

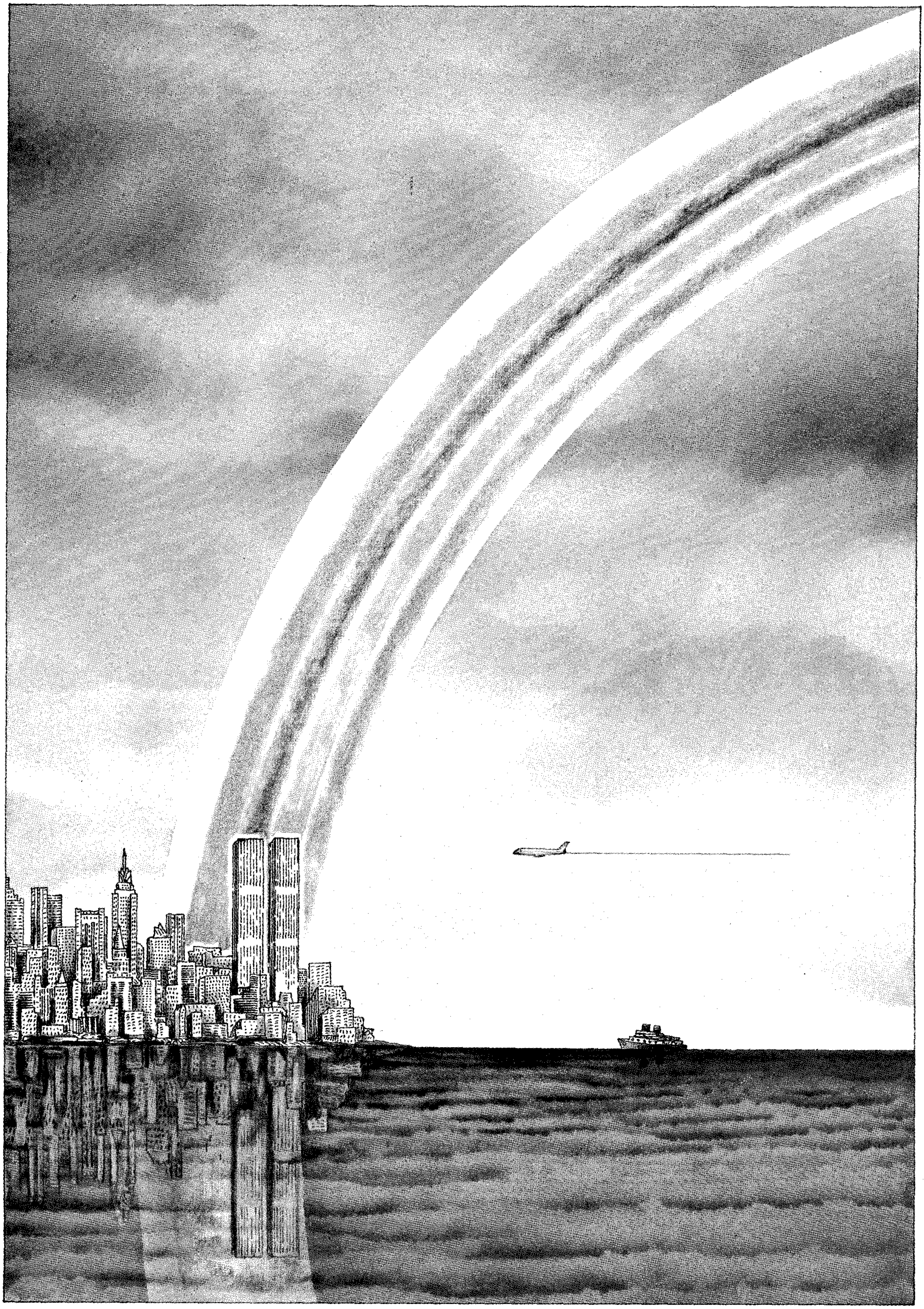
These financial invaders differ from one another in numerous ways. There are those, such as the European American Bank, which openly compete with our domestic institutions for consumer deposits; some, like the National Bank of Hungary, are here to raise funds for projects back home; Iranian banks, three of which are in the Seagram Building, want to invest petrodollars; Israeli banks serve as transfer points for their nation's bonds.

Some banks are really representative offices and as such don't perform retail bank services. Such is the case with Arthur Reisch, who leases a small Rockefeller Center office on behalf of three Scandinavian institutions. Reisch's main job is simply to funnel economic data home, answer American business queries, and advise foreign executives about our financial climate.

This low-key liaison function is in marked contrast to an operation like that of the Swiss Bank Corporation, whose $25 billion in assets makes it the largest foreign bank branch in America. Over the next 22 years, it will pay the World Trade Center $27 million in rent.

Why are they all here? Well, Manhattan is still the world's financial center, and the American political scene is calm compared to that in Europe. Also, they have at least one important competitive advantage over domestic rivals: They are not barred from engaging in interstate banking.

Were the big New York banks to rally against these overseas competitors, they'd probably face retaliation abroad. After all, when institutions like Citibank make 80 percent of their money overseas, they can do little but afford to stay quiet. **—Ron Rubin**



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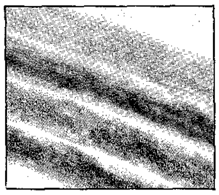


"...It's not xenophobic to foresee a time when upper-class Europeans compete with Americans for jobs..."

a holding company in Curaçao. She has a lawyer there with whom she speaks regularly, always in Dutch—the Caribbean island is part of the Netherlands Antilles—since French authorities are known to listen in on business phone calls.

The only proof that Miriam's holding company exists may be found on a number of bearer stock certificates located in her Curaçao lawyer's desk drawer. You won't find them listed on any exchange. Whoever has them in his possession owns them.

In Miriam's Paris office, the telex brings regular reports from realtors on American properties available for purchase. While she deals with some of New York's largest land brokers, a Swiss consortium with a Houston office, and a Lugano firm operating from Canada, Miriam also personally employs a young woman who scouts the United States for potential acquisitions.

When an appropriate parcel is found, Miriam turns to her Curaçao lawyer and buys it through him. In the case of our restaurateur and shirt manufacturer, she combines their funds—earlier dropped off in Switzerland by the blue-suited man—and purchases the Tennessee farmland. This property now becomes the sole asset of the Curaçao holding company, which as far as the authorities are concerned is the owner of record—no names, please. The bearer stock certificates are apportioned between the two French businessmen, who will hold it against the day when they choose to leave their homeland to take possession.

In case after case, European money is moving, and thousands of Europeans are almost certain to follow. Like the French, the Italians are favoring the suitcase method of getting their cash out, moving it to Lugano, the center of Italian-Swiss banking. Until recently, in fact, a submarine once used to smuggle cigarettes across Lake Lugano was used expressly for this purpose. As for the British, they're hocking family jewels for cash overseas, accomplishing the deed through the mails or while on holiday.

And the Dutch—who always seem to have as much money in the black market as they do in circulation—have started a private banking group with a $500-million fund scheduled to be invested in American land.

What is crucial to remember, though, is that once the deals are made, gaining entry to the United States is simple. After all, a $40,000 investment starts a foreigner on the road to visa eligibility.

Through it all, the potential of a new immigration boom has, some fear, a few ominous overtones.

Last year, some well-to-do Arabs—also concerned about political upheaval—purchased a tract of land in Wichita Falls, Texas, for $1,000 an acre. Trouble is, the land is good for little more than a possible homesite or grazing. And it shouldn't have gone for higher than $350 per. Since the Arab sale, ranchers in the region have begun asking $1,000 and won't settle for less. The power of cash—especially with a depreciated dollar—and the ready manner in which Europeans are willing to take the American plunge have inflated prices and, in fact, pushed American purchasers right out of the market.

As Bill Clinton, Arkansas attorney general, says: "Foreign buying is hastening the demise of family farms, and in the process it is changing the basic fabric of our society."

An important reason why foreigners dealing with managers such as Miriam can realistically afford to pay more for land than most of us is that United States tax law gives them a special advantage. Under federal law, single-asset holding companies are not subject to capital-gains taxation upon resale of real estate at a profit. So, in the case of the French businessmen's Curaçao connection for Tennessee farmland, they and Miriam know that they can always unload and realize a greater resale profit than their United States competitors.

According to a study done at the University of Illinois, an increasing trend by foreigners to purchase United States farmland for whatever purposes has the potential for other ills: causing tax losses for the federal government, a drop in the gross national product owing to the land lying fallow, loss of employment for Americans, and dwindling opportunities for Americans to buy property in their homeland.

There is an irony in all this. Until recently, American interests were buying up Canada at high prices, making it difficult for our northern neighbor to develop its own economy. With the cash flowing in over the Atlantic, the reverse seems to be happening today.

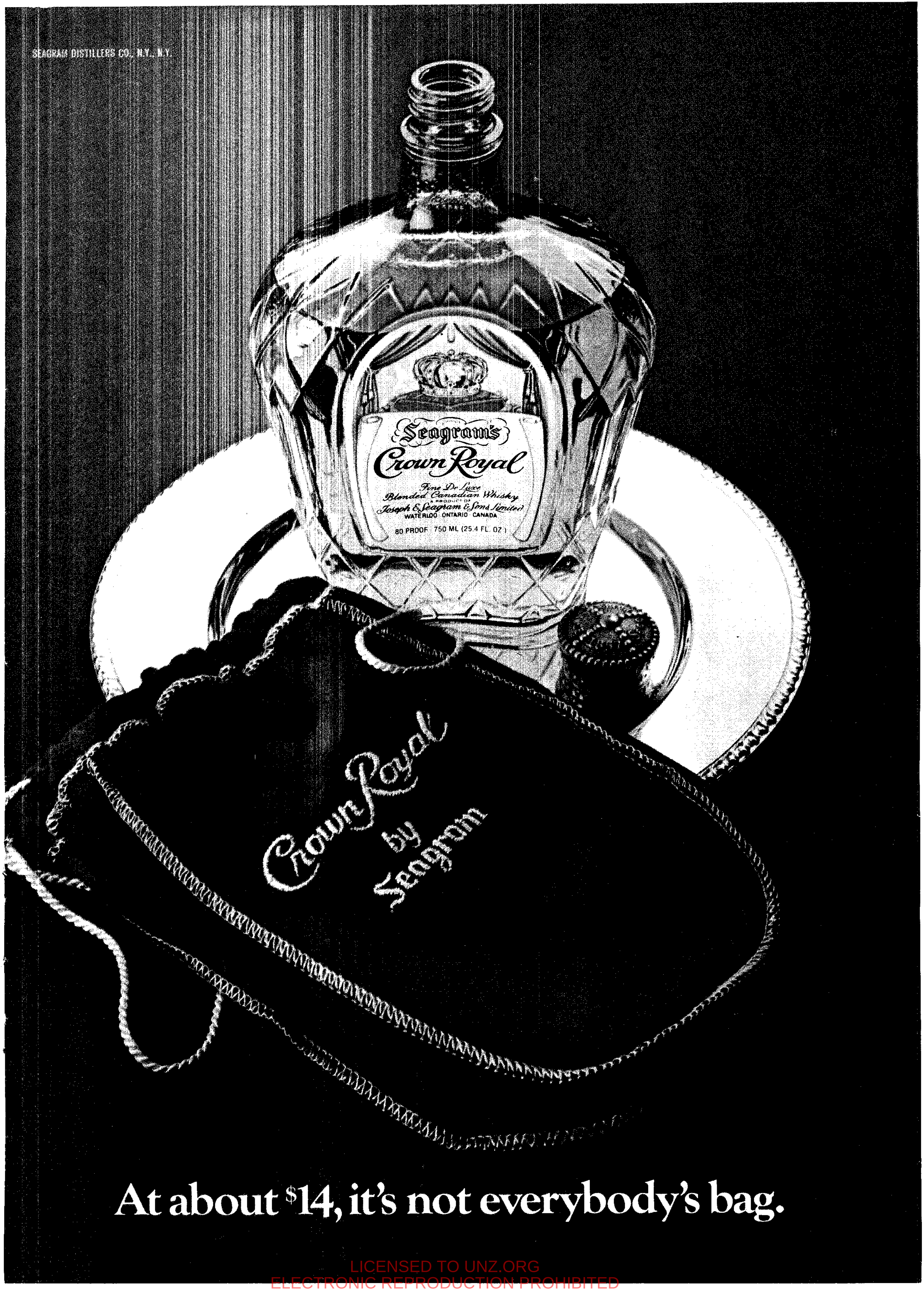
For these reasons, it is not xenophobic to look forward to a time when enclaves of European businessmen arrive here, clashing with American employees, and compete with them for jobs as class distinctions aggravate work relationships. Their accents, manners, habits of giving orders, and, in fact, ambition will be viewed with scorn. Their children will carry the twin stigmata of being foreign and well-off. The American business community and middle and upper classes will resent the competition from their newly settled overseas counterparts—people who by their very move have made it clear they will attempt to maintain their social and economic stations while trying to adapt to being loyal U.S. citizens. In fact, it seems that given their experiences in the European political caldron, they'll appreciate what we take for granted.

Already moves are under way in a number of states—including Iowa and Texas—to clamp down on foreign realty purchases. Congress is examining ways of further tracing clandestine foreign investments. Academic studies are being conducted both here and in Canada in an attempt to predict exactly how much impact foreign land purchases will have on our way of life. Unless preparations are started to deal with this situation, there is likely to be a strong degree of hostility against the arrival of foreign wealth.

But there also may be advantages to this cross-fertilization. There will be haute cuisine in Terre Haute. Cultural variety will come to life in many small cities. And these new immigrants will be hard workers, like other generations of immigrants, the new standard-bearers of the American work ethic.

Three years ago, my family visited me in France on their first trip to Europe. We were invited to the château of Count and Countess de Vibraye for lunch. We three Texans were nervous at the prospect of dining with nobility and we dressed in our Sunday best. After a meal of pâté de foie gras and pheasant accompanied by the château's own vintage, the count took my still-awestruck father aside and asked in all seriousness if my parents would sponsor him and the countess for residency in America if the Left came to power. The best we could do was ask Governor Dolph Briscoe to award them the status of "honorary Texans."

Today, the count and countess hold that title. Whether they will someday actually make their home on the range depends more on what happens in their native land than on anything done in America. ■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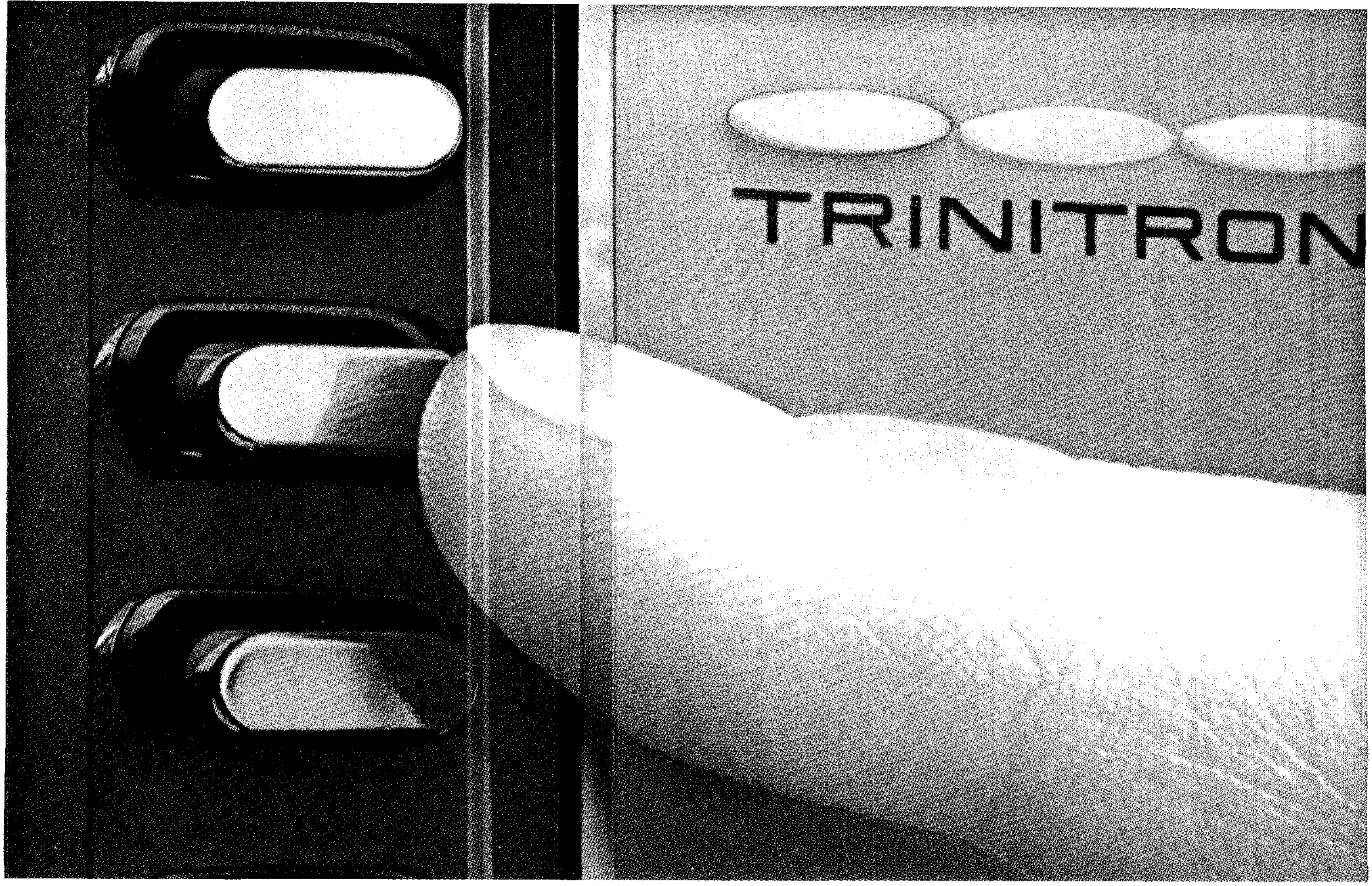

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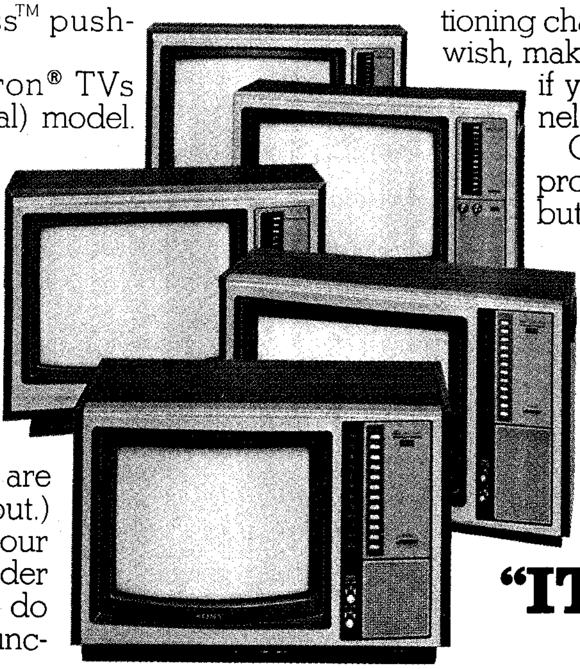

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The Man You Hate to Love

By Cynthia Heimel

"...The Bob Grant show, hosted by the most exasperating personality in radio history, commands a super-hefty 17.2 rating..."

Bob Grant was livid: "You're a fraud and a liar and I tell you that right to your face!"

His guest appeared to be approaching apoplexy. "I am not a fraud. I had my investigators follow you. We have followed you! We have done investigations!"

"What are you, the CIA?" Bob sneered.

"You!" The guest's voice was gaining momentum. "You have done some of the most despicable things in this world. Not only have you insulted people, you've acted like a real jerk on the air. You have taken some very sick people and thrown them out—you've cut them off. You have done all the things that are deplorable to mankind. And I think it's time you put a halt to it! And if you don't put a halt to it, our people will."

"You think you're scaring me? You two-bit phony! You don't scare me. You know what I think? I think you're out of Central Islip. You know how we have these bag ladies around? We also have a lot of sickolas going around. You know what I think? I think you've been on Thorazine for the last ten years and they finally let you out."

On they went. The sickola, a man who called himself Dr. Maxwell Swag, ranted about Grant's illegitimate children, sexual proclivities, and the shoe polish on Grant's hair before Grant ran him out of the studio.

"I'll be back" was his parting thrust. "You haven't heard the last of me, Grant. I'll get you!"

You may have heard him. His is that haranguing voice you come across late at night when you're half asleep and looking for WPLJ but your radio's on AM. *The Bob Grant Program* is broadcast every weeknight from 11:30 P.M. until 4:55 A.M. over WOR. It is primarily a phone-in show, and it commands a super-hefty 17.2 in the ratings.

Bob is, as he'll be the first to tell you, probably the most exasperating radio personality in history. Each night he incites his callers to riot—calling for the reinstatement of the death penalty, raving against busing of schoolchildren and forced integration, sneering at ERA and gay rights and affirmative-action programs, vilifying cop killers. But don't put him in a bag, Bob will tell you, for he is also a fierce Zionist and practically an honorary Jew. He is also a proficient psychic, and something of a health-food nut. He has even been known to show an alarming amount of compassion.

The first time I saw Bob Grant was during an anti-cop-killers rally outside City Hall. It was a blustery day, and there was a forlorn turnout of maybe 100 people. Grant was engulfed by the crowd as his voice extolled the virtues of Philip Cardillo, a murdered police officer. When his speech was finished, he tried to leave. It took him about half an hour to break free of his fans.

A middle-aged woman wearing a pink kerchief around her head gripped his arm. "I love you, Bob. I love you and I hate you. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you, dear," said Bob. He is, in the Napoleonic tradition, short—maybe five foot five. His hair is a deep, unnatural shade of red. His face is a curious combination of weathered, bland, and suspicious. He is 49 years old.

"When are you gonna run for Congress, Bob?" Another woman was grabbing his arm.

"What, and take a demotion?" Bob asked.

"I love you, Bob," pink kerchief reminded him.

Finally, a six-foot blonde swooped out from the crowd, grabbed Grant's elbow, and pulled him out of the park. He was gone. Mario Biaggi was the next speaker, but the crowd was disappointed and drifted away, even the man with the HUGH CAREY, WE WILL HANG YOU IN NOVEMBER signboard.

"Bob Grant . . ." said Rick Devlin, vice-president and general manager of WOR. "When Barry Farber ran for office, I couldn't let him stay on the air, so I hired Bob. The ratings are phenomenal; he tripled the night audience. Bob can be abrasive at times," Devlin said with a tiny smile. "But personally, I hug and kiss him."

After the phony Dr. Maxwell Swag left, Bob started taking phone calls.

"Hello, Bob," a woman's high-pitched voice cried. "I'm crying. How could they have allowed that man . . . how could they not have grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and thrown him out? I'm crying! How could anyone be so rotten, so mean, as that dirty vulture? Darling, please don't let this get you an ulcer."

"All right, dear," crooned Bob, "thank you so much and I hope you feel better."

"I hope I do, because I'm very upset for you, dear. Take it out of your mind!" She hung up.

"I'm not all that upset," Bob told his listeners.

We were having dinner at Le Vert-Galant—a nice, prosaic French restau-

". . .'People in their heart of hearts want a benign dictator. And there's only one guy I know who would do the right thing. Me'..."

rant on the West Side—Margaret Digan, the promotion director of WOR, Bob Grant, and I. Bob was telling us about the time he took 72 women to a pornographic film because they were afraid to go alone and their husbands wouldn't take them. "I had on a suede coat with a huge fur collar, and I looked like the grandfather of all pimps," he said with a shrimp in his mouth. "One of the women was 92 years old."

Margaret surveyed the restaurant. "I think we'll have your anniversary party here, Bob . . . we'll have cheesecake." She turned to me. "Bob *loves* cheesecake."

"I've always wanted to see you in a bikini, Margaret," said Bob.

The waiter, bringing our food, greeted Bob happily.

"How's the baby?" asked Bob. The waiter told him in detail.

Suddenly the tall blond woman from the rally sat down at our table. "Howdy, everybody," she said. Her name is Pat Carmichael; she is Bob's live-in girl friend. Pat works at OTB and likes to do needlework. She is a sweet, open woman who has been with Bob since he got divorced in California and moved to New York eight years ago.

"What sign is Pat?" I asked. Bob is a Pisces and an astrology freak.

"Pat is a very dear friend of mine who has been a great deal of help to me in . . ."

"No, no, what sign is she?"

He relaxed. Pat is, for the record, a Virgo.

The owner of Le Vert-Galant stopped at our table. Some wine? Perhaps a little cheesecake for Mr. Grant? But no, we were rushing out to Flushing for a Maspeth Chamber of Commerce dinner, where Bob was a guest speaker. Bob spends as much time as he can with the people.

"Marcus Aurelius said," said Grant, "'Stand erect or be made to stand erect.' I know this sounds very undemocratic and fascist, but we *have got* to do something about this ever increasing percentage of our population that is disruptive, that doesn't believe in an ordered society. Because of our permissiveness, by the year 2000 we are truly going to be a second-rate power. When I see a report that Soviet intelligence thinks they can challenge the American military anywhere in the world, I say where's the real answer? In the Pentagon? No! The answer is in the quality of our people! The same people that in World War II put 12-million men under arms and defeated Japan and Germany at the same time!"

Bob Grant was born Robert Gigante to a middle-class family in Chicago right before the Depression. He says he was a normal kid who liked to play with other kids and enjoyed sports, but who felt "for the most part different from other kids. I was interested in world affairs at an extremely young age. I could tell you by heart on any given day where the German army was in the Ukraine, where the marines were in the South Pacific. My nickname in school was the Senator."

His father, a critical, exacting man, was a violinist, and wanted young Bob to be a lawyer. But Bob was bit by the acting bug early. He tells a story of a Thanksgiving play in which he had one line and another boy had a large part. The teacher liked the way Bob did his line, and switched the two boys' parts. "She said, 'Robert, you take Bill's part.' It seems like that was one of the main gratifications that I got throughout my early years."

"Bob's nickname in school was the Senator, you know," said Pat while we were driving to Flushing.

"Why did you change your name, Bob?" I wondered. "You don't seem to be the type of guy."

"Why does everybody make such a big deal when Italians change their names?" Bob exploded. "They don't say anything if a Jew does it." He rattled off a list of Jews who had changed their names.

"I make a really good cheesecake," said Margaret nervously. "Very light, very Italian. I like Italian food."

"Do you like Italian sausage, Margaret?" asked Bob.

"Oh, Bob!" wailed Pat.

Grant went to the University of Illinois, where he joined a fraternity ("believe it or not") and did everybody's history papers. While still in college, he landed a big radio job in Hammond, Indiana, working for Frank Reynolds, but was afraid to take it. "In spite of being this up-and-coming guy who was gonna conquer the world with his oratory, deep inside I was scared stiff." He did, however, take a job at a suburban station near home, and thirteen months later, in 1949, went to work in the big time, at WBBM in Chicago.

He married and eventually had four children, whom he dotes on. "We never should have been married. My wife is a great mother, but we never belonged together."

In 1959 Bob moved to Los Angeles, where he hopped from KNY to ABC to KLAC before getting divorced and moving to New York in 1970. He spent seven years at WMCA before moving to the more profitable and prestigious WOR exactly a year ago. Devlin threatens to throw him off the sixty-fourth floor of the RCA Building if he doesn't renew his contract.

At the Villa Bianca, the Chamber of Commerce gala was in full swing. It was the cocktail hour, and dressed-to-the-nines suburbanites were milling around, eating stuffed mushrooms, and getting sloshed. A muted three-piece band was playing "Cabaret" in one corner. Gloria McArdle, president of the Maspeth Chamber, greeted us heartily.

"Hello, Andrea," Bob boomed.

Sophie Sokol, resplendent in a white rhinestone-studded evening gown and mink stole, cornered Bob during his second club soda. "Bob Grant, get off that phone," she cackled, mimicking him. "You're very *fresh,* but terrific. I go to sleep with you every night. Wanna buy a condominium?"

Bob smiled and disappeared.

I caught up with him about twenty minutes later. "How are you doing?"

"I'm dragging my ass, to tell you the truth," he answered. "I keep going to these affairs and saying, 'What am I doing here?'"

Moments later, he was deep in discussion with a local political wheeler-dealer: "I think that Delaney can be beat this year," Bob said, "so if I went against him in the Democratic primary, would I have a chance?"

"A couple of years ago," Grant told me, "there was a big move afoot to get me to run for mayor. I wish I had some of those brochures. I probably would have done it if I could have continued working on the air. But I went through the process of talking to the, quote, power brokers. And sitting right in this living room were the county leaders of the Conservative party . . . these guys sat here, and I realized that although philosophically we might have a lot in common, they weren't my people. They're very dull, very narrow."

Mario Cuomo appeared, tall and dapper in a spiffy tuxedo. "Hey, Bob, why aren't you out starting a war somewhere? Weren't you at a rally for torture today?" Cuomo turned to me. "Bob is one of the few show-business people heavily involved in civics, speaking substantively on issues—he's not just a celebrity, and I think he should be banned."

"Most of the people in my industry look down on me," Bob told him. "They think you should be on the fringe of life. Don't get involved! If someone cuts you, you don't bleed, because you're above bleeding."

Cuomo put his arm around Grant affectionately. "Politics is a great, wacky business in New York, where sixties liberals marry seventies conservatives. What are their babies? You have to run for office, Bob."

"How about you, Mario?" countered Bob. "Come on, let's go for governor."

"I'm thinking maybe there's a greater wisdom," said Cuomo wistfully, "maybe there are dukedoms."

"He's a nice guy," Grant told me when Cuomo left. "He's a fan of mine."

Cosmopolitan New Yorkers are the last to know, of course, but conservatism is sweeping our country. We write Bob Grant off as an amusing, if reprehensible, distraction—someone whom Woody Allen listens to when he wants a laugh. But during *The Bob Grant Program*, 800 callers get busy signals every minute!

Back in the living room, Bob said, "Pete Hamill, in an article written in February of 1977, heard a speech of mine and said, 'Mr. Grant's speech could best be described as early beer-hall Munich.' Well, if he wants to call me a Nazi, I don't care, let him. . . . People in their heart of hearts want a benign dictator. We all do. And there's only one guy I know who would do the right thing, and that's me."

"You're kidding."

"Oh no, I'm not kidding. I really think it's the greatest thing that could happen to this country and I know it sounds totally . . . it may qualify me for Central Islip—in the East Wing—but I really believe that they should dissolve Congress and every state legislature and every city council—keep certain regional governing bodies—and appoint me or elect me, give me total constitutional powers. Say, for five years. It's a fantasy, of course, the ultimate fantasy."

After the cocktails, we adjourned to the dinner proper, which was held in a bigger room with a huge dance floor and a different band playing "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey." Couples jitterbugged until the speeches started.

After the invocation, Bob spoke. "I'm here because I like to be with friends. When I walked in the door, I had three young ladies with me. Eat your hearts out, fellas!"

King of the night: *Bob Grant, whose views on practically everything incite late-night listeners to cheers and rage, is a man of many parts—some of them positively likable.*

Photographed by Jill Freedman

> "...Grant has his regular callers. There's Joey, for instance, a 21-year-old potential suicide who never leaves the house..."

"Since I've been taking this B-15," Bob said as we walked to the car, "I could take the three of ya, boom, boom, boom."

"Oh, that old syndrome," said Pat scornfully.

"Everything is a syndrome now," whined Bob. "I get horny and it's a syndrome."

I spoke to Bob's mother on the phone. "How do you like his show?" I wondered.

Mary Gigante laughed nervously. "I think he could be a little nicer sometimes. I have told him."

"What was he like as a boy?"

"He was a pretty good boy. They called him the Senator. I would say that he was a good boy. He didn't like food very much. Greens he didn't like. As a boy, he was on the pudgy side: I had to go to one of those special stores to buy him clothes, you know."

"I've called for mandatory sterilization for all welfare mothers who have two or more illegitimate children," Bob Grant said. "Once they have that second child I think they're telling us, 'Hey, look, buddy, I'm really gonna be a burden.' When I said that in 1970 on the air, some people thought I was kidding."

"You're not kidding?" I asked. "Mandatory sterilization?"

"Well, it would be nice if they would volunteer. If they volunteer, they should be given a cash award, or a case of gin or whatever it is they want . . . . We pay for their pre-natal, natal, and post-natal care, and a few years down the road, what do these offspring do? They mug old ladies, disrupt classrooms. Why the heck should we spawn the seeds of our own destruction?"

It was Friday night and *The Bob Grant Program* was in full swing. Maurice Tunick, Bob's assistant, was busy answering phone calls in the control room: "The Bob Grant show; what would you like to talk about? Turn your radio down and hold on."

Maurice, Bob said, used to be a "certified ultra-ultra-liberal."

"That's before I met Bob," Maurice grinned. He is a sweet, unassuming fellow, unguarded and intelligent, and it's easy to see that he adores Bob. Everybody seems to like Bob. My God, I like Bob. And it is precisely this admiration and affection that keeps Bob Grant alive. With each compliment, he seems to visibly swell with pride.

Meanwhile, on the air, Bob was finishing someone off. "You creep! Get off the phone! Hello, you're on WOR."

"Bob, I called because I'm going to have a baby."

"It's gonna be a girl, by the way."

"Oh."

"You're disappointed. You want me to lie to you?"

The next caller wanted to discuss homosexuals. Bob was immediately suspicious: "When you were a youngster, sir, perhaps you had such an experience?"

"Well . . ."

"What does your wife think of this?"

"My wife?"

"Yeah, what does *Bruce* think of this?"

"I don't hate homosexuals," said Grant. "But what do we need with all this gay-rights legislation? I think Anita Bryant was great! Anybody who can prevail when they're throwing everything at her has got to have real courage. And I don't hate gays."

The next caller was furious with Grant for having "that flag-burning Jerry Rubin" on his show.

"He didn't burn the American flag *here*. He didn't even set his handkerchief alight."

"Oh, Mr. Grant, sir, I didn't want to make you mad."

"Look, pal . . ."

"When he calls them 'pal,' watch out," Maurice said.

"Look, you sniveling creep," continued Bob, "get off your knees!"

"I'm standing up," the caller told him plaintively.

"All right, pal," Grant laughed, "maybe you're right. Hello, you're on WOR."

After dubbing a caller a "mealy-mouthed, pompous oaf" and ridiculing his adenoidal voice, he suddenly turned it off: "You're quite a guy, you know that? I was ridiculing you, making fun of you . . . of course, I have many defects." The caller was pleased as punch.

Then a woman was complaining that a taxi driver was most rude to her when she gave him a "proper tip."

"Too bad you couldn't have shot him," Bob told her dryly.

Grant has his regular callers. There's Joey, for instance, a 21-year-old potential suicide who never leaves the house and makes spaghetti in the middle of the night. Then there's "the lady from Passaic," who, in a moment of drunken abandonment, had sex with two men in a VFW hall. One of her neighbors found out. Bob worries about them.

Maurice was answering phones frantically. He looked at his list of callers and the subjects they were calling about. "Jimmy Breslin, the Panama Canal . . . we really need a sicko about now."

"Late night radio," Margaret Digan explained, "is a graveyard. The ratings don't even continue after 1 A.M."

Radio stations normally put their rookies in this time slot and forget about it. Grant's closest competitor was Long John Nebel, who died recently after a long, much publicized illness. But even the legendary Long John's ratings were 11.1 compared to Grant's 17.2. Now that Candy Jones, Long John's wife, has taken over his slot, Grant has an open field. Contenders are the black, disco-oriented WBLS (6.2), and all-news WINS (6.2).

Paul Zeldin, Bob's producer, is a tall, genial, hip-looking young man. He's very fond of Bob. "Personally, he's a lovely guy. Me, I'm totally against the death penalty; I'm a liberal. I can just look in the newspaper and whatever I feel strongly about, if I just take an opposite view I know what Bob thinks."

We were sitting in the Bob Grant office, which is maybe five feet square and filled to the brim with books and souvenirs and Bob Grant memorabilia, such as a certificate of trees planted in Bob's name in Israel.

"Bob has a great vocabulary," said Paul. "'Sickolas.' Criminals are 'mutants' and 'savages.' Lindsay was the 'Tower of Jelly,' Beame, the 'Almost Mayor,' Koch is 'King Koch.' And of course there's Jimmy 'I'll never lie to you' Carter."

Zeldin went on to relate the story of an elderly lady who called him to say that although Bob Grant broadcast his show from her house, he was making such a mess that she didn't think she wanted him to do it anymore.

"I promised that Bob would try to pick up stuff when he's finished," said Zeldin. "What are you gonna do? Then there are the people who call and say, 'Mr. Zeldin, you motherf---er racist bastard.'" As if on cue, the phone rang.

"The Bob Grant show," Zeldin said. "What's the matter, ma'am, you don't like Mr. Grant? You want him stopped?" He took the phone away from his ear and shouted.

"Would you get the gun? We're going to shoot Bob!" ■

In the Chips: The New School of Gambling

By Dennis O'Neil

"...The school for croupiers began operating here eight months ago for just one reason: legalized gambling in Atlantic City..."

"When you leaving for Vegas? Tuesday? Okay, you go to those names I gave you at the Four Queens, say Bobby asked if you can do something for me down here."

This is the headmaster, on the phone with a recent graduate.

"I'm high on your dealing, Pat. I wanna show you off. Keep your nose clean and let me know if you need anything. Okay, buddy? Bye-bye."

Bobby Ayoub hangs up and regards me across the desk with his negotiator's gaze. He isn't ready to trust me yet, but he isn't the sort of man who insists on credentials. I said I'm a reporter, and he'll buy that.

After nearly four decades as a professional gamester, Bobby Ayoub finds himself licensed by the state of New York as an academician—the director of the New York School of Gambling, the first such institution east of Nevada. Compact, heavy, wearing a conservative suit and tie, he looks solid and dependable, and his reputation is formidable; mention him to a pit boss anywhere and you'll get a nod of recognition. He's been in the business since he was sixteen; has trained dealers in Vegas, London, Lisbon, Monte Carlo; has dealt in every major American city where there's a casino, legal or illegal. Vegas has been his base for 25 years. New York is the theater of operations for his new profession of schoolmaster.

"We don't guarantee our graduates a job," he says. "But you could say that at least 75 percent of them will find work if they want it."

The school began operating here eight months ago for one reason: Atlantic City. Although the Boardwalk is slow in becoming the Babylon everyone expected when the New Jersey Legislature legalized casino gambling, the problems are now virtually solved and the fun is scheduled to start on May 30. Bobby Ayoub anticipates that New York, Florida, and possibly Pennsylvania will follow Jersey's example within five years. Clearly, there will be a demand for staff.

Perhaps a third of the school's 200 enrollees are busy in the classroom, a large rectangular loft at 116 West 32nd Street, overlooking the camera shops and bars of the Herald Square area. The students are indistinguishable from their counterparts at the Driver Training Institute or the Academy for Stenotype, and their qualifications aren't much different either. Ayoub will accept anyone with a knowledge of basic arithmetic who's in reasonable physical condition. "Nothing wrong with your hands—no fingers missing or anything like that—and you'd be qualified," he says. "If you can't stand up for eight hours, well, we inform you that's what's required of a dealer."

* * *

A few of the people here have begun their lessons just today. Students can enter the program on any Monday or Tuesday. They can expect to spend the first week or so doing simple manual exercises, manipulating the cards, chips, and dice, which are to the dealer what a keyboard is to a computer programmer. Homework consists of cutting columns of chips and shuffling Bee backs while watching television or listening to records until handling these tools becomes almost reflexive.

Then they are put into simulations of casino situations. Craps requires

240 hours of practice and study, roulette and baccarat 200 each, blackjack 160. Once the time requirements are met, the school tests the student, and if he passes he is given an "audition" during which he will be thrust into a live game with ten minutes to prove his expertise. To obtain his diploma, he has invested $600 to $1,000, depending on the game or games he has studied.

If he's genuinely ambitious, he has concentrated on craps, the most popular casino game, because it's the fastest —"a decision on every roll of dice." At the beginners' craps table, a cluster of young men and women stand as self-consciously as amateur actors at a rehearsal of *Guys and Dolls*, pretending to bet, collect, lose. Their cries of "Coming out!" and "The point is six!" lack authority. They don't convince *me* the point is six. Still, the action *is* furious, however awkward.

The improvement in the quality of play at the advanced table is startling. Here, the players and croupiers are smooth and casual and their patter has acquired the comforting drone that lulls the luckless into believing their losses are merely part of some grand scheme. They have the moves. At a glance, they absorb the range and types of bets the instant the dice stop tumbling; they rake in the house take, paying the winners by placing house chips next to the bettors' and, with a twitch of the wrist, evening the stacks.

One student is particularly impressive. He is John Soro, a commuter from Newburgh, 55 miles upstate, possessor of an associate degree in medical technology. Dark, handsome, and soft-spoken, he looks like a middle-class-mother's dream for her daughter.

"What attracted me to this as a possible career?" he muses. "The money. The life-style. I'm basically a night person. I like face-to-face contact with people. I enjoy the glamour."

Money, mingling, and glamour: These seem to be the preoccupations of almost everyone at the New York School of Gambling, both faculty and students. Also, opportunities, advancement, and promotion.

"I'll start as a craps dealer and learn the other games as I go along," John Soro says. "You have to know the other games as well if you want to go anywhere near management. I have a plan worked out. I'm ready for obstacles. With luck, I'll earn a good living in gambling. Not as a dealer per se, but in management."

Earlier, Bobby Ayoub told me that a manager's salary can range from $40,000 to $75,000 a year. But, like career military men, dealers must be willing to travel. John is single, has no ties, and is ready to move.

"I'll go to downtown Vegas to get experience," he says. "After that, in six months, I'll go to the Strip, where the pay gets better. Then, Atlantic City, New York, Florida, anyplace. Be a lot of job opportunities in years to come. I figure if I start now, in five or ten years I can be pretty set."

Bobby Ayoub has been wandering among the students, observing, encouraging, proffering mild wisecracks. He beckons me to a vacant blackjack table and introduces David Cleavely.

David is a Londoner. He was trained by Bobby Ayoub's brother at a London casino in 1966 after he answered an ad in a daily paper. He is, he confides, "Mister Ayoub's right-hand man." His dress, though dapper, is subdued, and his manner is quiet.

"Appearance is so important," he says. "I look for somebody who doesn't dress too gaudy, doesn't wear too much jewelry. I would look for somebody's personality as not being a *loud* person. I emphasize keeping the fingernails trimmed and clean. You should be clean-shaven. The hair should be . . . not *short*, but clean-cut."

Cleavely's duty is to enforce the school's rules—the boozing prohibition, for instance.

"We have a strict regulation that on the breaks there will be no drinking, except maybe a beer, no indulging in any hallucinatory things they can get their hands into. Anybody found doing this will be expelled."

It's part of the training. A working dealer must be as sober as a Trappist, and as stoic.

"I try to ride them," says Cleavely. "I hit them with heavy bets so their minds are really involved in what they're doing. I test their temperament."

At the night session, the students seem livelier, and there are more women. The prettiest is a blackjack instructor named Christine Smith, who explains why she thinks women make the best dealers.

"We're more tolerant when it comes to dealing with the public," she volunteers. "We can handle the guff from the customer. Women pick the game up faster and a woman enjoys the attention —being in the spotlight. If you're dealing a $2 game and a high roller walks in and starts playing hundred-dollar bills like they're water, a guy is more likely to get nervous than a girl is."

Then there's the opportunity for a little after-hours socializing, which is perfectly okay with most casino owners.

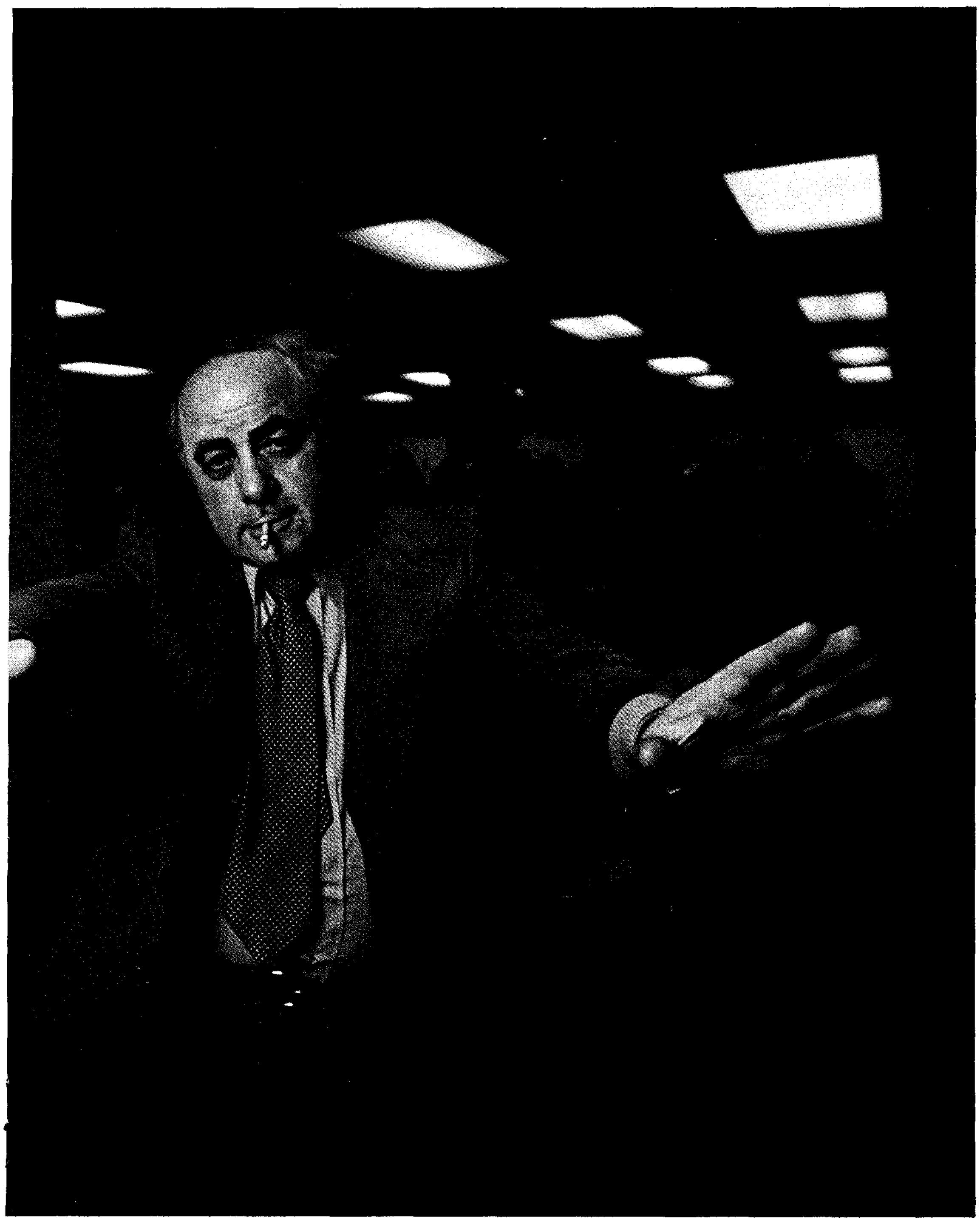
"They want you to please the customer," Christine says, "and they don't care how you do it. Sometimes you have a player sitting in front of you a long time and they're nice, you feel like having a drink with them. You use your own discretion."

Christine considers the social life a fringe benefit with drawbacks: fine for singles, not so good for married women.

"You put a married person into that environment, it's hard on them. They get to missing that freedom. They have to go home when everyone else is hanging out. If your marriage can make it in Las Vegas, it can make it anywhere in the world."

Christine returns to her task, teaching a lanky, desiccated-looking man the technique of silent and efficient card

Photographed by Antonin Kratochvil



High roller: *After almost 40 years as a professional gamester, Bobby Ayoub is now headmaster of a school of gambling.*

shuffling, while Rudy wanders over. Rudy is sharp—yellow-tinted aviator shades, glossy black mustache, checked suit—close to the conventional image of the gambler. He heard of the school at a casino in Puerto Rico while vacationing from his job as a shipping-container controller. He's not a plunger, but he won't vacation where there is no gambling. Rudy is learning blackjack—not entirely for the love of the action. "Five, ten years, I can walk away with a hundred thousand in the bank, if the money's what they say," he whispers warily. "Eighteen to twenty-four thousand in pay, but you know they don't report everything. I walk away from it at 35 and start a little business somewhere, a flower shop."

♣

But most people in this atmosphere caution against undue interest in the customer's side of the green baize. David Cleavely limits himself to 50-cents-on-the-cube backgammon and match-stakes poker, and the rest of the staff generally avoids betting altogether. Students are advised that they had best do likewise. The instructors know from experience that long-term winning is impossible.

"If you're gonna be in this environment," Christine Smith says, "you cannot gamble, 'cause you're gonna end up giving back every cent you make."

Bobby Ayoub used to gamble. "I went through a period, I was manager of the Fremont Hotel, I just took my check and gave it to the casino. I was a bad case. You heard of a reformed alcoholic? I'm a reformed player."

Indeed. Bobby Ayoub is a successful businessman in a growth industry, and his losing days are done. Those of his students who follow the master aren't likely to be losers either. ■

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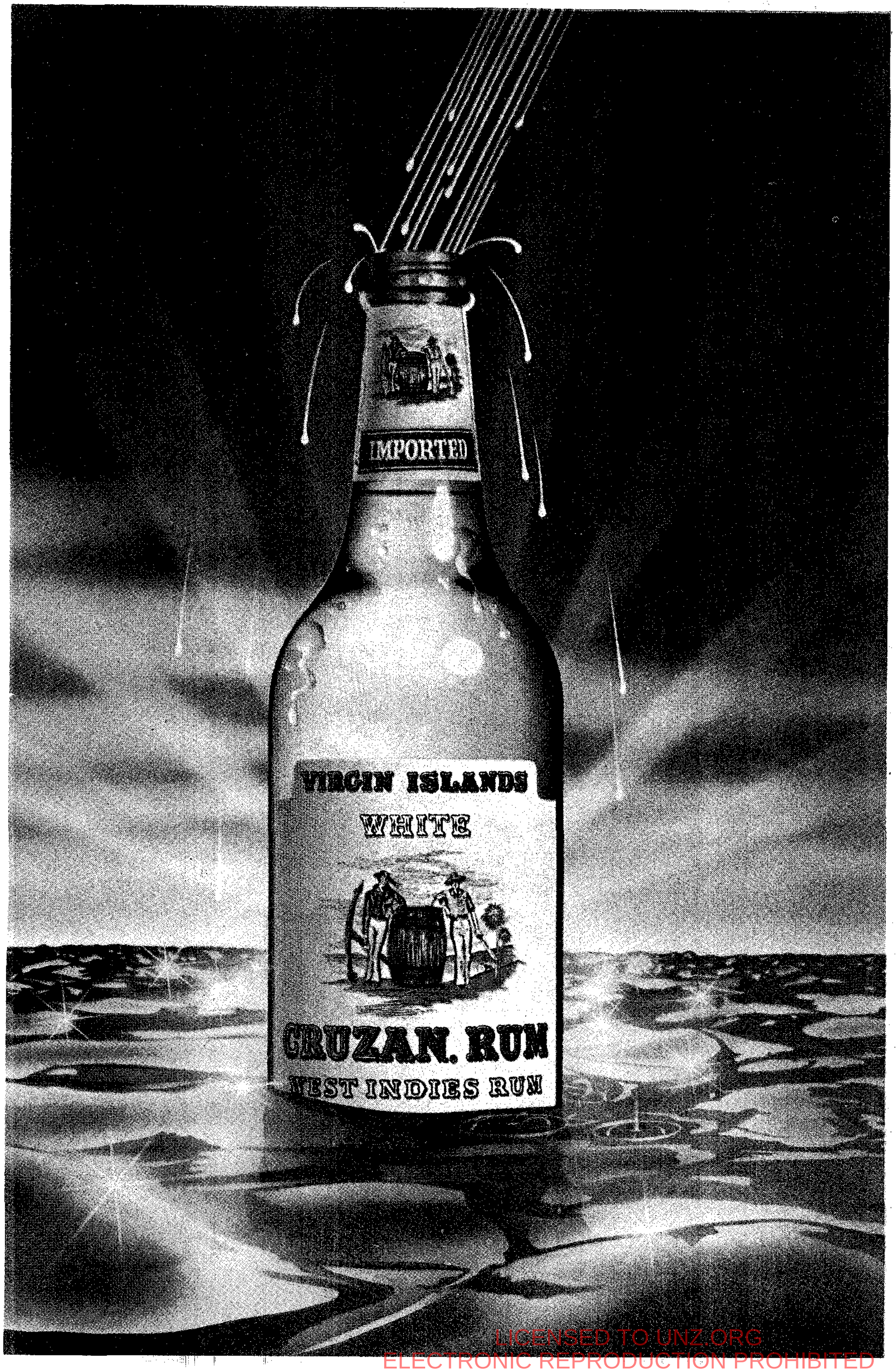

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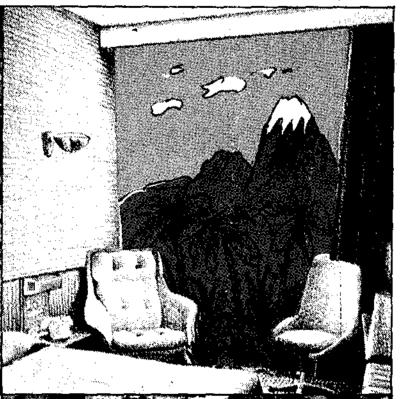
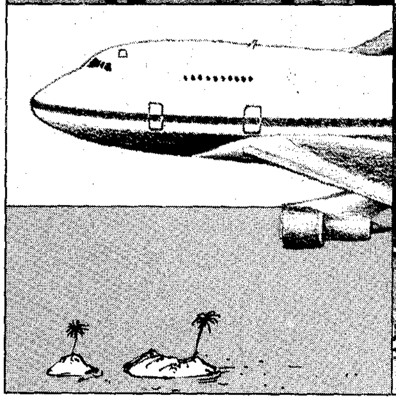


Where to stay: *Pacific inns and hotels range from the rustic to the regal, with plenty in between.*



How to go: *There is an air-travel plan to suit almost everyone. Pan Am has 747s designed especially for Pacific flights.*

Guest list extraordinaire: *Bangkok's Oriental Hotel has provided elegant lodgings to luminaries—Anton Chekhov, for one.*

Romantic Pacific Vacations for Peripatetic New Yorkers

By Georgia Hesse

The remote realms of the Pacific, with swaying palms and perfect beaches, have always been an alluring but faraway dream for travelers. Now those realms are no longer as remote as most New Yorkers might suspect. A Pacific vacation is becoming a very possible dream as lower air fares help shorten the gap between New York City and the swaying palms.

However, in the traveler's portfolio of preconceptions, there is one of particular persistence—that the Pacific nations share the similarity of one wave following another. First-timers may think they can see and comprehend them on one all-encompassing expedition.

With eyes traditionally turned toward Europe, New Yorkers have backed into the Pacific only recently, wetting their feet on the beach at Waikiki and then diving, somewhat uneasily, into the vast stretches beyond: to Polynesia of the blue-black twilights, to the gaud and glitter of Oriental temples, to antique lands of slightly scary rites, and, almost inevitably, to Down Under, a place something like home. The day is now dawning when New Yorkers will discover that the Pacific is affordable and that the trip need not be a one-time deal.

I divide the traveler's Pacific, somewhat untidily, into four major regions, as much cultural as geographical: Oceania, Asia (or the Orient), Southeast Asia, and Down Under. The ideal itinerary would restrict itself to one of them.

WHAT TO SEE IN . . .

Oceania

Some islands of Oceania lie north of the equator (Hawaii and Micronesia), but most of them are south: French Polynesia, the Cooks, American and Western Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and Papua New Guinea.

Those are the major escapes, but there are more. Ten thousand islands poke above the waves of the world's largest ocean. You can ski on the world's highest mountain (measured from the sea floor), Hawaii's Mauna Kea, or witness rituals that have changed but little since the Stone Age in Papua New Guinea. You can make a pilgrimage to Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in Western Samoa, or cruise for two or three days to remote islands in the Fiji group.

For the deep-sea fisherman, diver, swimmer, or sunner, the island Pacific is irresistible. Between Australia's Great Barrier Reef and Hawaii, there must stretch a million beaches.

Once, not long ago, the South Seas were little more than primitive as far as accommodations were concerned. Today, inns and hotels range from the rustic to the regal.

With the exception of Honolulu, Oceania's capitals are not much more than grown-up villages, and a tour that did not go beyond them wouldn't be worth taking. A day or so spent in each should be sufficient.

In Papeete, rent a car to drive around Tahiti, whose natural beauty often is

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overlooked. Then hop beyond by Air Polynesia to Moorea, Bora Bora, Raiatea, Huahine, and Rangiroa.

On the major Fijian island of Viti Levu, ships deposit you at Suva, the capital; airplanes drop you at Nadi on the opposite end of the island.

You should plan, however, to go at least one step beyond—by cruising yacht to the Yasawas and Mamanucas, by frequent boat service out of Lautoka to nearby islands, or on the wings of Air Pacific to Vanua Levu (the second-largest island) or Taveuni.

In Noumea, New Caledonia, stop at the local museum, at the aquarium, and at a restaurant to sample the French flair given to local seafood. But here, too, the point is simple: Get out of town. Ile Ouen is for the shoes-off set who appreciate good cuisine, the Isle of Pines for those who seek comfort without *too* much chic, and Lifou and Ouvea for escapists.

In the rest of Oceania, the question of cities doesn't arise, because, speaking strictly, there aren't any.

Asia (The Orient)

Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong (and, of course, China, just parting the Bamboo Curtain to tourism) make up the mysterious East of our imaginations: paper dragons and porcelain, fortune-tellers and herbalists, silks and spices, temples and incense, and a thousand mysterious things.

In this Asia, the cities call the loudest: Tokyo, Kyoto, and several others in Japan; Seoul, Korea; Taipei, Taiwan; Hong Kong itself and Kowloon; Manila in the Philippines.

Tokyo, the captain of Asian industry—talk about variety. Traffic squeals and squeaks and thunders in the streets and trains rumble under the earth; yet in a tiny garden you can hear the trickling of water over old stone. Tokyo has German beer halls and French bistros, and at night you hear the noodle vendor hawking his wares.

Take all your energies along to Mt. Fuji, Atami, Nikko, Nara, Osaka, Kobe, the Inland Sea, and the lesser-visited islands of Hokkaido and Kyushu.

If Japan is the maker of things, Hong Kong is the salesman. It's an emporium without equal on earth. There are more watches for sale than there are arms in the world to wear them, more cameras than pictures to take.

Yet even Hong Kong has its quiet corners, reached by ferry, in the outlying islands of Cheung Chau, Lantau, or even Peng Chau.

Unhappy memories of Korea can be eased by exploring it today. Seoul is a city of nearly 7 million that joins skyscrapers and chain hotels to *kisaeng* houses (kin to Japan's geisha), temples, and the Great East Gate Market.

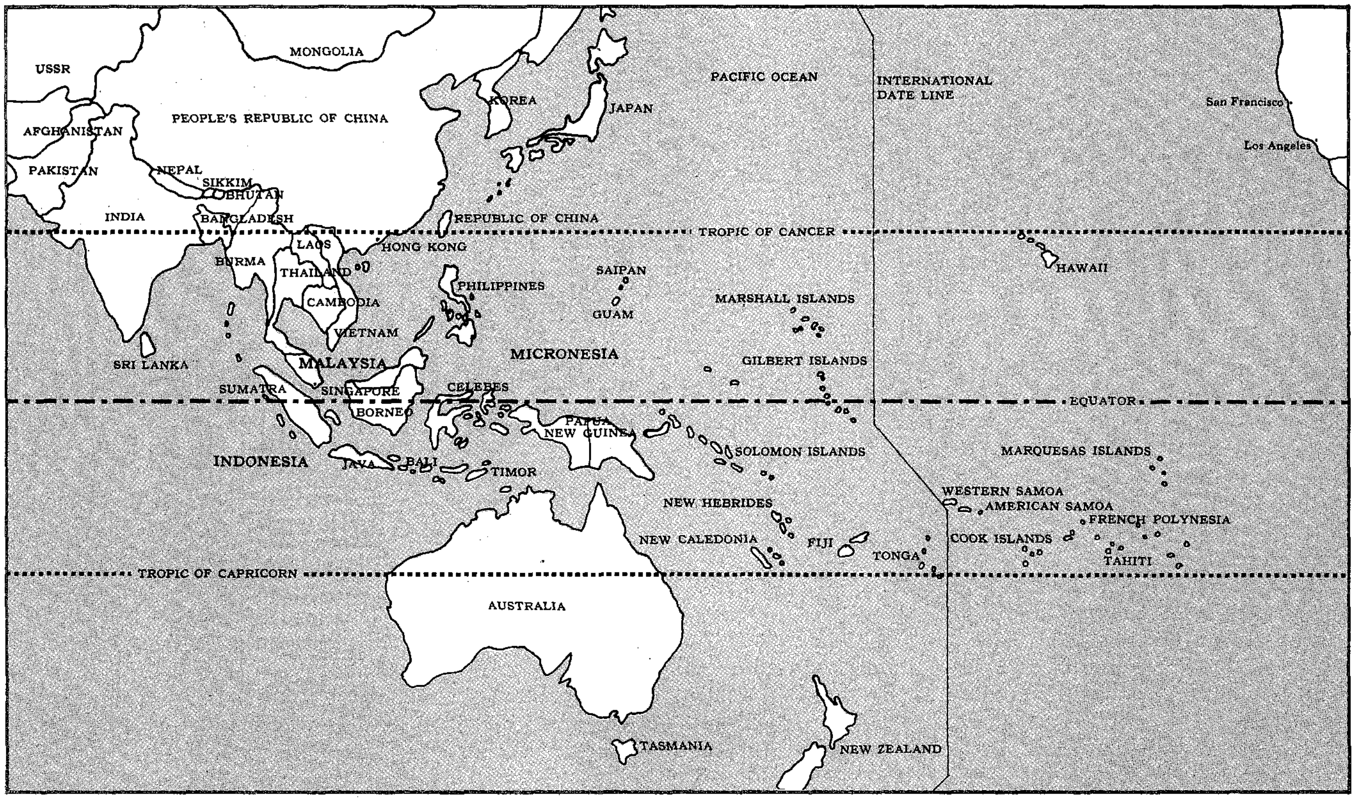
The most popular excursion from Seoul takes you to the North-South border at Panmunjom, but if you have time for only one, I would recommend a visit to Kyongju, site of the Silla Dynasty, founded in the days of the Roman Caesars. All Kyongju is a museum, but be sure to visit the formal one that houses priceless relics, and don't miss the legendary Palace of the Crescent Moon.

One of the most dramatic drives in the world is that over the East-West (Taroko Gorge) Cross-Island Highway on the island of Taiwan, Republic of China. It scrapes over and through mountains made of the purest marble into a green, peak-surrounded valley with the Tien-Hsiang Lodge hideaway. If you have time, stay overnight, then continue on East-West to Taichung and Sun Moon Lake for another overnight at one of the lodges that rim its shore.

Taipei itself is not an attractive city, but it has some of the finest cuisine in the entire Pacific, excellent buys in handicrafts and furniture, and one treasure worth a trip around the world to see: the National Palace Museum. The museum houses the largest collection of Chinese art and historic relics known, one that took 1,000 years to assemble.

Manila, capital city of the Philippines, isn't old for the Orient, having been established in 1571, but in recent years it has been growing younger and handsomer. Streets, boulevards, and the great central Rizal Park have been so spruced up that they shine like those in Singapore, and once prevalent street crime has been virtually eradicated.

Near Manila, the most popular excursions take you to the island fortress of Corregidor and the falls and rapids of Pagsanjan. Far more fascinating to me, though, are the 5,000-foot-high mountain resort of Baguio and the remote Banaue Rice Terraces, where,


MONGOLIA
USSR
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
AFGHANISTAN
PAKISTAN
NEPAL
SIKKIM
BHUTAN
INDIA
BANGLADESH
KOREA
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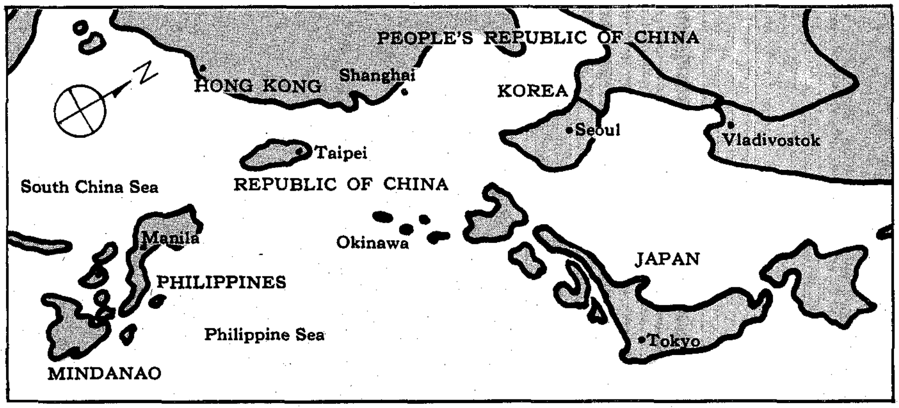
NEW HEBRIDES
NEW CALEDONIA
FIJI
TONGA
COOK ISLANDS
TAHITI
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
AUSTRALIA
TASMANIA
NEW ZEALAND

A world of difference: *The Pacific offers the traveler infinite variety—from exotic islands to bustling cities.*

throughout centuries, men have hacked and hewed the mountains into a vast, dripping system of productive terraces. It's a gigantic, all but unimaginable Babylon that, in my view, ranks with Egypt's pyramids as a wonder of the world. You can stay overnight in a pleasant, small inn at the top.



Asia (The Orient): *Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and the Philippines call loudest.*

Do not leave the Philippines without flying to Zamboanga, a fascinating Moslem retreat on the island of Mindanao.

Southeast Asia

The traveler's Southeast Asia today would include Burma, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore. I like to add the subcontinent of India and jewel-like Ceylon, because they complete a good, near circular itinerary.

In Malaysia there are splendid beaches, deep jungles, rich farmlands, and national parks almost untouched by foreign visitors.

Kuala Lumpur is a clean, pleasant city with superb cuisine, but to visit only Kuala Lumpur is certainly not to see Malaysia. You must loll on the resort island of Penang, play tennis in the Cameron Highlands, drive along the fascinating east coast, and make a total escape by boating out of Mersing to Pulau Tioman in the South China Sea.

That's West Malaysia. East Malaysia consists of two states—Sabah and Sarawak—on the world's third-largest island, Borneo. Fly to Kuching on Sarawak and spend a night in a Sea Dayak village built on stilts.

The city-state of Singapore sits at the tip of the Malay Peninsula. As a shopping center, Singapore is surpassed only by Hong Kong, and its restaurants offer some of the finest dining experiences in the East.

Don't miss the Jurong Bird Park, the Botanic Gardens, the Mandai Orchid Nurseries, and the House of Jade. By cable car or ferry, you should cross to Sentosa Island, a total resort with an eighteen-hole golf course and an outstanding World War II museum.

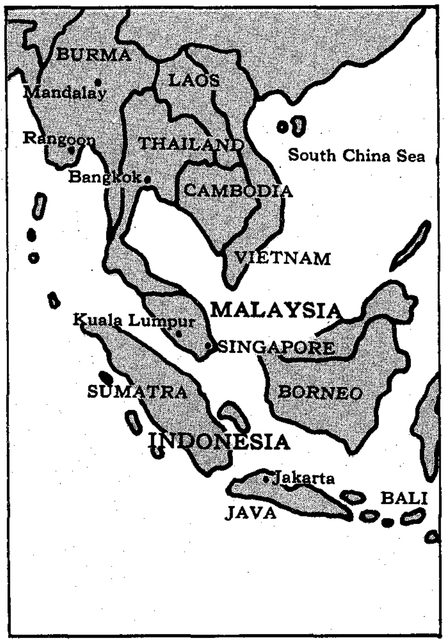
Thailand means "land of the free," and historically the Thais have needed all their political adroitness to keep it so. As a city, Bangkok is unattractive and too clogged with traffic. Yet its feast of temples is unmatched; they and the rural *klong* (canal) tours are what make city exploration exciting.

Thailand's beaches are famous, especially those at Pattaya, but if you want to find more isolated ones, ask the concierge at your hotel.

Chiangmai is the central city of Thailand's north country and is a delightful contrast to the cacophony of the capital. It's the place to purchase fine handicrafts and to watch elephants at work in the teak forests.

Just one of Indonesia's 13,677 islands—Bali—maintains a civilization worth traveling thousands of miles to see. Like all unique things, it is fragile. Go there before it's too late.

After Bali, the most intriguing island to me is Sumatra, in particular the region that surrounds Lake Toba, 110 miles from Medan, the capital. On Samosir Island in the center of the lake you may visit the settlements of the Batak people, who live in clusters of wooden houses (on stilts) with overhanging gables and carved woodwork.



Southeast Asia: *Cities, pagodas, and Bali.*

The most remote reaches of the Indonesian archipelago are accessible by cruise ships from Singapore.

Burma, the land of pagodas, is one of the least visited nations in the world. One of the most sacred shrines in Asia is the 2,500-year-old Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon. In Pagan, on a desolate desert out by the waters of the Irrawaddy River, there were once 5,000 pagodas. Sacked by Kublai Khan, they were toppled by earthquakes a few years ago, yet Pagan remains one of the Orient's great archaeological sites.

A month's trip could not exhaust giant India (although it might exhaust you). The subcontinent contains almost all climatic conditions and many of the most remarkable works of art ever created. The awesome temples of Ajanta and Ellora are in themselves worth the trip.

I suggest a roughly diamond-shaped swing around India—from New Delhi to Ahmedabad (via Jaipur and Udaipur), then to Bombay (side trip inland to Aurangabad for Ajanta, Ellora, and the fort of Daulatabad). You go then to Bangalore and Mysore, to Cochin and Madura, then north again to Madras, Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, from which you fly to Kashmir.

Side trips out of those cities are legion; it will take you a month.

Everyone has his own favorite corners of this earth, and one of mine is Ceylon (now, properly, Sri Lanka). It is so small, yet it comes close to that mythical land that has everything: fascinating antiquities, beautiful beaches, a classic cuisine, good hotels in the most unusual places, and a government in which people seem to have a renewed hope.

Down Under

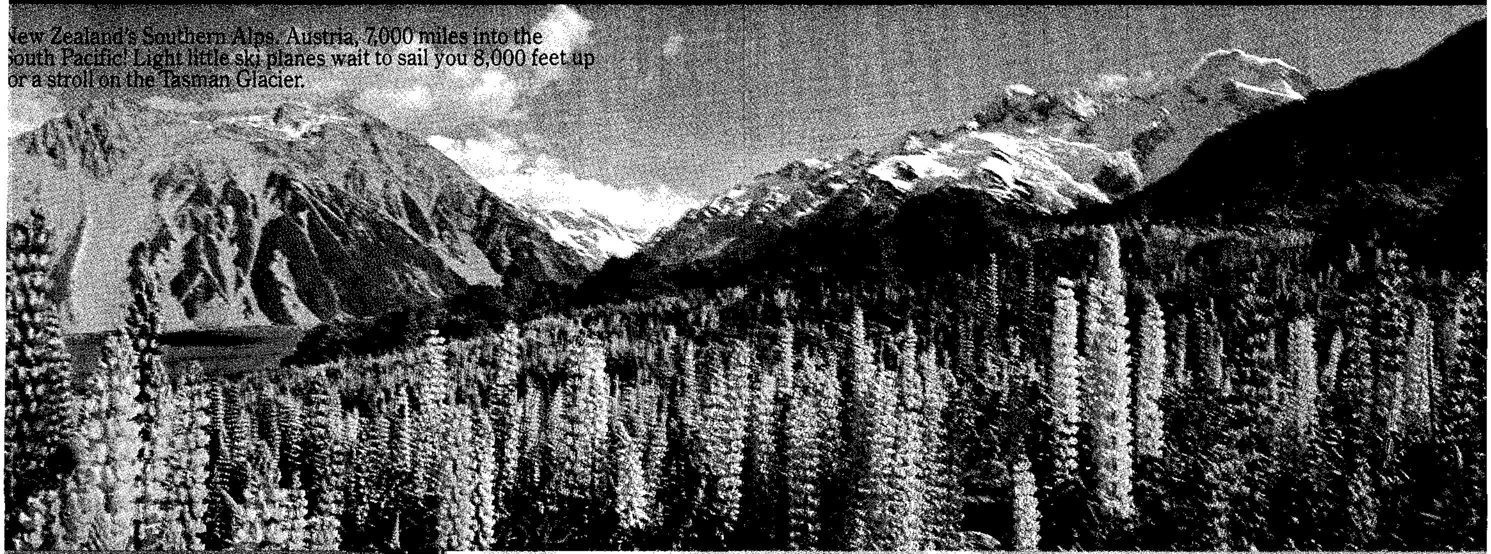
In a sense, Australia and New Zealand bring you home again, to languages and cultures that are familiar. Yet their geographical isolation has left them a legacy of many mysteries. They are countries for action. I caught my first two fish and skied on a glacier in New Zealand. I have dived near the Great Barrier Reef, climbed Ayers Rock, landed in a small airplane on a Tasmanian beach, and cuddled a koala.

It may be that no short flight in the world equals that over Mt. Cook and Milford Sound for sheer splendor in a small package, that nothing transmits a sense of vast emptiness like a long, low flight across the Outback, like those out of Alice Springs.

Down Under brings us full circle, easing our return home to New York. Yet, once having penetrated the Pacific, we are forever changed. It is a world of difference. ■

Close your eyes and imagine an island in the South Pacific.

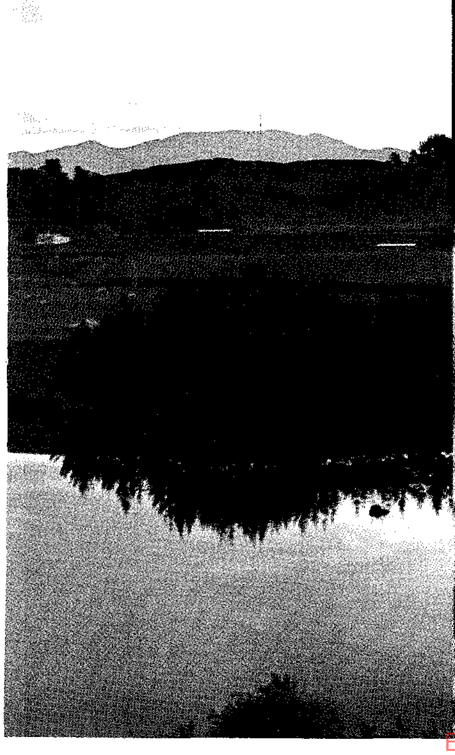
Is this what you imagined?



lew Zealand's Southern Alps. Austria, 7,000 miles into the outh Pacific! Light little ski planes wait to sail you 8,000 feet up or a stroll on the Tasman Glacier.

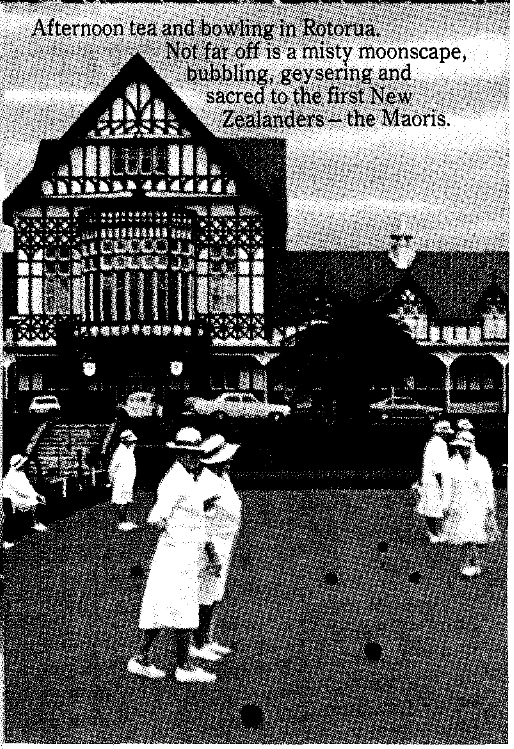
Christchurch. Straw boaters, school ies and blazers in a South Pacific better known for bikinis and grass skirts!

If the usual island tourist hustle seems far away here in New Zealand, it is!



Milford Sound. Serene, mist-swirling, rainbowed—all within a couple of hours! Is this the South Pacific? Or is it Scandinavia? To see Milford and all of the South Pacific you never imagined, plan on staying a couple of weeks with the friendly New Zealanders.

Afternoon tea and bowling in Rotorua. Not far off is a misty moonscape, bubbling, geysering and sacred to the first New Zealanders—the Maoris.



NZG22551

NEW ZEALAND

(A South Pacific you never imagined.)

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Send me more on a South Pacific I never imagined.

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In 1935, General MacArthur asked us for a suite that would "approximate the elegance and comfort of Malacañang Palace."

We gave him rooms #570, #571, #572, and #573.

The gracious living and Grand Hotel traditions you thought were long gone, have never left The Manila Hotel.

History alone would make this legendary hotel a landmark.

But today it has been restored and expanded — by Presidential Decree, no less — to once again assume its position as one of the world's great resort hotels.

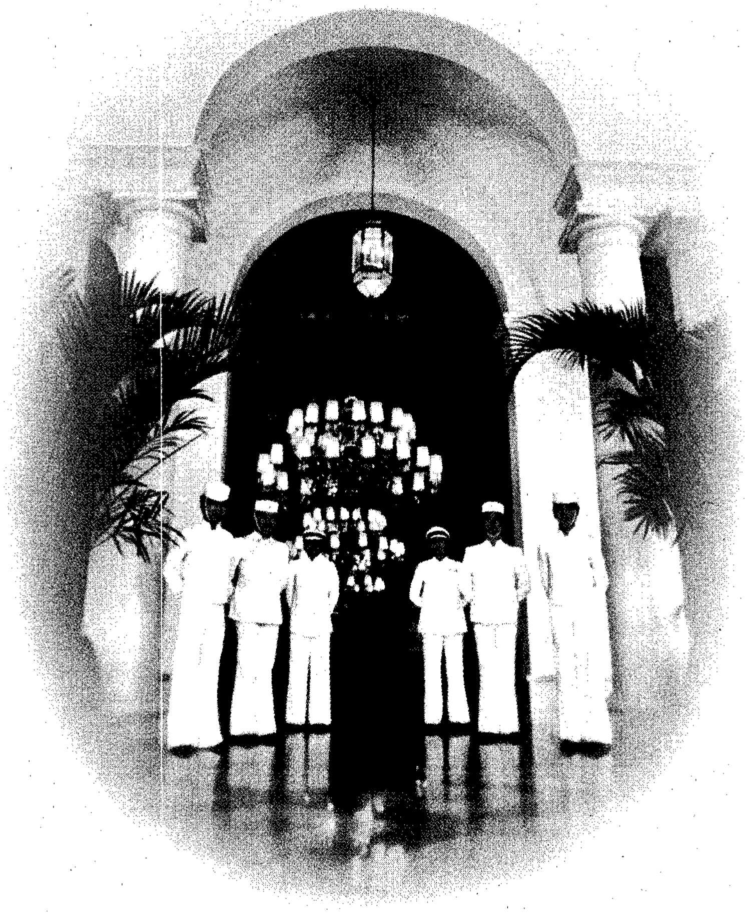
66 years of its colorful history have been recaptured and gracefully blended with timeless traditions of Philippine graciousness and all the conveniences of modern technology.

A magnificent, columned marble-and-wood lobby and a butler on every floor just like the Grand Hotels of 1890. A complete sports/health complex, Businessman's Center, portable telephones and all the latest comforts just like the Grand Hotels of the year 2000.

For $300 a day you can even get the suite (and the attention) General MacArthur got back in 1935.

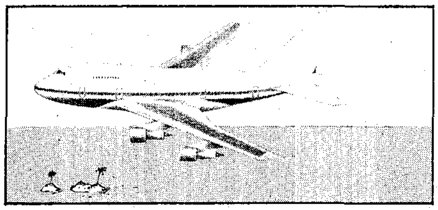
In fact, even if you're not a national hero, we'll always treat you like one.

For reservations, please consult your travel agent.



There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient. One of them is a hotel.

The Manila Hotel
Philippines



The Colorful Pacific: How to Get There From Here

Ask a definite question—say, what does it cost to jet from New York to Hong Kong?—and you'll get a variety of answers.

No one can answer such a question with one or two or even three figures. To illustrate, here are some of the air fares currently applicable for direct flights (no changing of airlines) between New York and four major destinations: Tokyo, Hong Kong, Sydney, and Auckland. Pan Am flies to each city; Japan Air Lines and Northwest Orient fly to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

Flights Fantastic: How the Fares Stack Up

	Tokyo	Hong Kong	Sydney	Auckland
Round-trip, first-class, year-round:	$2,198	$2,730	$2,824	$2,656
Round-trip, economy, year-round:	1,362	1,670	1,956	1,818
Group inclusive tour, basic season:	950	1,138	1,242	1,182
Group inclusive tour, peak season:	1,026	1,233	1,242	1,182
Individual tour-basing fare:	1,211	1,452	1,459	1,380
Excursion fare:	1,296*	1,505*	1,668**	1,574**
APEX (advance payment 21-to-45-day excursion)	none	none	1,437	1,267
Budget fare, round-trip, several conditions (Pan Am only):	none	858	none	1,105.40

*14–21 days **14–28 days

There is not sufficient space here to go into more than a sampling of the available tour packages and charters. (The individual tour-basing fares above are part of packages including some ground arrangements.) Each of the airlines mentioned offers tour packages, escorted or not, ranging in duration from 15 to 36 days and in price from $322 to approximately $3,300, plus air fare. Also, of course, a wide variety of Pacific tours are available through any travel agent. In addition to hotel accommodations, meals (eating arrangements vary with each tour), and land transportation, these usually include such extras as special group dinners and programs of native entertainment. Most tour rates are based on double occupancy.

Pan Am's 23-day "Orient Swing," for example, costs $892 plus air fare ($1,270 November through May, $1,366 June through October) and offers such treats as a performance of Thai dancing in Bangkok and a visit to Singapore's Tiger Balm Gardens.

Japan Air Lines offers, among many others, a 35-day "Unusual Orient" tour for $3,036 plus air fare ($1,675 low season, $1,770 June through October). This exotic tour includes stops in Rangoon and Mandalay and a visit to a volcano on Sumatra.

This year, there are more charter packages to the Pacific than ever. There is, for example, one from New York to Hong Kong that includes two weeks at a hotel, with Continental breakfast, for $699—well below the budget round-trip fare. See your travel agent for charter arrangements, such as connections with charter flights to the Pacific, which leave from the West Coast and include round-trip flights from Los Angeles to Hong Kong for $529 and L.A. to Bangkok for $709.

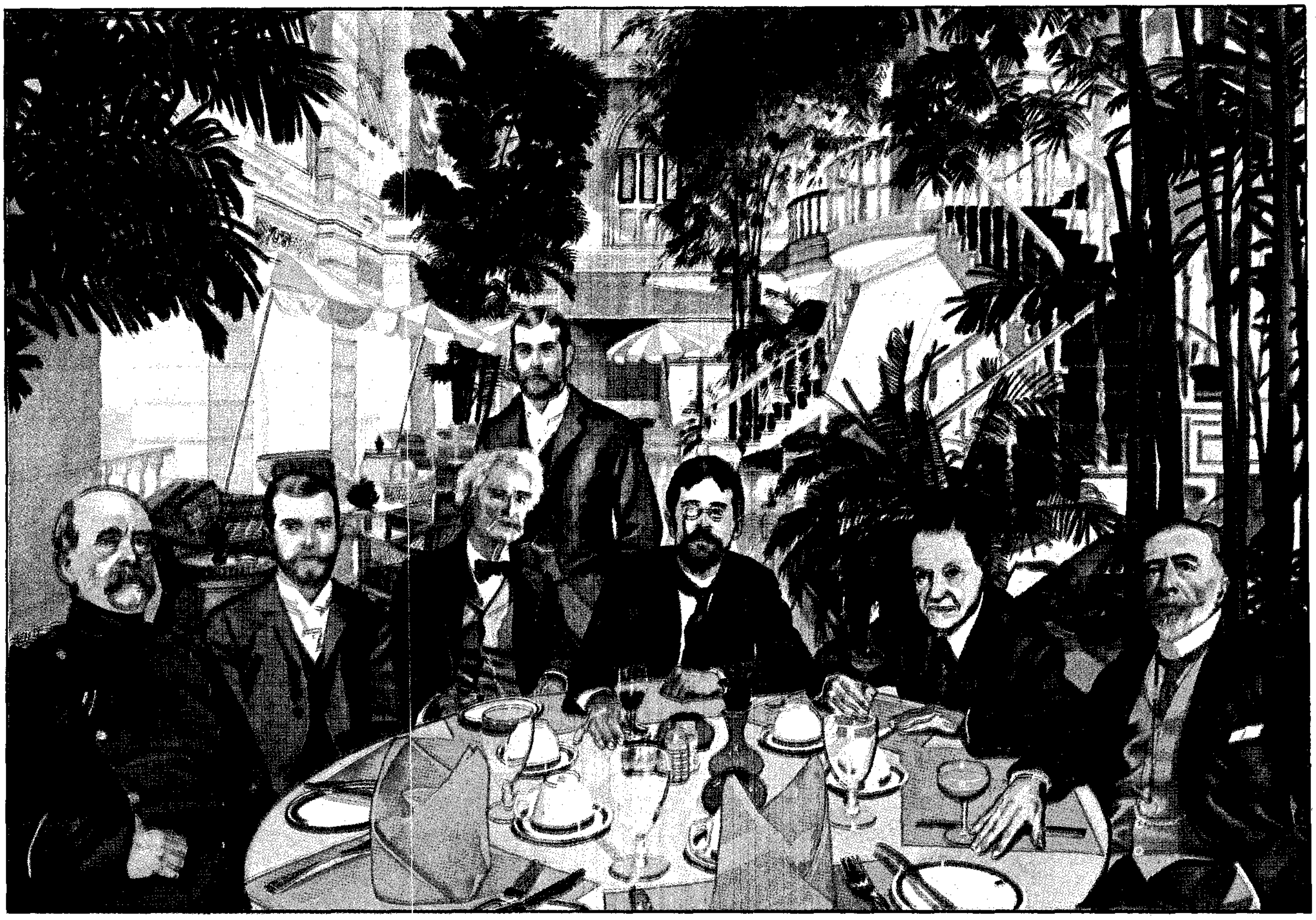
If you prefer going it alone, at your own pace, several fly-drive options are available. Pan Am offers a choice of packages to Australia and New Zealand. Landing in Sydney, you and a friend can have a car and hotel room for two weeks for from $210 ("bargain hunter") to $440 (unlimited mileage) each, plus tour-based air fare.

Beware, however: Some fares may require conditions you don't want to meet; others may involve land arrangements you don't want. The wise wanderer will go comparison shopping for air fares as he does for groceries. The value of asking questions and the assistance of a competent travel agent have never been more important. Begin by asking figures for regular round-trip economy flights. Then inquire about various charter rates for flights only, and follow that by a searching look at the package plans available.

The message is clear: If you want to travel in the Pacific this year, play fare. —**G.H.**

16 Grand Hotels of the Pacific

Illustrated by Julian Allen



From the end of the nineteenth century through World War II, the Pacific was a magnet for the world's great travelers—political and military giants, writers, Hollywood tycoons, beachcombers, barons, and whalers. And those great travelers stayed in grand hotels, where the gin and quinine and fan-tan and conversation never stopped flowing. The hotels are still there. To visit them is to step back into history and maybe rub up against a legend or two.

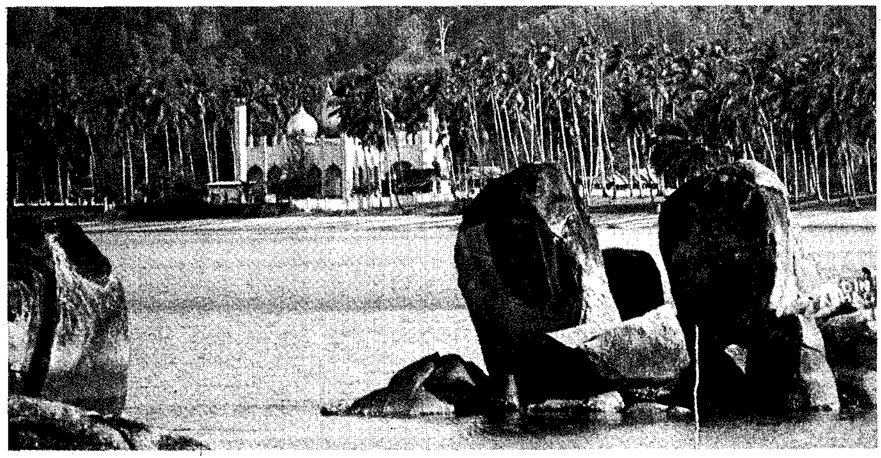
Oriental splendor: *Bangkok's Oriental Hotel (above) was opened by an opium merchant in the 1860s: The trade was rough and the brawls noisy. By the 1890s, things had turned elegant. The evenings were filled with music, and the guest list was remarkable: Grand parties were offered for Bismarck's (left) birthday, the visit of Crown Prince Nicholas of Russia (next), and the nuptials of the duke of York (standing). Mark Twain visited, and Anton Chekhov (middle), Somerset Maugham, and Joseph Conrad all indulged in the Oriental's luxury.*

On the road to Mandalay: *Rudyard Kipling recommended, "Feed at the Raffles when visiting Singapore." It was proclaimed the "Savoy of Singapore" by the* London Sphere *in 1808. Things went downhill when the war broke out, but not too far: The management perfected a blackout system and the orchestra played until midnight. Upon the invasion of Singapore, the staff is said to have buried the silver cart in the Palm Court and resurrected it only after Japanese officers unknowingly tramped over it for years.* **—Harry Rolnick**

RAFFLES

Lam Leong
Levi's

"Warehouse of the East" is how travel writers describe Georgetown, the capital city of Penang. Here, in one of Asia's oldest and best-known trading centres, you can buy everything imaginable from modern jewellery to antique bric-a-brac.



Though the days of piracy are long gone, Langkawi still exudes an air of mystery and surprise. Imagine this magnificent mosque set in splendid solitude barely a few paces from the Indian Ocean!

A sightseer's paradise awaits you in Penang. While round the corner is Langkawi, a paradise of a different kind.

Penang. *The island state that quietly grew out of European-Asian trade long before your time. A gem of a tropical island abounding with the magic of the East. Miles of golden, sandy beaches. Shops with a fascinating variety of souvenirs. Sights that hold you spell-bound, like the awe-inspiring Snake Temple and the magnificent temple of Kek Lok Si.*

Then, just a short distance away is mysterious ***Langkawi,*** *a group of ninety-nine islands scattered in splendid solitude. Here, there are beautiful beaches, coves, lagoons and lakes to explore. Each ringing with ancient myths and legends.*

Or take a ferry across to the ***Northern Mainland*** *of Peninsular Malaysia. See acre upon acre of "Rice Country", of flat, green fields, and golden brown padi interrupted only by magnificent mountains and limestone caves.*

And it's all here in Malaysia. The country where great cultures meet, where the diversity of its history, customs and traditions is reflected in the warm hospitality of gentle, friendly Malaysians.

Come share a holiday in this wonderful land. Come to Malaysia. We welcome you now and any time of the year.

For more information and brochures about Malaysia, contact your travel agent or write to us at the address below.

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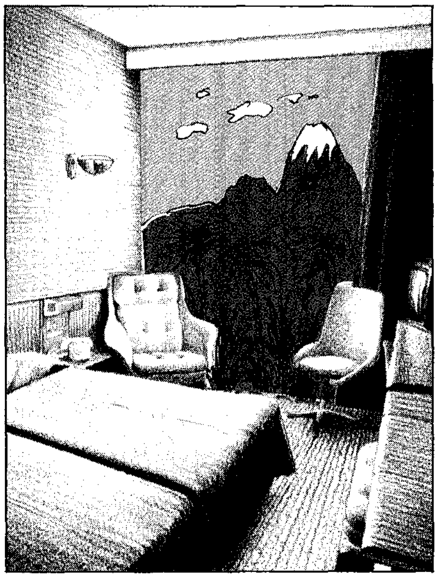


Thailand

Oriental Hotel

48 Oriental Avenue, Bangkok; telephone: 234-9920; cable: ORIENHOTEL; telex: 2997

406 rooms, $32–$164

This is the oldest, most prestigious hotel in Thailand; it has three excellent restaurants, plus pools, shops, a conference hall for 800, and secretary service. One should request rooms in the "old wing" to get the best of the Oriental's picturesque quality. A night at the Normandie Grill restaurant is also strongly recommended.

Trocadero Hotel

343 Suriwongse Road, near New Road, Bangkok; telephone: 234-8920; cable: TROCADERO

138 rooms, $8–$26

For those who prefer more moderate prices, the Trocadero, around the corner from the Oriental, is convenient to the city's shopping and cultural attractions. The home of many journalists, the hotel has a swimming pool, an adequate coffee shop, and an exceptionally helpful staff at the front desk.

Philippines

Manila Hotel

Rizal Park, Manila; telephone: 471-000; cable: MANILOTEL; telex: 3496

582 rooms, $35–$145

The Manila Hotel features four restaurants, a nightclub, and a pool, not to mention a health club, sports facilities, and a conference hall that seats 1,000. The hotel has one of the most beautiful lobbies in Asia, the design of each restaurant is exquisite, the pool is popular, and the rooms are comfortable, though a low occupancy rate (the curse of Manila hotels) sometimes makes downstairs seem more cavernous than palatial. The help is extremely friendly, but the restaurants here, alas, aren't as good as their décor. For better food, try the Hilton or the luxury restaurants in the posh Makati section.

Japan

Fujiya Hotel

359 Miyanoshita, Hakone; telephone: 22211; cable: FUJIYAHOTEL; telex: 389-2718

187 rooms, approximately $21–$198

Perhaps the oldest hotel in Japan, located some two and a half hours from Tokyo, the Fujiya offers European and Japanese restaurants, bars, a pool, sports of all kinds, and a 250-seat conference hall. The chief activities here usually include walks around the beautiful gardens and hot springs, sports, and simple relaxation.

Imperial Hotel

1-1, 1-chome, Uchisaiwai-cho, Chiyodo-ku, Tokyo; telephone: 504-1111; cable: IMPHO; telex: 222-2346

1,281 rooms, $30–$78

Tokyo has so many first-class hotels that it's obviously unfair to recommend only one, but the ultramodern, earthquake-proof Imperial has ten restaurants, five bars, a Japanese teahouse and garden, shops, a conference hall, and secretary service.

Hong Kong

Peninsula Hotel

Salisbury Road, Kowloon; telephone: 3-666251; cable: PENHOTE; telex: 73821 PEN HX

341 rooms, $39–$176

A one-minute walk from Star Ferry, the Peninsula has four restaurants, a variety of shops, a 600-seat conference hall, and secretary service. The hotel is superb in every way, from its elegant lobby to the quality of the staff. The restaurants here are in a class by themselves—quite simply, the envy of every other Hong Kong hotel. Gaddi's restaurant in particular is a must.

The Peninsula is one of a group of Hong Kong hotels, of different classes but all of superb quality. Information on the more moderate Hong Kong Hotel, the low-priced Park Hotel, and the brilliant old Repulse Hotel on the "island" side can be obtained through the Peninsula Hotel.

Macao

Bella Vista Hotel

10 Rua Comendador, Kou Ho Neng; telephone: 3821; cable: VISTA

26 rooms, $10–$14

It's difficult to get the "right" room in the Bella Vista, but optimists should specify room 209, 210, or 212, the front rooms with the gorgeous balconies and views. Even if you don't get the room you wanted, you can be comforted by the hotel's bar and restaurant, which specializes in excellent Macanese curries and Portuguese foods. The Bella Vista offers little in the way of elaborate sports and executive facilities, but it is a perfect starting point for walks around the Macao colony. And the best food in town is only two blocks away, in the Pousada de Coloane Hotel.

Hotel Lisboa

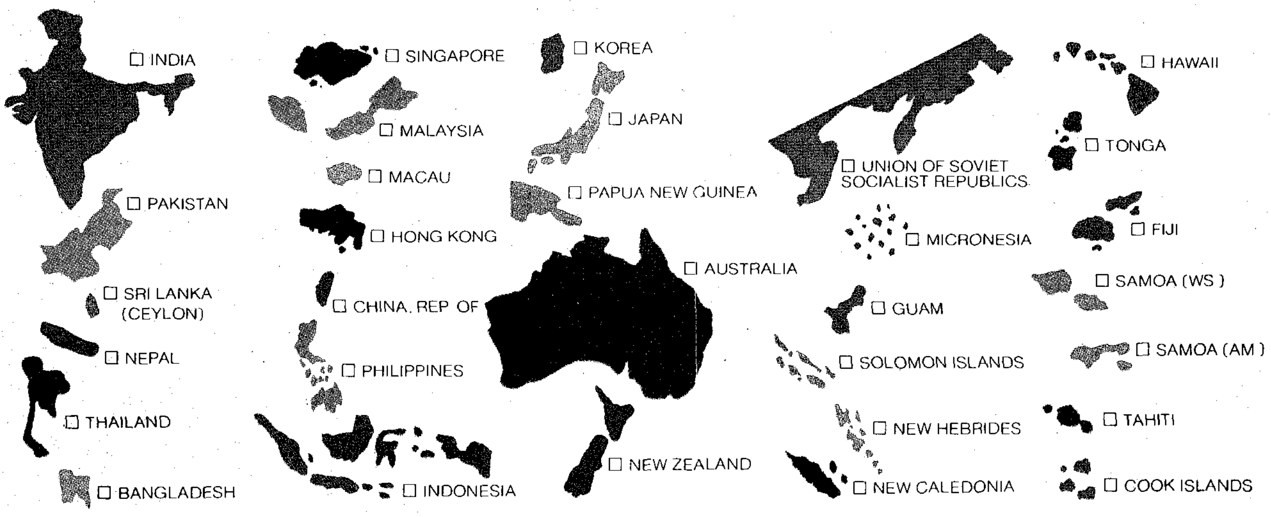
Avenida da Amizade; telephone: 7666; cable: HOTELISBOA; telex: OM 203

600 rooms, $14–$94

With several restaurants serving European, Chinese, and Japanese food, bars, round-the-clock gambling, a pool, and nightclubs, this is definitely the area's most conventional hotel choice. In fact, it's the only first-class hotel in Macao:

HERE'S THE PERFECT PLACE
TO TAKE A VACATION IN THE PACIFIC:

The Pacific. All in all, you've got 31 different countries to choose from, but it's easy to find the perfect one. Because they all are. So just check the countries you're most interested in. And we'll send you all the information you need for $1.00.

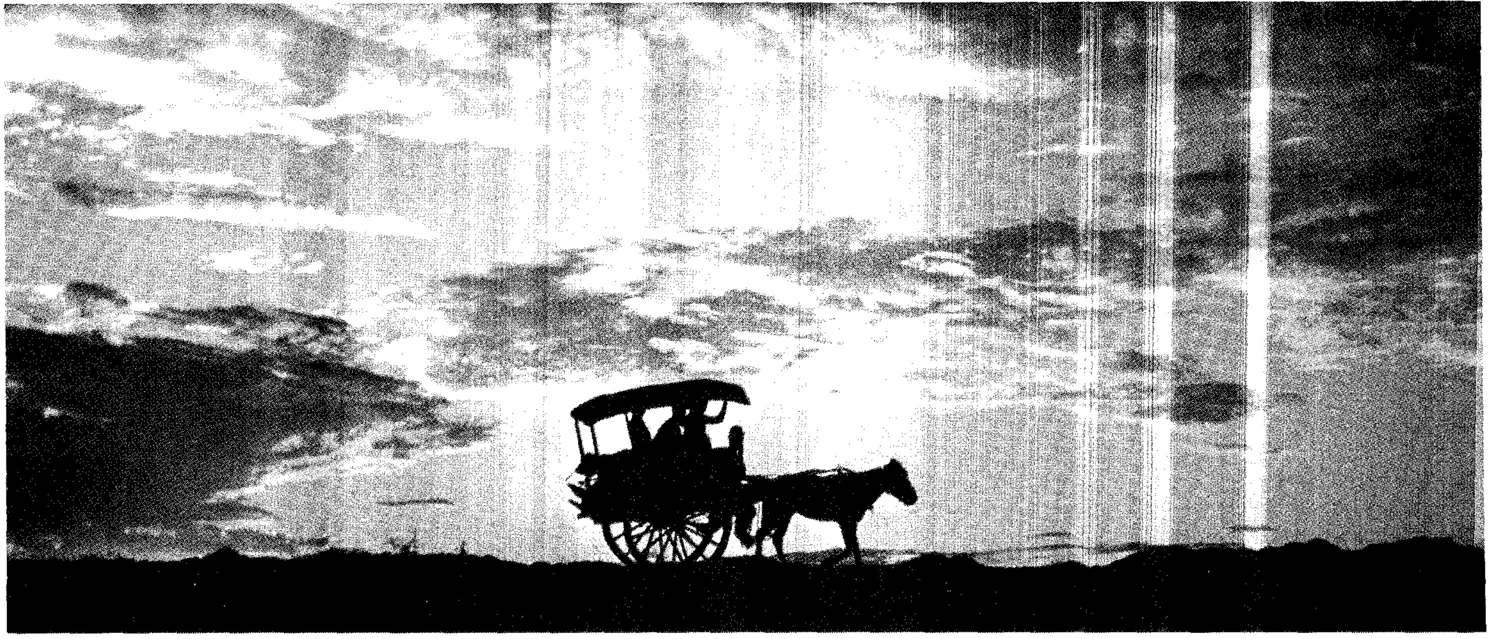


Name________ Address________ City________

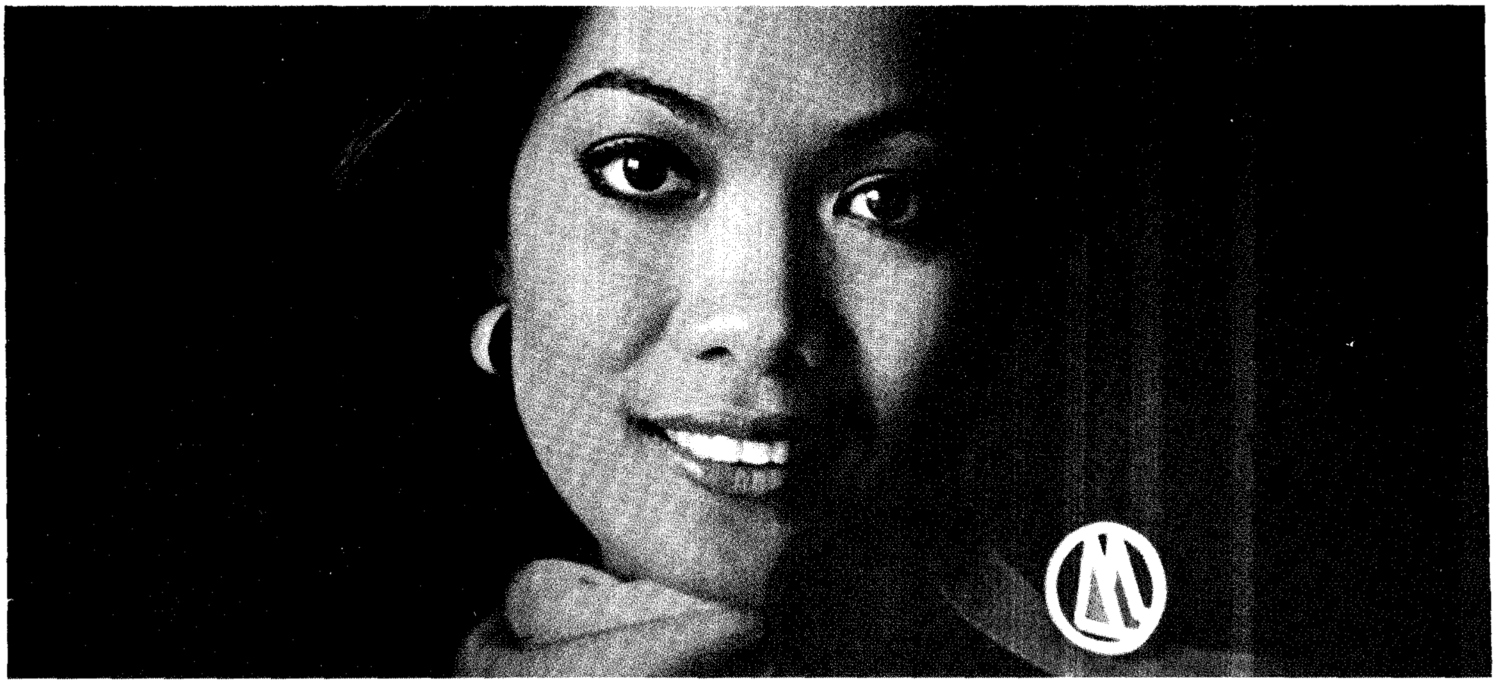
State/Zip________ Have you ever been to the Pacific before________?

PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 228 GRANT AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108

NY5-22-8



Unhurried Philippine charm in a 600 mph world.



Experience it first on Philippine Airlines.

While everybody's zipping around the world at almost the speed of sound, you can still ride through the Philippine countryside at the speed of a pony; dawdle in the park all Sunday or even have a serenade with each dinner course. In this frantic, impersonal, hurry-up world, the Philippines still takes the time to care.

Our airline offers the fastest, most frequent evening flights from San Francisco to Manila on extra-comfortable DC-10's flying the only daily service. From Manila, all the Orient is close by on our jets.

But along the way, we take a little more time, a little more care to make someone 7,000 miles from home feel at home.

In our country. And on our airline.

With menus flavored from around the world, flight attendants who get a special training no other airline can offer: the 1,000 year-old tradition of warm Philippine hospitality. And understanding crews from an English-speaking country.

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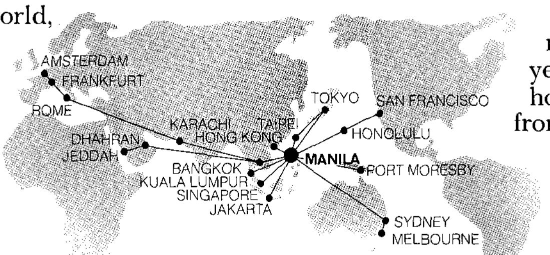
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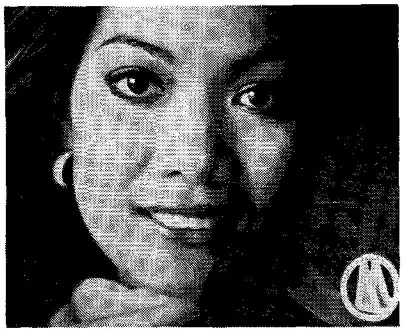

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Ah, Hilton: six restaurants (European, Chinese, Japanese, and Malay food), bars, nightclub, pool, health club, shops, sports facilities, a 1,350-seat conference hall, secretary service, and a resident doctor. This is probably the best of the area's wide variety of first-class hotels, with excellent service, friendly bars, lovely views of the racetrack from the rooms, and the usual Hilton comforts of home away from home.

Coliseum Hotel

98 Jalan Tanku Abdul Rahman Road (Batu Road), Kuala Lumpur; telephone: 83848

Twenty rooms, $6–$10

The Coliseum isn't even listed as a hotel with the official Malaysian Tourist Development Board, and the rooms are—to use the euphemism of the trade—unprepossessing. Those on a strict budget might stay here, but don't expect a big deal.

What *is* of interest is the bar, which nightly provides a better reflection of old Malaya than any place in Kuala Lumpur. The last of the civil servants, rubber planters, even a few old soldiers from the anti-Communist war of the 1950s will be around.

Singapore

Raffles Hotel

1–3 Beach Road; telephone: 328041; cable: RAFLOTEL; telex: 21586

126 rooms, $20–$61

The oldest hotel in Singapore, the Raffles is best known for its atmosphere, which is sedate, pacific, charming, and, above all, relaxing. Along with its old-world charm, the hotel boasts three fine restaurants, plus bars, a pool, shops, sports, and secretary service. In a city which is entirely geared to business, the Palm Court of Singapore takes one back a century.

Although Singapore has dozens of excellent hotels which have risen in the past five years, none more deserves the title of "great" in the traditional sense than the Raffles.

Fiji

Beachcomber Hotel

Queen's Road, Pacific Harbour, Suva; telephone: 46-126; telex: FJ 3234

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For a complete rest, few stay in Suva, the capital of Fiji; most stay 35 miles away in this deluxe resort, with its magnificent beaches, golf courses, swimming pools, tennis courts, boating, and riding. At night, there are fire-walking ceremonies, Fijian music, etc.

Grand Pacific Hotel

Suva Harbour, Suva; telephone: 230-11

80 rooms, $15–$44

The oldest hotel in Suva, looking very Somerset Maugham–ish indeed, at least from the outside, the Grand Pacific offers such modern conveniences as a swimming pool, restaurant, coffee lounge, and bar.

The hotel's interior is, unfortunately, rather dull, and most people meet and eat next door at the Travelodge Hotel. The Grand Pacific is worth a visit, though, for its historical air. And just two minutes from the hotel, don't miss the Fiji Museum, with its collection of cannibal artifacts.

Royal Hotel

Levuka, Ovalau Island

Approximately fifteen rooms, $7–$12

One of two hotels in Levuka, the Royal is a sad vestige of the day of whalers and cannibals. The hotel overlooks the harbor and has a dining room, bar, and billiards room. The rooms are serviceable, but rather than eating here, find the single Chinese restaurant in town and have some noodles, then go back to the Royal for beer.

Australia

Windsor Hotel

103–115 Spring Street, Melbourne 3000; telephone: 630261; cable: TELWINSOR; telex: 30437

180 rooms, $25–$40

The oldest hotel in Australia, the completely air-conditioned Windsor has a fine restaurant, several lounges, a historic bar, and convention facilities, and is conveniently located in the center of town.

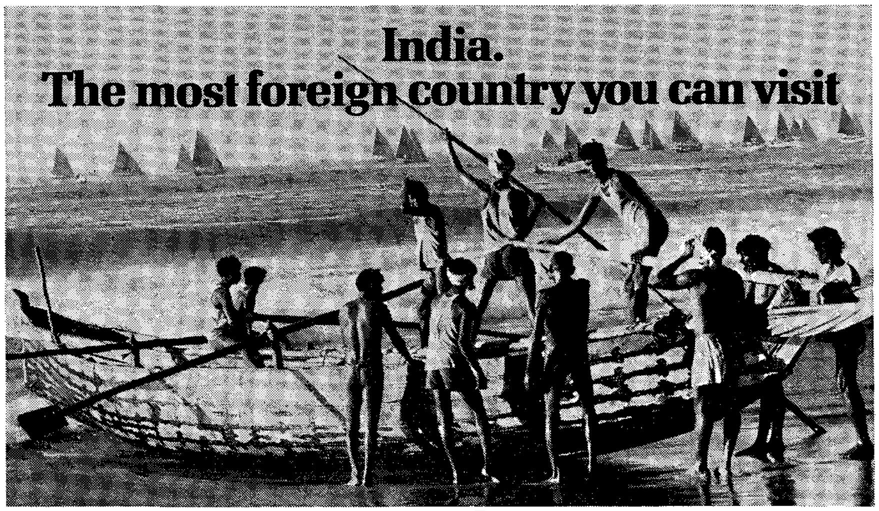
New Zealand

Inter-Continental Auckland Hotel

Corner Waterford Quadrant and Princess Street, Auckland; telephone: 74-770; cable: INHOTELCOR

321 rooms, $28–$78

The Inter-Continental has a shopping complex, bar, and restaurants. The hotel's Top of the Town restaurant is one of the best in New Zealand. Air connections can be made from the hotel to the South Island. —H.R.



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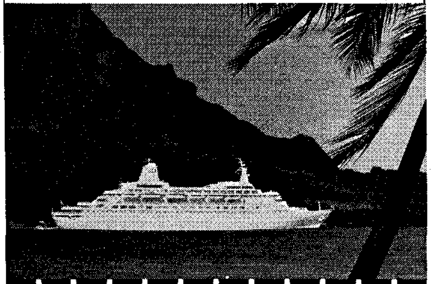

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WILL APPLES BOB UP NEXT?

"...The Cosmos made it after eleven years of obscurity. Can the Apples, New York's World Tennis entry, be far behind?..."

It's been one of Billie Jean King's favorite fantasies for years: a packed Madison Square Garden, with 18,000 fans screaming for their favorite team, drowning out the National Anthem, clapping hands and stomping feet as the New York Apples battle for another World Team Tennis championship. Outside, as scalpers work the crowds, the price for a $10 ticket is bid up to $25, $50, $75. Inside, each point brings the crowd to its feet, and a huge national television audience follows every game.

On Friday, April 21, Billie Jean had a chance to measure the distance between fantasy and reality. It was opening night of the Apples' 1978 season at the Garden; it took place not in the main arena, but in the more intimate Felt Forum. It was officially a sellout—not the 18,000 the main arena can accommodate for tennis, but 3,773—and thanks to the first night of Passover, there were at least 1,000 empty seats. The crowd, remembering the etiquette of Forest Hills, maintained a polite silence throughout the match against the Anaheim Oranges. This at times gave the Felt Forum the air of a lecture hall, rather than that of the site of a big-league sports event. The press was not very noticeably present; the New York *Times*, which hadn't mentioned the Apples' opener that morning, used a photograph to report the match and did not include the outcome in its caption.

It's a long, long way to those packed houses that so far exist only in the imaginations of Billie Jean King and the New York Apples organization. Yet, for all of the obstacles between the team and big-time sports success, there are hints that this still-unfamiliar concept of team tennis just might become permanent. "My attitude is the same as it was four years ago, when we started," says Apples owner Sol Berg, who made a fortune developing instant coffee, and who has bankrolled a few million dollars' worth of Apples losses since 1974. "If I can see progress, if the indicators are positive, I'll stay with it."

What are these indicators? First, the

attendance has been going up year by year. In 1976, the Apples (then known as the New York Sets) averaged 3,564 fans for their matches. Last year, they drew 4,939. They're still not near the break-even point, which comes somewhere between 6,000 and 7,000 fans per game, but they're getting there. Second, the Apples have moved completely out of Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, where spectators rattled around like a dozen ball bearings in the hold of a supertanker. This year, they will play sixteen home games in the Felt Forum and six in the Garden's main arena. With a Felt Forum rental of $3,500 per night and a $9 average ticket price, the Forum events can generate a decent profit on a nightly basis. The main arena at the Garden costs $35,000, and while the Apples have never drawn more than 15,000 (two weeks ago, against the Los Angeles Strings, with Chris Evert and Ilie Nastase), the potential profits are enormous, especially given the small size of the teams—six people, including the coach—and the fact that except for King and Vitas Gerulaitis, the players command nothing like superstar salaries.

Then there is the slowly increasing exposure of the Apples. Despite winning two straight championships, the team is largely unrecognized by the New York sports fan, who is surrounded by nine other major-league sports teams. This year, the team will spend $200,000 on television advertising; 4 of its matches will be telecast on WPIX, 10 more on the Garden's cable-TV outlet, 2 more on Home Box Office, and 26 on radio. The need for aggressive promotion is stressed by the Apples' front office, clearly a first-class operation. General manager Ella Musolino is a 36-year-old veteran of six U.S. Opens under Bill Talbert; vice-president Bill Goldstein, 31, comes out of California's legal-services program; public-relations man Marty Appel, 29, was in the New York P.R. office for nine years, three of them as director.

"Our biggest challenge," says Ella Musolino, "is to get fans into the arena *once.* Those who come once tend to come back. And we also have to re-educate the public, which is used to tournament tennis. They have to learn that the rules, the ideas, are different."

Indeed they are. The format of World Team Tennis is unsettling to most tennis fans, who are used to the five-set epic battles between Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg, and to watching a losing player battle back to deuce. Each match consists of five sets, one each of men's singles, women's singles, men's doubles, women's doubles, and mixed doubles. There is no "deuce": If both players get three points, the next point wins the game. At the end of the five sets, the team with the most *games* wins, so a 6-to-4 loss is far less damaging to the losing team than a 6-to-0 loss. Finally, if the losing team wins the last set, the event goes on until the leading team wins one game or the trailing team catches up.

"You don't have any leeway," says Billie Jean King. "You can hardly breathe. Sometimes the tension is so great you can go out of your gourd."

This format, which traditionalists scorn as much as they do the multi-colored WTT court, is actually an inspired idea. Its advantage was clearly evident on opening night, when the Apples took what seemed to be a comfortable lead over the Oranges. Then, in men's singles, Vitas Gerulaitis gained a 5-to-2 lead in his set against Cliff

Illustrated by Rick Tulka

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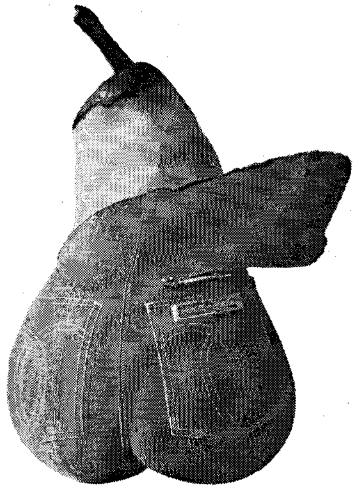

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Drysdale and had four set points, which could have given the Apples an eight-game lead in the match. Instead, Drysdale won four straight points and took four games before losing the set. This left the Oranges only six games behind, and when Rosie Casals and Francie Durr took Joanne Russell and Mary Carillo 6 to 2 in the women's doubles, they were only two games short of forcing a "super-tie-breaker" to decide the evening. (The Apples won the next game to wrap it up.) Thus, there is no such thing as a sure win to make the end of the match anticlimactic.

Apart from an exciting, if unfamiliar, format, World Team Tennis has most of the best women players in the world; only Evonne Goolagong is absent this year. It has not yet succeeded in drawing or holding the best men players, because the prizes on the European summer circuit don't make it worthwhile for Jimmy Connors or Bjorn Borg or Guillermo Vilas to commit themselves to WTT play. As Apples owner Sol Berg says candidly, "With those prizes, they'd be nuts to devote themselves to World Team Tennis." Still, the chance to watch a Billie Jean King up close is something no tennis fan ought to pass up casually. When she is passed at the net, she hollers, "Ah *nuts!*," shakes the racquet, and lectures herself like a parent scolding an errant child. She has always talked a blue streak on the court; it's something special in the intimate confines of the Felt Forum.

The coed aspect of World Team Tennis is charming. Men and women are fully equal, there is no distinction in the importance of the matches, and the mixed doubles make the league the only professional team sport in which men and women compete against one another.

It will clearly be a long haul until the Apples are a profit-making, secure franchise, but, as Sol Berg says, "You look at the Cosmos and you say, 'They made it after eleven years.' Can New York's World Team Tennis entry be far behind?"

For now, it is a still-struggling format offering first-rate tennis in an unfamiliar package trying to make a place for itself in the hearts of New York sports fans. It's been a long, difficult, and frustrating battle. "It really irritates me sometimes," King says, "when people ask me where I'm living and how serious the league is. I'm a New Yorker, and we're a championship New York team. I'm tired of the oh-yeah-you're-here-too stuff we get from fans. But we're gonna stick around here—and we're gonna make it." ■

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BRAHMS AWAY!

"...Hearing Solti conduct the four symphonies in one week was like meeting an old lover, well dressed but fat and warty..."

A week of Brahms: Lord, how old I've grown! So long ago that it may have been in another life, I remember Archibald "Doc" Davison telling a roomful of gullible souls, in Music 1 at Harvard, that there were twelve great moments in music, and that six of them were in Brahms. We all rushed home to our record collections to find those Moments, and we argued our choices for weeks. Across the river, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony played Brahms week in and week out. When Koussie got to the coda of the finale of the First Symphony and reached the final brassy apotheosis of the chorale melody, you felt as though white doves should be released into the auditorium and the flags of great nations unfurled from the proscenium. How many virginities were lost to the tunes of Brahms in the Greater Boston area in those golden years? Mine vanished, if I remember correctly, during the slow movement of the Horn Trio.

Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni, and last week I sat in Carnegie, stifled by the damp air and the sodden Brahms. No fault to the Chicago Symphony; the orchestra was created by God, and by Sir Georg Solti, to play Brahms symphonies better than any orchestra alive. Yet, it was all a little like—no, *exactly* like—encountering an old lover, well dressed but grown fat and warty. We have moved apart, Brahms and I.

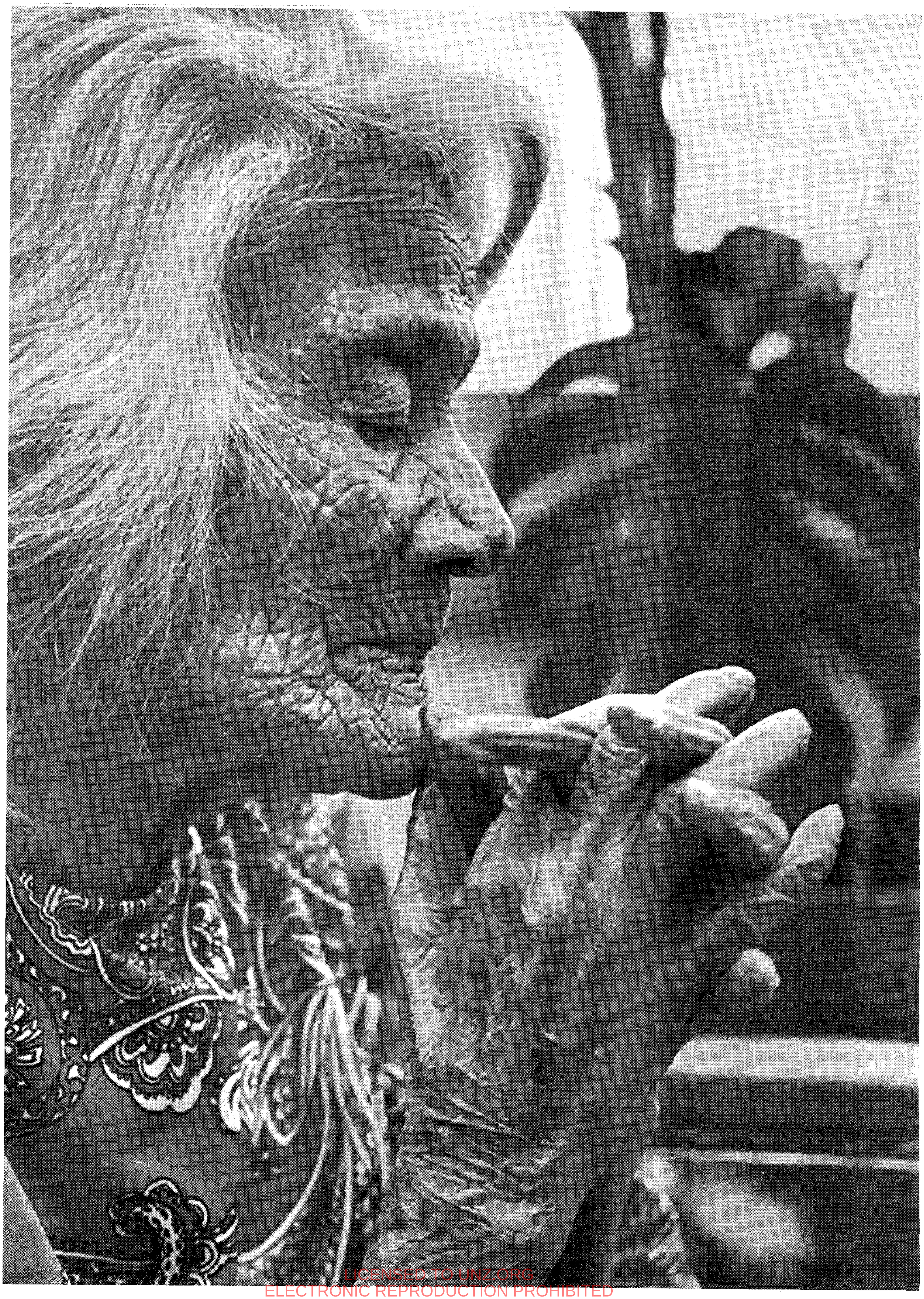
It's not easy to pinpoint exactly why this music has apparently outlived its time of relevance. I could not isolate a single passage in any symphony of Brahms, and demonstrate in it anything but the highest technical competence, or radiant nobility of invention. (Well, maybe one passage: the tortuous, arbitrary, and grating harmonic progression that brings on the recapitulation of the first movement of the Third Symphony, the one place I know where Brahms had to cheat his way out of a corner.) Brahms is the delight of teachers of music appreciation or elementary form analysis; his damnably clever manipulation of thematic fragments, the way a seemingly insignificant accompaniment figure deeply buried in the musical texture will later surface as a full-blown theme—all this technical mastery looks wonderful in diagrams on the blackboard. Yet, here is a perfect example, out of many that exist in music (most of Michael Tippett's music, to cite a contemporary, but related, case), where the gap between technical mastery on paper and vital communication defies attempts at bridging.

The fault in Brahms, furthermore, is almost entirely confined to the orchestral works. It isn't merely that his scoring for large ensemble is prevailingly thick and murky, so that one hungers for a moment of clean, primary orchestral color. It is more that Brahms's personal definition of orchestral thinking, his notion of what constitutes a large idea deserving of a large sound, is faulty at its root. The music is, with few exceptions, made up of broad and clumsy gestures, huge, blocky ideas that, once stated, cannot progress further. The main theme in the finale of the First Symphony is a case in point. In itself, it is a broad, swinging tune that has become justly popular. But it is a stillborn idea; when Brahms must tear it apart, to serve the needs of musical development, the separate fragments prove ugly and unwieldy. Schubert, whom Brahms had the sense to venerate, also constantly faced the problem in his symphonic movements of dealing developmentally with long, self-contained lyric ideas. Schubert's solution, which is often criticized, was not to sunder his themes, but to repeat them whole on changing harmonic levels. Granted that this is often an unsatisfactory solution, it is preferable to the excess of thinking that Brahms lavished on similar material.

Listening to the four symphonies, even in the brilliant, incisive readings last week under Solti, with his orchestral tone bright and tense so that the ear could assimilate separate strands of even the muddiest texture, I got the feeling that Brahms, more than any major composer I could name, composed these works with rulebook in hand. That has always been defined as his enigma: his attempts, clumsy more often than not, to force one kind of music (romantic, exuberant, at its worst wretchedly cloying) into another kind of format (the clear yet flexible structures of, say, the middle-period Beethoven). In much of his other instrumental music—the chamber works with piano, horn, or clarinet and strings, the last two of the three string quartets, the first of the string sextets, the sonatas for violin or cello with piano—he was at least moderately successful in these attempts. These works are created from much more malleable material; the constant pushing onward in the symphonies, which sometimes borders on hysteria (the end of the first movement of the Fourth Symphony comes to mind), is far less in evidence in these chamber works. The balance is precarious, however; Arnold Schoenberg's footloose orchestration of the G Minor Piano Quartet (a quite lovely work in its original form) becomes, quite literally and quite horrendously, another Brahms symphony.

These four symphonies constitute a dead end in music. Gustav Mahler, already at work during Brahms's last years, had found another kind of music that fitted far better into the symphonic design; even Anton Bruckner, for all the holes he neglected to fill in his large-scale works, had a skill superior to Brahms's at creating half-realized ideas that could then spin out to completion under their own momentum. Aside from the influence his piano writing exerted on some of Schoenberg's early pieces, Brahms left no followers. It was probably just as well. ■

Illustrated by Randall Enos



Brief Lives / Terry Clifford

THE OLDEST PERSON IN NEW YORK

"...Dionisia Perez, a Puerto Rican woman who came here ten years ago, is 118. She was born before Lincoln became president..."

"I was very happy as a young woman," says Dionisia Alicea Perez. "But I was even happier when I was married. There was no better man in the world than my husband. I like to remember when we were home together—and that was a long time ago."

That was, in fact, almost 100 years ago. Now 118, Dionisia Perez is, so far as anyone knows, the oldest person in New York State. She was born in Peñuelas, Puerto Rico, on January 1, 1860, more than a year before Abraham Lincoln became president. Claims of longevity are hard to substantiate—in the United States, for instance, 45 percent of all births between 1890 and 1920 went unregistered. But Dionisia's family ascertained her age by comparing her earliest memories with family and Puerto Rican history, and the result has been accepted by Governor Carey's office and the government of Puerto Rico. The city and state offices for the aging know of no one older. Dionisia remembers the revolutionary movement of the 1870s, when Puerto Rico was a slaveholding Spanish colony: Her father, a radical, had to leave home for a time until things quieted down. She is quite old enough to remember the *Maine*.

"When you're sad, sing," says Dionisia, who was named after the Greek festival of fertility and song. "Don't pay attention to what people say of you. Just leave them to God and go right on singing. Go out and dance all night."

Nowadays, Dionisia, who is blind and hard of hearing, prefers to stay in bed, "where I can sing and hum and think about all the things that have happened to me." She does not like to be removed to a wheelchair and, although she weighs only 64 pounds, can remove the restrainer the nurses tie on to keep her from slipping out.

"All my life," she continues, "I loved to sing and dance and play the *tiple* [a guitarlike instrument]. I used to tell Papa to keep the door open for me because I would go to parties all night. My brothers would have to come and get me and take me home. Sometimes I climbed out the window to go to dance. I was very mysterious," she adds with a laugh.

"I pray every day": *Dionisia Perez's explanation of her amazing longevity.*

Dionisia recently stopped playing the *tiple* at the nursing home where she lives, "because too many people came around to hear me," but she still sings—mainly Puerto Rican Christmas carols and an occasional risqué ballad. If not in the mood to sing, she can be coaxed with a cup of sweet coffee, which she has drunk all her life.

Dionisia married late; she had the first of her fourteen children, who were all born at home, when she was in her early thirties. ("I had only midwives," she says. "Never needed doctors.") Three of her children survive today. She has 60 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren, and at least 20 great-great-grandchildren. Dionisia, who speaks only her native Spanish, came to New York ten years ago, to stay with one of her sons when her eldest daughter was no longer able to take care of her. She now lives in the Concourse Nursing Home, at West 166th Street in the Bronx. In the lobby of the home is a plaque reproducing a proclamation made by Governor Carey, in which, in honor of her longevity, he declared January 4, 1976, Dionisia Perez Day. The plaque spells her name wrong.

"Please put my hat on," she says to the nurse. As the hat goes on, she kisses the big nurse who is able to lift "Mommy Perez" in and out of bed like a feather. "Someone gave me a little cap when I was young," she explains, "and I've worn one ever since.

"I almost went crazy when my husband died," she recalls. "There was a fever going around, an epidemic. It killed him and my father too, and I lost one eye. I couldn't keep any food down. Then I cured myself by eating herbs and green bananas. I was lucky." Dionisia has always been her own physician, using folk medicine her father taught her. She used to make a tonic from orange leaves and blossoms, and she drank rose water every day. And she was sustained by her faith: "I am Catholic up to my small little fingers, up to my nails," she says, holding her hands up and smiling.

As for smoking or drinking liquor, she did neither, she says, but she admits that she had an occasional fondness for *guarapo*, a Puerto Rican brew of fermented sugarcane and flowers. She did eat meat sometimes, but the foods she liked best and ate most often were cornmeal and *vianda*, a dish of boiled roots. She never had yogurt.

"I loved to pick coffee, to go by the riverside to wash clothes, to plant vegetables, and to tend the animals," Dionisia remembers. "I had three cows. When I killed a cow, I'd buy shirts and things for the whole family." Her eldest son, who visited her every day at the nursing home before he died two years ago, would tell the nurses what an excellent mother Dionisia was, how, when things were rough for the family, she would find wild roots in the fields for them to eat, how she would take her guitar to town to sing for money, how she always cooked more than they needed so she could give the rest away to neighbors. "She never had a fight in her life," he said.

"They're all very kind to me here," Dionisia says. There are, however, a few things about the nursing home she doesn't like: One is having her hair cut. "Leave it the way God gave it," she says. Sometimes she does more than protest. The day before her 116th birthday, when a doctor opened her dress to put a stethoscope on her chest, she gave his hand a good whack. "Don't you know you're supposed to ask a lady's permission before putting your hand down her dress!" she exclaimed.

In the two years since her eldest son passed away, Dionisia has become a bit more withdrawn. "Don't have anything left," she says. "The only thing I have is the peace of mind that comes from knowing I never harmed anyone in my life."

And gathering up her strength, she sits up in bed to tell the secret of her longevity. "Be good to everyone you meet, and God will bless you. Believe in God, and pray whenever you can. I prayed every day, so I deserve to live this long. When I die, I know God will take me in." ■

Photographed by Harry Lapow

BEST BETS

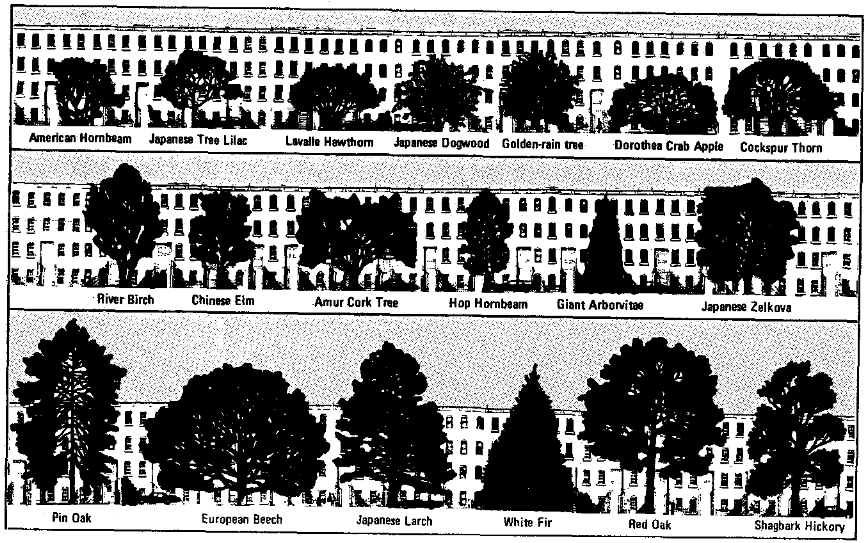
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

About Face

Judit Lontosh has just opened her own salon, where she will do facials, body massages, and waxing. For ten years, she has been our favorite virtuoso at Georgette Klinger, and so we will follow her.

JUDIT LONTOSH/*20 East 68th Street Suite 214/988-8364*


American Hornbeam
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Lavalle Hawthorn
Japanese Dogwood
Golden-rain tree
Dorothea Crab Apple
Cockspur Thorn
River Birch
Chinese Elm
Amur Cork Tree
Hop Hornbeam
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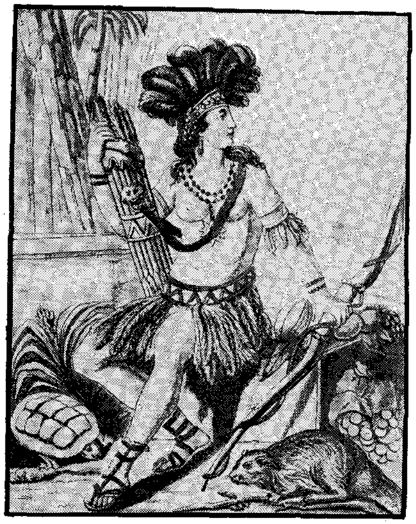
The Russian olive, thundercloud plum, hop hornbeam, Carolina silver bell, shadblow serviceberry, Turkish filbert, sweet birch, and sassafras. Just a few of the trees that can actually flourish—yea, are recommended by horticulturists at the Parks Department, at the New York, Brooklyn, and Queens botanical gardens—in our sooty city. Or so it says here, in this booklet put out by the Department of City Planning.

TREES FOR NEW YORK CITY/*New York City Department of City Planning Room 1616/2 Lafayette Street, New York, New York 10007/$2.50 ($3.50 by mail)*

House Sweet House

We all know what Fatty Arbuckle did at the St. Francis Hotel. And what he did in this apartment house, at the corner of Beverly Road and Ocean Avenue, was he lived here. So did Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. This is one stop on next Sunday's Flatbush house tour; others include the homes of Nellie Bly, George C. Tilyou, Moss Hart, Arthur Ebinger (of the blackout cake), Charles Ebbets (of the Field), and Carl Spaulding (of the Spauldeen).

VICTORIAN FLATBUSH HOME TOUR/*May 21, 1 to 5 p.m./Meet at the Flatbush-Tompkins Congregational Church, Dorchester Road and East 19th Street, Brooklyn For info: Flatbush Development Corporation/469-8990*



Federal Reserve

Much has gone on in the past few years. What has *not* gone on, however, is any performance of *The Indian Princess*, by John Bray, or *The Ethiope*, by Raynor Taylor. The last time either of these American operas played was in the early 1800s. This time, thanks to the Federal Music Society, they're playing together. The former is about Pocahontas and John Smith; the latter, about ancient Baghdad.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS *and* THE ETHIOPE/*May 18 at 8 p.m./Town Hall*

Credits: bottom left, George Hausman, Culver Pictures

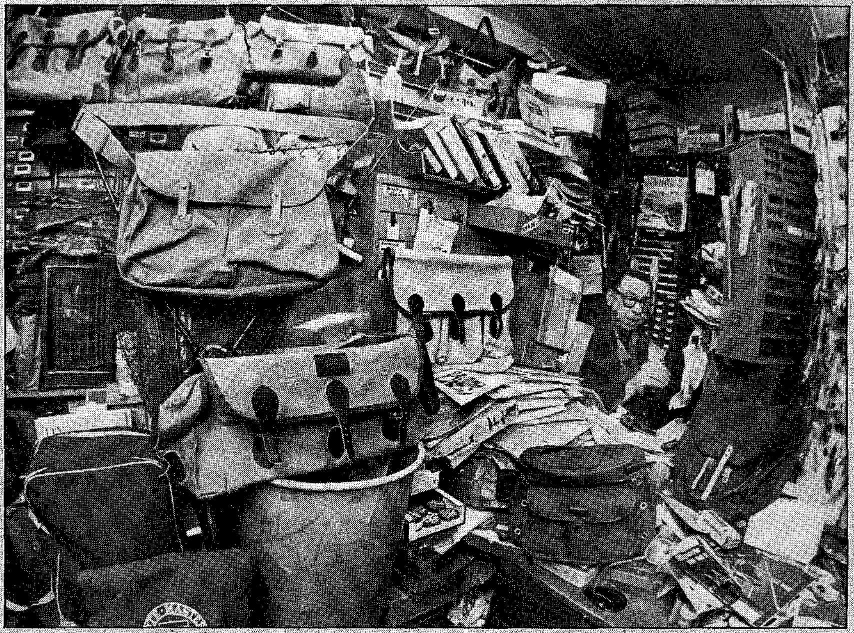
Laurels for Hardy

Jack Hardy hasn't forgotten the days when Bob Dylan was an angry, activist poet. Hardy is a singer-songwriter who backs an expressive, smoky baritone with a mellow folk-country string-band sound. Now he's put out his own album, which he hawks for $4 at the bars and taverns where he sings (something of a tradition with folk and country performers) and through the mail. His steamy images ("vasectomizing dreams," "pagan rain," and like that) may sound a little anachronistic in the decade of the New Success; they certainly don't fade coolly into the background. If you haven't gotten over Dylan either, this is just the album to listen to while reminiscing about pot parties and marches on Washington. **—John Gabree**

THE MIRROR OF MY MADNESS/*Jack Hardy/962 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021/$4*

Worst Bet

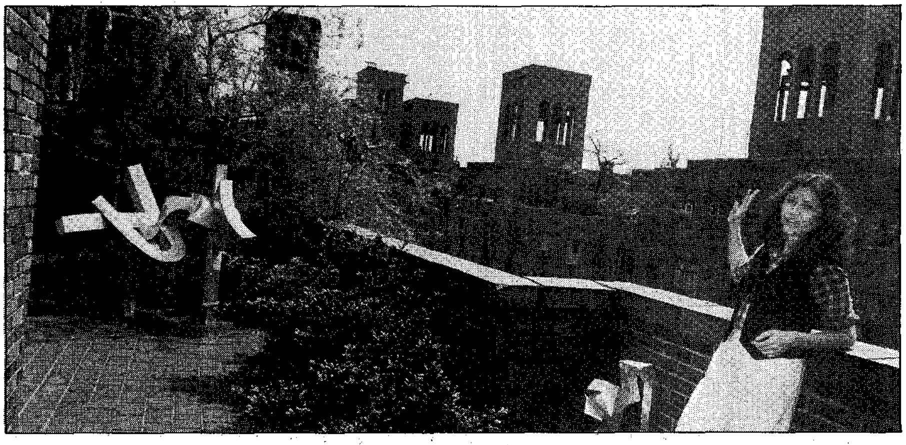
"Through the technology of ultrasound, one can now stop attacking or annoying dogs by just pushing a button," reads the pamphlet touting a seven-ounce gadget called the Dog Chaser. While Fido retreats, presumably in ultrasonic pain, man is free to carry on his business. It's one thing, of course, if his business is delivering mail or riding a bike . . . and another if he's a robber or rapist.



In the Swim

"We outfit anybody for fishing anywhere in the world," says crusty Jim Geren (above), hidden behind the rubble of rods and reels, leaders and nets, wading staffs and waistcoats, books, hooks, baskets, and boots that compose part of his stock at the Angler's Roost. The rest of the stock is flies: hundreds and hundreds of patterns. Geren's Roost began as an evening mail-order business when, by day, he was the fishing-tackle buyer for Kirtland Brothers. That was in the thirties. Now it's a full-time job and, Geren says, "a clearinghouse for all problems. It takes a hell of a lot of training for an operation like this. You can't go to a department store to find out what you need. We find out where you're going and we know precisely what you should have. Australia, South Africa, the back hills of India or Norway or Ireland . . . we'll fit you precisely. The insect life is perennial. We know what is happening on any river without going there. You can almost set your bloody watch by them." Geren has fished all his life; his first experience was with a trout "somewhere in the hills of Pennsylvania." Today, he and his wife (who also fishes) travel by camper to the Catskills and the Adirondacks for their trout and bass. Fishing is, for him, very special. "First of all," he explains poetically, "it's environment. It's an outdoor cathedral. It combines the call of the wild with a respect for a great creator with a touch of the forest primeval." Once the fish is caught, he throws it back. "If I want to eat fish, I buy a fillet of cod at the supermarket. I'd rather see them in the goddamn river than on a plate."

THE ANGLER'S ROOST/*141 East 44th Street/Room 301/OX 7-8894*



Has Anybody Seen My Gallery?

"I want goats, or rabbits," says Sarah Rentschler (left), who has, anyway, a stable of artists. Her penthouse gallery is alive with tulips, daffodils, forsythia, lilacs, and grapes on the outside—and, inside, the multi-dimensional paintings of Augustus Goertz. Coming May 23: Bill Barrett's aluminum sculpture and drawings of swans by Bill Sullivan.

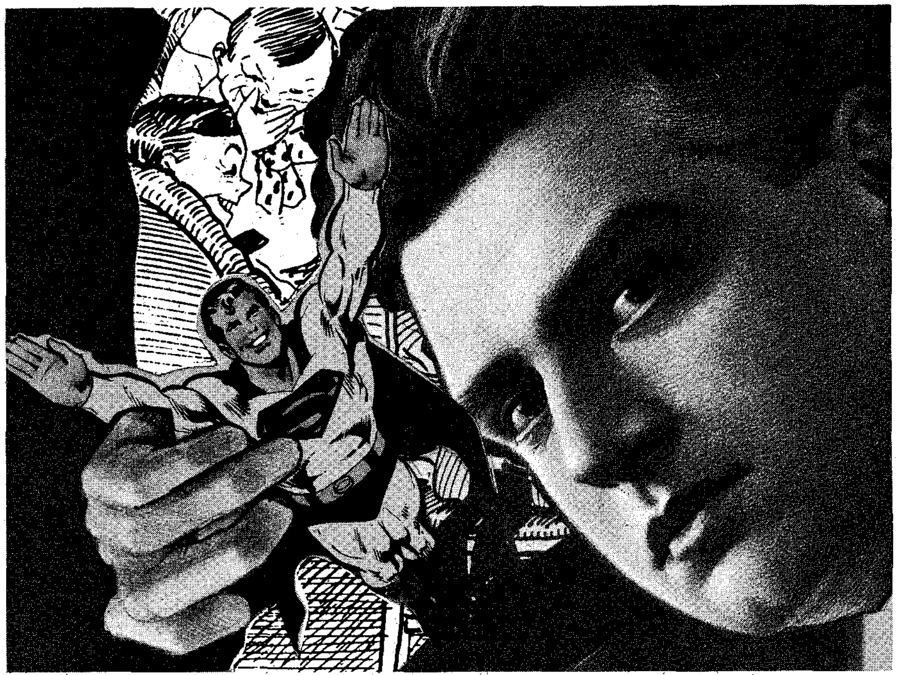
SARAH Y. RENTSCHLER/*450 West 24th Street/929-0192/Open Wednesdays and Saturdays noon to 6 p.m., and by appointment*

Credits: Top right, Edahl; bottom, Jill Hartley

Movies / Molly Haskell

KID STUFF

"...If the truth about the retarded is too agonizing a subject for serious treatment on film, why, then, did *Nunzio* take it on?..."



Illustrated by Carol Wald

Movies about mental defectives usually have about as much appeal as day-old jelly doughnuts, but **Nunzio,** the lumpy retardate of the movie that bears his name, is a prince of idiots. As played by David Proval in the Paul Williams film, there is little to distinguish this child-man from the other monosyllabic Italians in his Brooklyn working-class neighborhood—except he is nicer. Some years ago, in a film called *Light in the Piazza,* Yvette Mimieux played a retarded American girl who had quite a social success in Italy, and the effect of Nunzio's deficiencies is much the same: Who's to know?

The screenplay—by James Andronica, who conceived the project and co-stars as Nunzio's tough, loving brother—plays against the more dreaded and lugubrious clichés of the genre. We are not asked to cringe over the unending cruelties that an insensitive world inflicts on its defectives, and Nunzio himself moves in a state of perpetual grace, never dropping the groceries he is entrusted to deliver, while his brother runs interference with the rowdies who hassle him. Even Nunzio's initiation into sex, at the hands of the neighborhood tart, is handled with dignity and delicacy—in a scene that has unfortunately been eliminated to secure a PG rating.

The move for a PG, underlining the sentimental drift of the film, is a tip-off. By taking out the adult interlude and leaving in the comic-strip ending in which Nunzio, fantasizing himself as a rooftop Superman, performs a heroic flying rescue, the film gives its answer to the question plaguing producers these days: Do we go for realism and the adult audience or for inspiration and the kids?

No doubt the truth about the retarded—their disruptive influence on their families and their problematic future—is too agonizing a subject for serious treatment on film. Why, then, take it on at all, and then turn it into an inspirational cartoon? Williams's sense of milieu and some of the acting in *Nunzio* have a gritty poetry. An unexpected note of irony creeps into Morgana King's lovely, understated performance as the mother, and Andronica is touching as the brother who tyrannizes with love until the teddy bear strikes back. Almost worth the price of admission is the scene around the dinner table when Nunzio announces his intention of marrying and the family reacts with mingled amusement, admiration, and loving counsel. But even here the pathos is undercut by Nunzio's superiority to his fate.

With **The End,** which he both stars in and directs, Burt Reynolds asks to be taken as something more than a Sunbelt Cary Grant. (For me, that's quite enough.) Maybe a Mel Brooks or a Woody Allen. For an actor who is not only a graceful, comically sharp leading man but a proven wit and *improvisateur* on talk shows, the move from actor to comedian-*auteur* must have seemed a natural step. It was a misstep—in this gallows comedy about a dying man the black humor is often muddy brown—but it only proves that Reynolds is a better sit-down comedian than a stand-up one and is least effective as a whirling dervish of farce.

Reynolds's chief asset as a leading man is a relaxed, attentive quality, a quiet confidence that makes him intensely enjoyable company, as pal or lover. He's ready to play the game, whatever the rules. But the natural finesse that graces his dumb-guy and redneck roles deserts him as a director and a performer under his own direction.

He has chosen a high-risk theme, and the strain shows. The antics of a man with a fatal disease, trying to beat the grim reaper to the draw, are never more than a hairbreath away from bad taste . . . and sometimes less. Brooks or Allen would have gotten away with it by directing the humor against themselves, turning into human insects that the afterlife might think twice about claiming for its own. By casting himself against type, as an unlikable liar and libertine, Reynolds seems to be trying for this sort of effect, but he succeeds only in subverting his own charm, without being funny.

There is, potentially, a satirical portrait in the character of Sonny, a slick, self-pitying West Coast schmuck who once brought two whores home to meet his wife (Joanne Woodward); who berates his mistress (Sally Field) for not reaching orgasm—or at least lying about it; whose determination to be stoical and sparing of his loved ones

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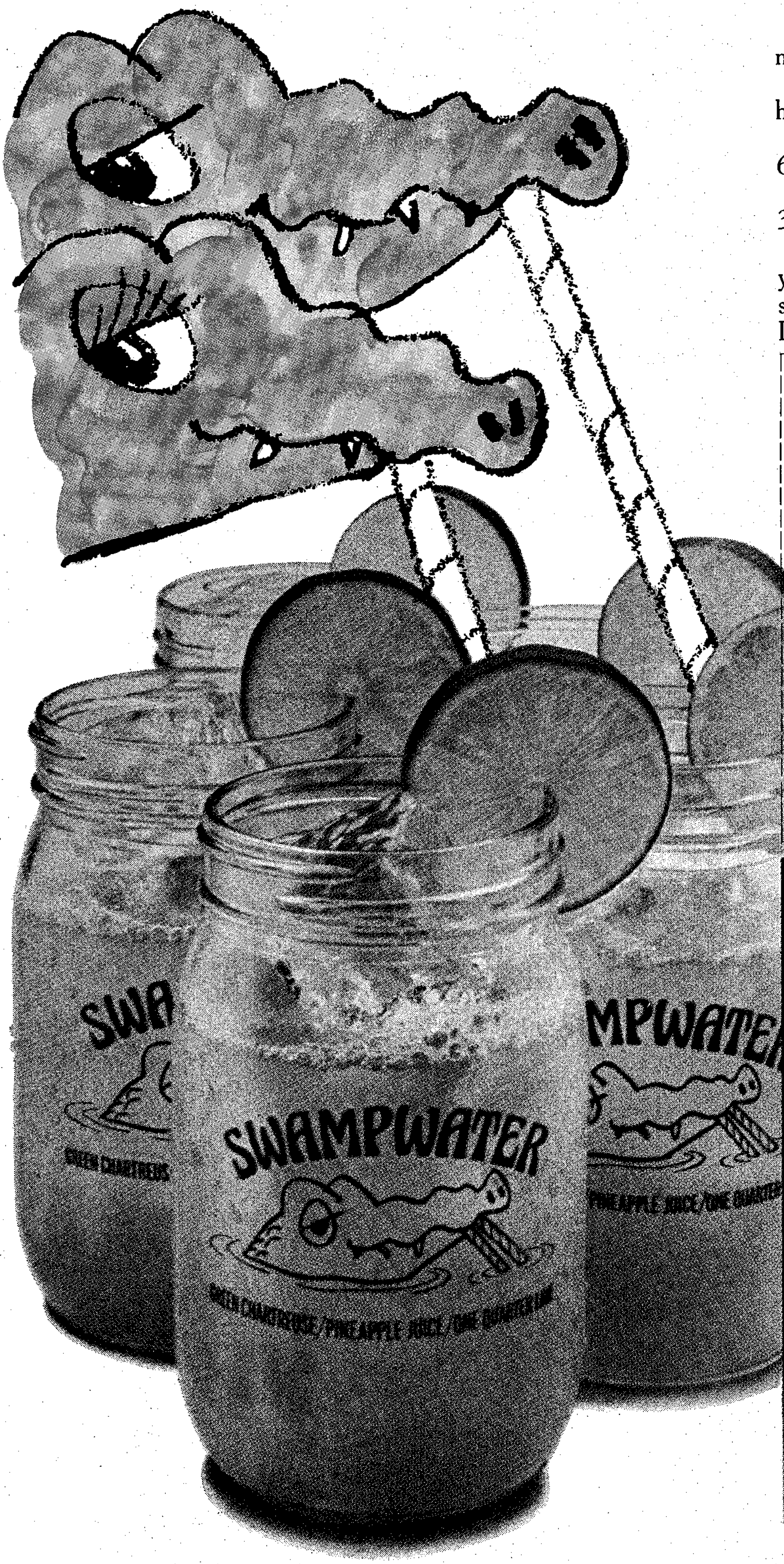
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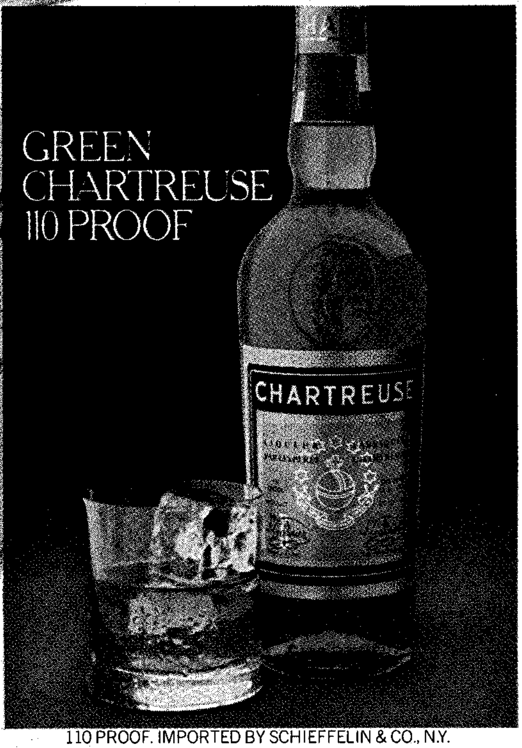
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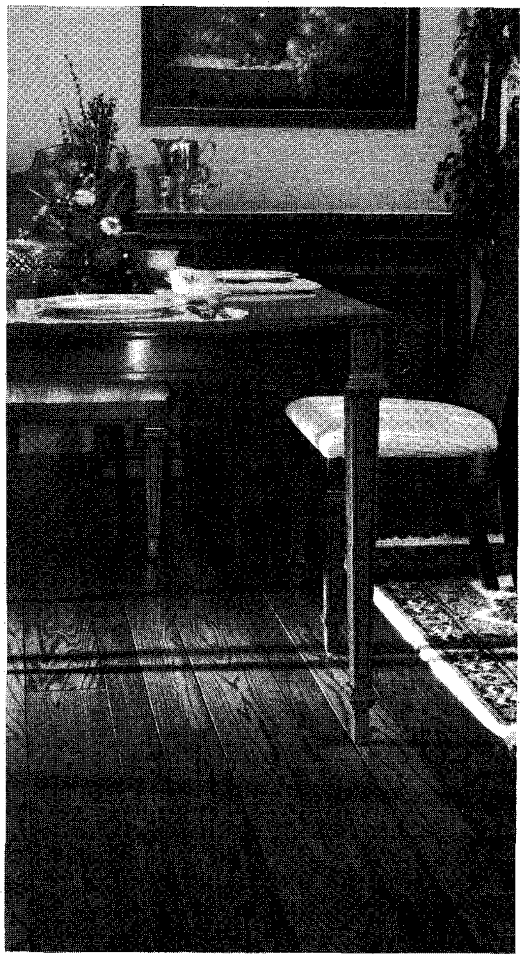

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breaks down at the first opportunity . . . and the second . . . and the third. But Sonny is neither a caricature nor quite a character.

There's a sort of perverse generosity in his madness in that he ends up throwing the best scenes to the supporting actors: Robby Benson as a young priest, doing a parody of his usual mushy hypersensitive kid; and Dom DeLuise, funnier than he has ever been, as a self-hating, self-abusing Polish joke whose two perfectly distinct personalities engage in fierce verbal duels.

The End is an ambitious comedy, not only in its subject matter, but in the attempt by Reynolds and scriptwriter Jerry Belson to create something more than a series of sketches. Belson's mistake is to have come close to telling a story and pulled back, leaving huge transitional gaps and failing to amplify the noncomic characters like Woodward and Field.

As a director, Reynolds hasn't found a way of expressing that subtle sense of the ridiculous he effortlessly conveys as an actor. *The End* will probably be dismissed as pretentious by critics who can't visualize Reynolds at the helm of any vehicle larger than a moonshiner's car. But if one were to keep an honest count, the ratio of winning gags to losers is roughly what it is in a Brooks or Allen film. The difference is that the gaffes, the gratuitous obscenities, *loom* larger, often overshadowing or negating the successes instead of being shielded by them—and in that difference lies the essence of comedy.

The cat is a cop played by Serge Reggiani. The mouse is a *châtelaine* played by Michele Morgan. And the ball of twine—the mysterious death of Morgan's husband (Jean-Pierre Aumont)—is but a pretext for the duet played with velvet paws by those two demigods of the French cinema.

The flavor of **Cat and Mouse,** Claude Lelouch's facetious mock thriller, resides entirely in what are normally thought of as incidental scenes—meals, asides, family jokes, games of accommodation and intimidation up and down the social ladder, a running gag about a police dog, and a speeding survey of Paris *et environs* by car, motorcycle, and motorboat—while the pursuit of justice is given but scant importance. This is appropriate to the standing of law and order these days, but it leaves a hole where The Quest used to be.

Though much time is taken up in solving the crime, Reggiani admits he is less interested in apprehending the criminal—particularly if he/she should prove to be the rich and desirable

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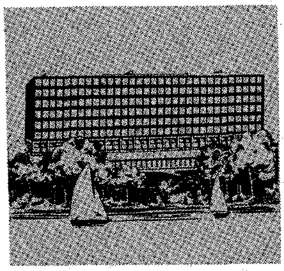

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Michele Morgan—than in satisfying his professional curiosity. This debonair but decadent corruption of the work ethic also plays havoc with the gumshoe code that the truth has to be exposed, even if it means losing the girl. It is an ill-kept secret that thriller plots are always excuses for riffs between stars, but the other secret is that they have to be played sober and for keeps. The "incidentals" are like frosting: the best part of the cake but unthinkable without it.

Cat and Mouse is all frosting, but Lelouch is an able confectioner, and Reggiani and Morgan offer sufficiently contrasting textures so that the taste never grows monotonous. Morgan is still the raving beauty I associate with my first memories of French cinema. Even in black and white she was in color, her glacier-blue eyes and ash-blond hair making slaves of such idols as Gérard Philipe and Jean Gabin. She seemed to me then the most perfect woman in the world. She still seems so, but I think less of perfection now. Not only has the porcelain princess not changed, she seems hardly to have changed position. As she sits in half profile, with that proudly arched back, she looks more like the cat that swallowed the mouse than the mouse that got swallowed. But Reggiani, if I followed the twists and turns of the plot correctly, is no mouse either. Don't be fooled by his rumpled, Maigret-style personality and Columbo-humble origins . . . or his cavalier attitude toward the murder. He is pantingly eager to nail the larcenists—and restore to Morgan every valuable franc and painting that is rightfully hers . . . and potentially his. Is it possible that Lelouch's patisserie is not as sweet as it seems? Do I detect a soupçon of avarice in the icing?

I ran out of space last week before I could pay proper homage to a most mouth-watering revival, the Metropolitan Museum/Cinematheque's **Lubitsch** series. There's still time to catch the last four: *The Shop Around the Corner*, with James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan; *Design for Living*, with Fredric March, Gary Cooper, and Miriam Hopkins; *To Be or Not to Be*, with Carole Lombard and Jack Benny; and *Trouble in Paradise*, with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall—four of the great comedies of all time. Beneath the effervescent moods and exquisite timing of these delicately balanced comedies is a playful, subversive awareness that the needs of men and women extend far beyond the roles provided for them in a puritan society. ■

The Urban Strategist/Janet Spencer King

COOLS RUSH IN

"... Professional air-conditioner maintenance costs no more than a night on the town, and without it you are risking the unit..."

Air conditioning is, I suppose, a luxury. But on a stagnant summer day, as far as I am concerned, it ranks right up there with food and water. It only makes sense that air conditioning be the best it can be, and, happily, the effort it takes is very small indeed.

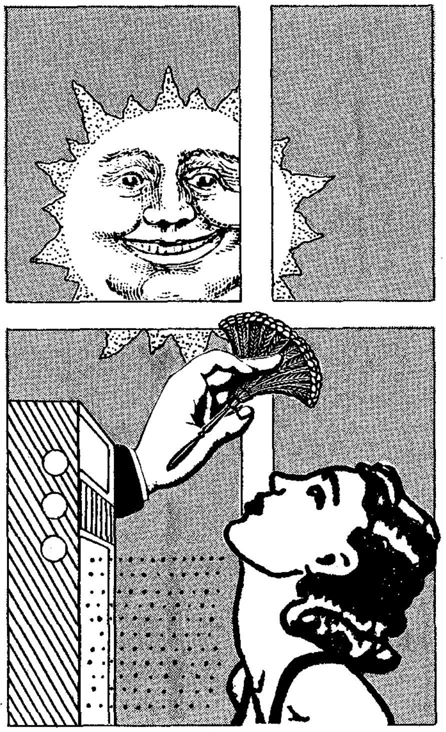
Tenants in centrally cooled buildings are linked to a system which is the landlord's concern. Tenants with individual wall or window units, however, have to take it on themselves to be sure their system keeps its cool all summer. It's hardly news that New York City air is dirty (hearsay in the air-conditioning world is that East 86th Street has about the dirtiest air of all), but apparently pollution is harder on our air conditioners than it is on us. To keep amperage low and cooling high, all city units, including new ones, should be professionally cleaned once a year, and a biweekly do-it-yourself upkeep regimen is in order for the rest of the season. Professional care costs no more than a moderate night on the town, even if you own several units. Without it, you are risking a more extensive—and expensive—procedure, and ultimately the unit itself.

Annual cleaning is offered by numerous shops around town and it is referred to, appropriately enough, as "spring cleaning." Servicemen come to your apartment to vacuum or brush the unit, change the filter, oil its moving parts if necessary, and check for any other possible damage or problems. Your at-home task thereafter is to remove the front grill, vacuum or rinse the filter (or change it if it is the throwaway type), and then to vacuum the rest of the unit. That's it.

If you have already let your units go for too many years, perhaps four or five, or if they have back coils which are impossible to reach, they may be slated for a steam, or "pressure," cleaning. This must be done in the shop. The units are removed from their jackets and carted off for a thorough going-over. The job should only take a few days, but, while prices vary, you can assume the cost will be at least three times that of spring cleaning.

Occasionally, units need repairs that no amount of cleaning will mend—typically, it might be Freon leakage, which leaves the machine whirring but not cooling. The servicemen who come to clean should give you the diagnosis; most shops that service also repair. Yes, it is costly unless you are on a warranty, but it is still cheaper than buying a new machine, which is likely to cost between $300 and $900.

The list which follows describes about a dozen representative shops' prices and policies. By no means should you assume these are the only services; there are several dozen or more listed in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning—Room Units." Any shop you select can be tested for reliability by finding out if it is authorized by a major manufacturer; again, this information is often given in the Yellow Pages, or you might call the maker of your brand for a reference. A second test is if the shop quotes rates in line with the current market. Naturally, look for a good price, but be wary of rumored disreputable practices; reportedly, a few services offer bait of extremely cheap cleaning, come to your apartment, diagnose expensive repair work, remove and then bring the unit back—untouched—for a large fee.



All shops are about to begin their peak season (usually, June 1 through September 1, beginning or ending sooner or later depending on the vicissitudes of the weather), which can mean, when real heat settles in, that you might have to wait a week or more for service. Do yourself a favor by calling now. Many shops also rent units on a seasonal basis (mostly for standard double-hung, up-and-down-closing windows), and a few sell refurbished used ones. Here, too, if you plan to get either you should move quickly.

A word about emergencies: If your unit slumps the day of your dinner party, it is no doubt a bona fide emergency to you. To the shops, it's not. Unless there are medical reasons demanding cool air, you will probably have to wait in line.

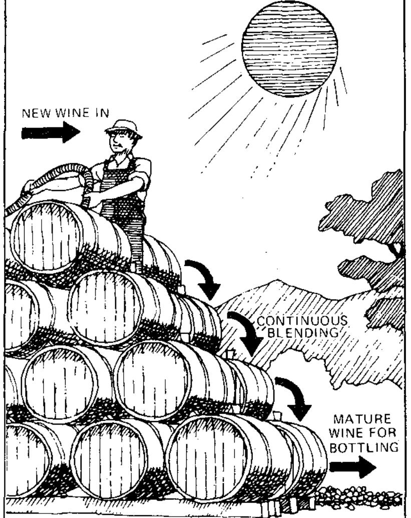
Aetna Air Conditioning Corporation (207 West 28th Street, 877-5380; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.) services Manhattan from the Battery to 100th Street. Its minimum charge for spring cleaning is $19.95 per unit, with reductions for each additional unit. Steam cleaning ranges from $65 to $95, depending on whether your air conditioner is located at the top or the bottom of the window, its size, and other variables. Aetna also rents and sells reconditioned used air conditioners.

Serving Manhattan north to 96th Street and all parts of Queens, **Airflow Refrigeration, Inc.** (33-12 36th Avenue, Long Island City, EM 1-0300; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and Saturdays during peak months), likes to encourage early cleaning. It is too late this year, but note for next summer that Airflow offers approximately 25 percent off summer prices for appointments before May 15. Now you will pay $22 per unit for cleaning. No rentals are available, but there are a few used units for sale.

Spring cleaning from **Astro Air Conditioning Corporation** (529 West 35th Street, 279-7753; open Monday through Friday 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.) costs $20, minimum, but the price drops to $12.50

Illustrated by Leavenworth Jackson

The Essence Of Solera



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each for two units, and to $10 each for three or more. The steam-cleaning minimum is $45 for bottom units, $60 for top. Astro serves Manhattan and rents units for a three-month minimum.

Elgot Sales & Services (859 Madison Avenue, at 71st Street, 361-2070; open Monday through Friday 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; open Saturdays in May and June) offers next-day cleaning service in Manhattan except during peak season, when you should plan on a few days' wait. Spring cleaning costs $20.95 per unit and decreases to $18.50 for four units or more. Steam cleaning takes four to five working days and starts at $95. Rentals are available.

Hale Andrews (1132 First Avenue, between 62nd and 63rd streets, 838-2508; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.) cleans units mostly in the area of the Forties to the Eighties, but will go anyplace in Manhattan. Minimum charge for spring cleaning is $18.95, and the price is reduced for additional units. Steam cleaning starts at $75.

You can get spring cleaning from **Schwarz & Son** (service shop located at 528 East 119th Street, 557-5474; open Monday through Friday "early morning until we finish") for $21 per unit, or, for four or more, at $18.50 each. This shop serves all parts of Manhattan and charges an average of $125 for steam cleaning. Rentals are available—call 557-5470 if you are interested.

Servicemen from **Shearn's** (1434 Lexington Avenue, near 93rd Street, 369-4444; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., Saturdays 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.) work anywhere in Manhattan and will also go to parts of Queens and the Bronx. Spring cleaning costs 18.95 for up to two units; after that, take 10 percent off. Steam cleaning starts at $85 for a bottom unit. Both used machines and rentals are available.

Sinrod Service Company (1876 Jerome Avenue, Bronx, 583-5456; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturdays 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.) serves New Jersey's Bergen and Hudson counties as well as all of New York except Queens. Spring cleaning starts at $19.95 for one unit; thereafter it is $10 per unit. Sinrod has no used equipment or rentals. Steam cleaning (average: $77) and repairs are available.

West Side (509 Amsterdam Avenue, near 84th Street, 877-4500; open Monday through Friday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.) serves the East Side too. Plan on $19.95 for spring cleaning each bottom unit and $24.95 each if units are at the top. Steam cleaning is also done, with the price dependent on the amount of work to be done. No used equipment for sale here; rentals are available. ▬

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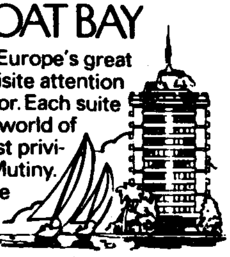

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RIDDLES AND REVELRY

"...What *Don Quixote* does most of all for the American Ballet Theater is to offer a major challenge to the company as a whole..."

For his final curtain at the American Ballet Theater, Mikhail Baryshnikov has given the company another great gift: a big, colorful restaging of the Russian classic *Don Quixote.* Baryshnikov's vitality and theatrical intelligence, his commitment to the ensemble, to style, and to dancing are apparent in every scene of *Don Q;* in a sense it's a document of a dance sensibility severely at odds with ABT's. I'm not going to speculate about Baryshnikov's future. I can only say I'm overjoyed by his decision to join the New York City Ballet, and touched by the courage and seriousness with which he makes this move.

ABT's first new ballet of the season, *Sphinx* by Glen Tetley, is right up the company's alley: a pretext for the maximum display of bodies, or, the star as sex symbol. According to the synopsis printed in the program, the Sphinx (Martine van Hamel) falls in love with Oedipus (Clark Tippet) and gives him the answer to her riddle so he can escape the death that awaits all trespassers. To pay for her lapse, she becomes once more a half-woman, half-lion deity, in the care of Anubis (Kirk Peterson), the god of the dead. It looked like any old eternal triangle to me.

Tetley's movement style is expressive only in the largest sense. It's Martha Graham movement turned inside out—her inward-pulling, convoluted shapes unwound and flung out. Where Graham seemed to draw the space closer around her and into her, Tetley dancers throw their agony into space; their bodies are most taut when they're most extended, the gesture closes only in order to open again.

When van Hamel does this, it seems as if every inch of skin and sinew luxuriates in the possession of more space. When the dancers travel, particularly in Peterson's whirling, jagged leaps of jealousy, they break into the open like cooped-up things let out of cages.

Tetley's dance flows in waves and spasms, passing through degrees of tension, like a child having a tantrum. The phrase almost always ends in a tightly held period, or relaxes its grip just enough to hurl itself into another paroxysm. Tetley doesn't conceive of phrasing with any detours or squiggly elaboration, his time never gets jittery or suspended. So the emotions and interactions don't have any detail, don't tell individual histories, only grand, generalized ones.

Wedding scene: *Baryshnikov dances with Gelsey Kirkland in* Don Quixote.

In the vast area dominated by Rouben Ter-Arutunian's silver deco winged platform there's lots of air around the three dancers, more than in most Tetley ballets. Actions are clear, declamatory, as if the characters are telling us something across great voids of antiquity. For once, the impersonality of his movement seems appropriate.

We don't often come across subtle differentiations in ABT ballet, big or small. Yet *Don Quixote* is loaded with this kind of richness and texture. I don't know how much of this restaging comes from Baryshnikov's imagination and which steps were invented by the nineteenth-century Russian ballet master Marius Petipa or were added in a later, more "realistic" version by Alexander Gorsky.

Baryshnikov does seem to have worked toward a pared-down production, reducing what started out as a sprawling, five-act plot to a structure of some lucidity, or at least putting the plot discreetly onto the sidelines where it can't do much harm. The story now concerns itself only with what motivates and draws together the characters, a streamlining process that has been employed in different ways both by Soviet choreographers and by Baryshnikov's new mentor, George Balanchine.

For all its period trappings—the picture-book sets and costumes by Santo Loquasto, the supers busy with the wine casks in the background, the operatic contrivances of plot and character—this *Don Q* has a modern feeling. It's almost all dancing, ensemble numbers interlaced with solos and duets and none of them long enough to pall. What little acting business and mime are necessary to produce the diaphanous plot seem to be incorporated right into the dancing or alongside it, so that you never have the feeling of the whole ballet's screeching to a halt, changing gears, and trundling on again. There are no long meditations or descriptive passages; the ballet is all festivities.

Yet the mood and pace do modulate several times, quite gracefully, from the first-act village square, in which the main characters are introduced, to the gypsy camp at night, where the lovers Basil and Kitri rendezvous. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza follow them there, and the Don fantasizes a formal corps de ballet, including Kitri-Dulcinea as his vision of classically pure womanhood. After this elegiacally calm moment, the ballet revs up again, through a confrontation of all the rivals in a cantina, and a comic resolution of the lovers' difficulties, to their wedding in the last act.

Unlike other big classical ballets, *Don Quixote* doesn't bounce from one improbable setting to another, or expect you to believe the characters are totally transformed whether or not the dancers are clever enough to transform themselves. Instead there are lots of bit characters who all seem to know each other. Two male friends dance with the rich fop Gamache, Basil's rival; while the friends soar and zoom around the space, Gamache tries to do the same steps but trips fussily, his limbs and torso curled in ornate distortions of their straightforward line. Three couples, including Basil, Ga-

Photographed by Martha Swope

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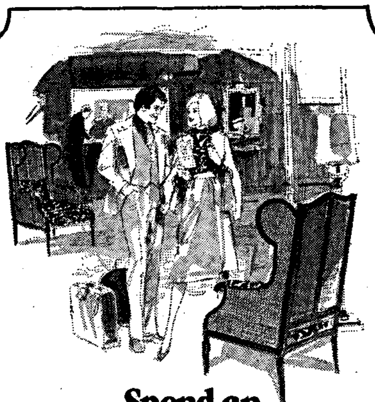

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mache, and the Don, do a mock minuet, each person with his own style and comment. Basil dances a fiery scarf dance with two gypsies.

The ballet has many other unifying devices. The steps are mostly Spanish in flavor, though there's less imitation José Greco than you might expect. Rather, the classical ballet idiom is used selectively, and with modifications, to exploit arching backs, strong legs, and arms curving elegantly overhead.

Motifs and floor patterns echo familiarly throughout the ballet. Kitri and Basil address each other at the beginnings of their biggest duets from opposite ends of the same diagonal; a kiss is stolen behind a fan in Act I, behind a guitar in Act II; a matador catches his partner with his cape in a spinning back fall, Kitri falls back into Basil's arms; each of the three acts ends in a swirl of celebration.

Some things in the ballet don't work for me—doing most of the second act behind a scrim, for instance—but I think it's an amazing achievement and a great advance over Baryshnikov's lean staging of *The Nutcracker* last year. What *Don Quixote* does most of all for Ballet Theater is to offer a major challenge to the company as a whole. Soloists who particularly impressed me in the two performances I saw included Warren Conover in the mime role of Sancho Panza, Kristine Elliott as Amour in the classical divertissement, and Victor Barbee as Gamache.

Baryshnikov's performance as Basil was extraordinary. Never mind trying to imagine his dancing, but his building of the character as a good-natured but slightly adolescent jokester who fakes an elaborate suicide to trick Kitri's father into allowing a posthumous marriage ought to be a lesson for all dancers and actors.

Gelsey Kirkland danced exceptionally well with him, but though she, too, conceives her roles seriously, and I could tell she had some good ideas about Kitri, a lot of the time she mugged like a second-rate flamenco dancer. Cynthia Gregory pulled the role out of her collection of stock scenes labeled "Spanish" and "flirt," or maybe "temperamental flirt." Playing exclusively to the audience, she rendered her Basil, John Meehan, almost invisible.

The difference between Baryshnikov and other publicity-besotted ABT stars is that his acting is as real as his dancing, and together they constitute a fiction of the highest order. That he has transferred this approach to a whole ballet strikes me as miraculous. ■

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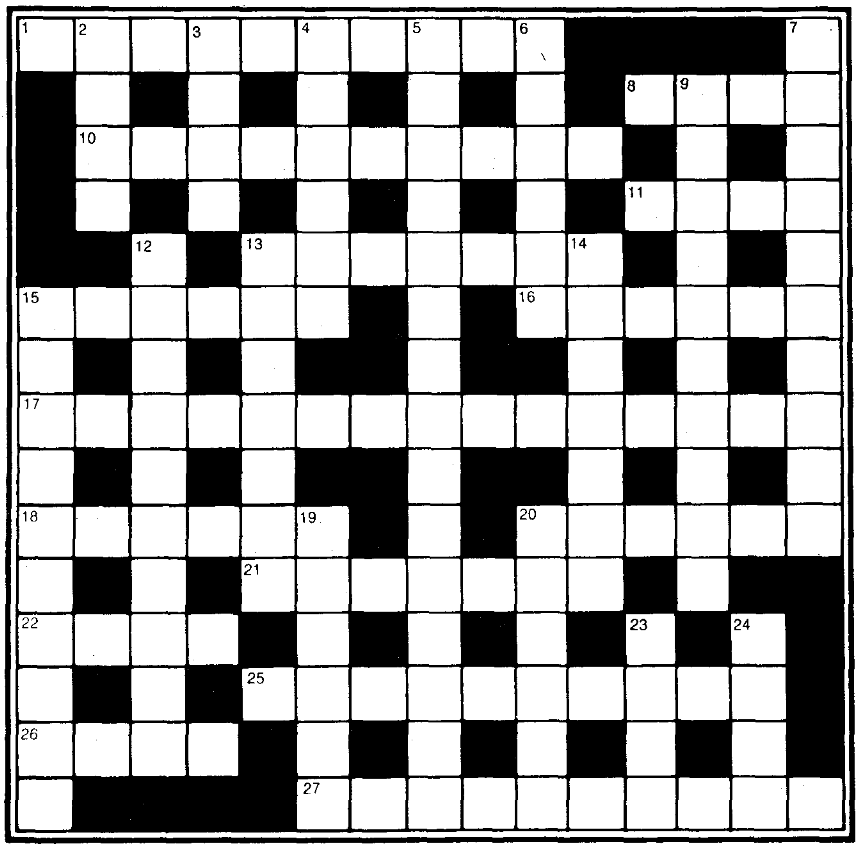

Clues

ACROSS

1 She might well be doing a bunk during her turn of duty! (10)

8 Chief among the miracles. (4)

10 Visits with rings? (5, 1, 4)

11 Cast amorous glances, love—and end up with a broken leg. (4)

13 First, have a stiffly formal kind of tea. (7)

15 Point to a foreign article of clothing that will keep you in the shade. (3-3)

16 Make a mistake and write the message. (6)

17 Exclamation appealing to the virtuous? (3, 8, 4)

18 Occasional unfinished call to USA perhaps. (6)

20 Cases of speeds beyond one hundred. (6)

21 Unusual phrases for heavenly beings. (7)

22 Kept at arm's-length? (4)

25 Against bad dope article down under. (10)

26 Compositions suitable for *The Beggars Opera*? (4) . . .

27 . . . and young characters from it? (6, 4)

DOWN

2 It might be grave to the doctor. (4)

3 Watch the track. (4)

4 Have recourse to a popular spot. (6)

5 Once passing on papal penalty. (15)

6 Specifically returning the instrument with a greeting. (6)

7 Signal to go and get your clothes on—a particular kind of clothing too. (5, 5)

9 Very considerable concession by John. (5, 5)

12 Taking off international wound covering. (10)

13 Pa's a dog in these places! (7)

14 Destroyers err perhaps going to stormy seas. (7)

15 Sweet recipe for a quiet resort. (4, 6)

19 One who inclines to lose weight? (6)

20 Apparently eats with pick! (6)

23 Simple, perhaps, for Bert? (4)

24 Just pointless to use nylon? (4)

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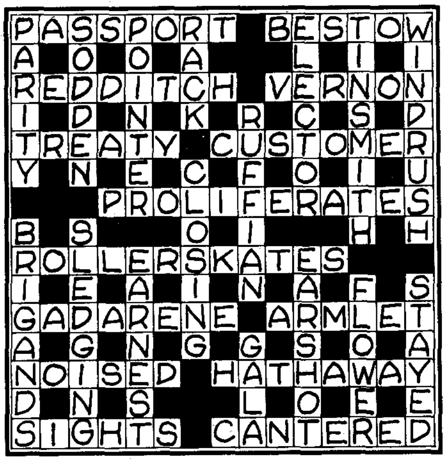
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



P	A	S	S	P	O	R	T	■	B	E	S	T	O	W
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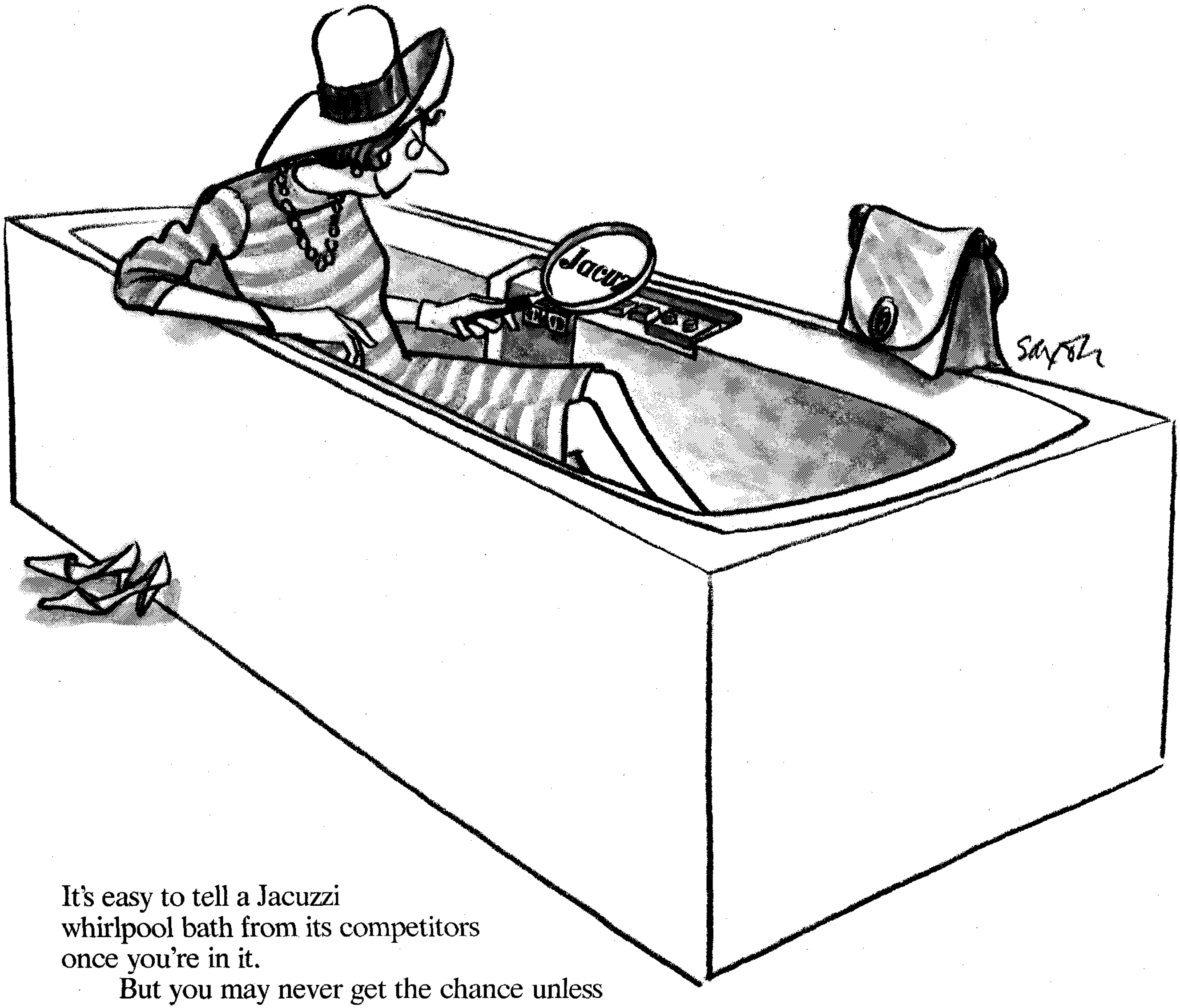

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BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Below wholesale—This manufacturer of better garments for top designers has to clear away all his spring outfits to start cutting for the winter, and handsome suits, coats, and separates are going now at below wholesale. All skirt suits are pure wool, with labels intact, and include single- and double-breasted blazers, short jackets, one-button jackets, and pleated or dirndl skirts, up to $300 retail, $119 and $129 here. Separates by the same designers include all-wool pants with the new straight legs, some with pleated tops, now all $25; and lovely wool skirts are $120 retail, $45 here. Pea jackets in all-wool melton—black, camel, beige, wine, brown—$150 retail, $59 here; designer raincoats, including unlined and lined poplins and Qiana, now $49–$79. Hand-finished all-wool winter coats in a variety of styles and colors are now $129–$169, and poly-crepe designer shirts and blouses are $20–$30 here. Sizes range from 6 to 14, to 16 for coats. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Better Made Coat and Suit Co., 270 West 38th St. (LO 4-1798); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–4 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–3 p.m.; through 6/5; open Memorial Day.*

Plastic—Here are Lucite items at discounted prices. Cosmetic organizers which fit into medicine chests, $2.97; silverware caddies with napkin holders, $8.99; 6 by 18-in. shelves with lip, two brackets, $4.99; 12 by 16-in. scratch-resistant cutting boards, $2.97; cookbook holders, $3.99; combination salt-shaker and pepper grinders, $2.47; V-shaped magazine racks, $9.98; those ubiquitous plastic-box picture frames (16 by 20 in., $7.50; 18 by 24 in., $11.50); and many more items. Checks accepted with driver's license for purchases over $10; no credit cards. *Perplexity Lucite Discount Center, 237 East 53rd St. (688-3571); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; closed Sun. during July and August.*

High fashion—This young woman imports couturier fashions from Italy and sells them out of her apartment. The clothes are beautifully designed and made, the fabrics are all natural, and the size range is 6–14. Presently being sold are spring and summer clothes, and the prices are at least 30 percent below those of similar imports around town. Examples: two-piece skirt set in ivory silk jacquard with pleated skirt, $220; silk-and-cotton sleeveless knit dress, $100; linen-and-cotton smocked big top in cream, with a 100-percent-cotton coffee-colored dirndl skirt, $140; silk crepe de Chine long dress, $270; black silk skirt and jacket with yellow silk jacquard blouse, $270; navy-and-white cotton sundress, $82.50, matching hat, $10; thin wool-gabardine pants, $90; and more. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Susan Snyder, Le Trunk Collection, 340 East 57th St., Apt. 8C (688-7891); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. and evenings by appointment; through 6/15.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Used cars—Every year, Hertz, the car-rental service, sells off its late-model used cars. Each car was purchased new, and Hertz provides a complete damage-repair record and a twelve-month or 12,000-mile (whichever comes first) warranty on the drive train. For summer renters, there is this special offer: Each rental agreement from Hertz, up to a total of ten in the same name, is worth $25 toward the purchase of a Hertz used car—maximum discount $250. (This offer ends 10/1.) Purchaser must arrange financing. Here are a few examples of prices (current as of mid-May). The 1977 cars: Ford Pinto hatchback, $2,995; two- and four-door Granada sedans, $3,795; Ford LTD, $3,995; two-door Thunderbird, $4,995; Mercury Cougar XR-7, $4,150; etc. A limited number of 1978 models available: Ford Fairmont, two- and four-doors, $4,595; Mercury Zephyr, two- and four-doors, $4,645. You can test-drive them at the Hertz sales locations in Roslyn, Baldwin, and Huntington, L.I., and North Plainfield, N.J., or call (in Manhattan) 895-5585 or (800) 654-3131.

Consumer Aware

Free blood-pressure checkup—In recognition of National High Blood Pressure Month, WABC-TV's *Eyewitness News* is sponsoring its third annual free Blood Pressure Screening Center, to be located under a tent in Central Park at 60th St. and Fifth Ave., beginning Monday, May 15, and ending Friday, May 19, 9:30 A.M.–5:30 P.M. ■

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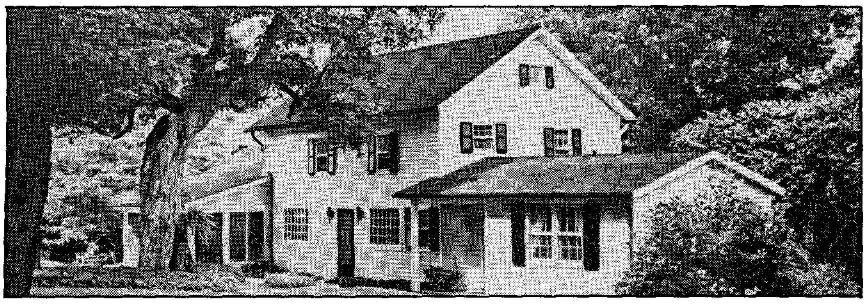

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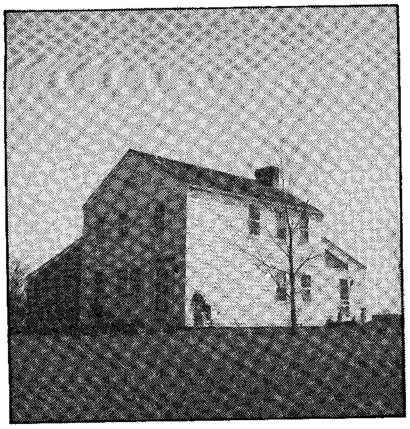

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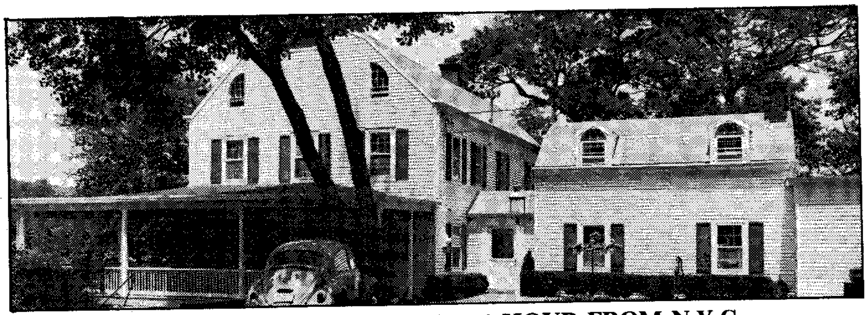

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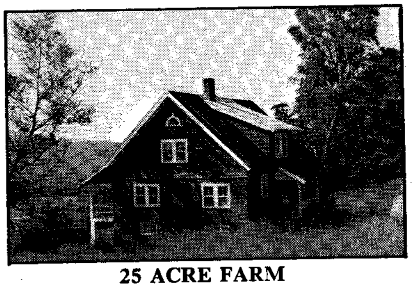

25 ACRE FARM

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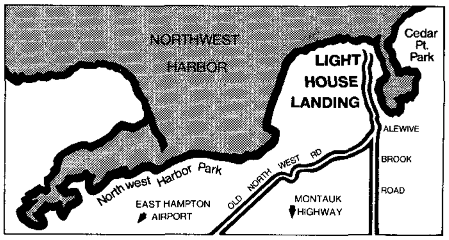

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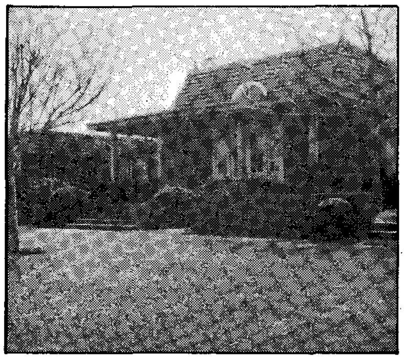

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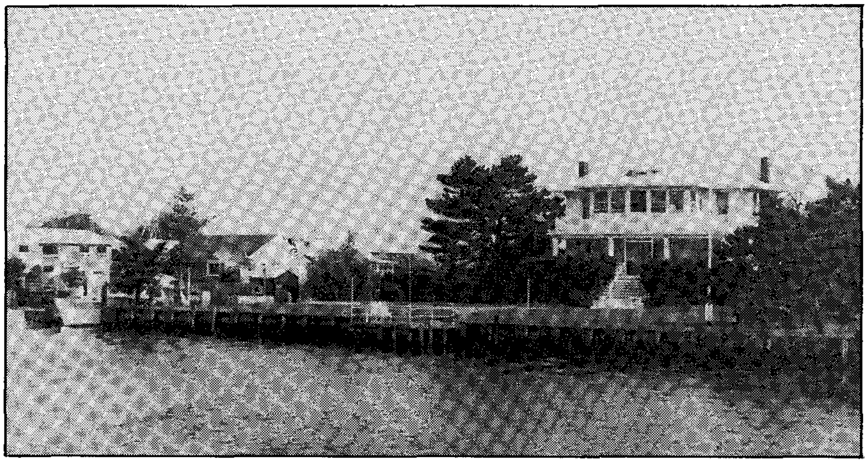

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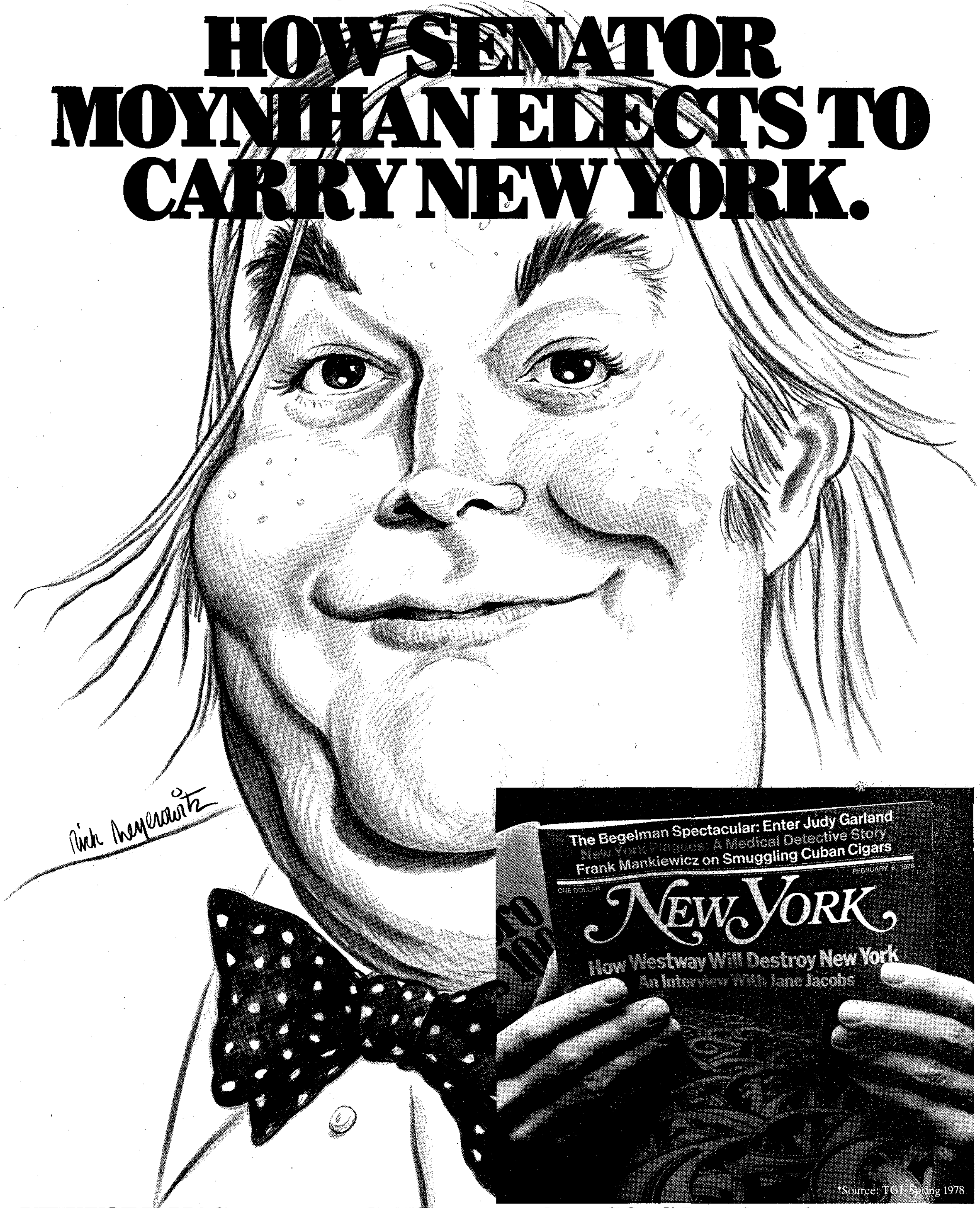
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NEW YORK MAGAZINE. BECAUSE NEW YORK GOES BEYOND CITY LIMITS.

Art/John Ashbery

NEW DINE IN OLD BOTTLES

"... The objects in Jim Dine's paintings relate to one another in the haphazard yet predestined way of things in nature ..."

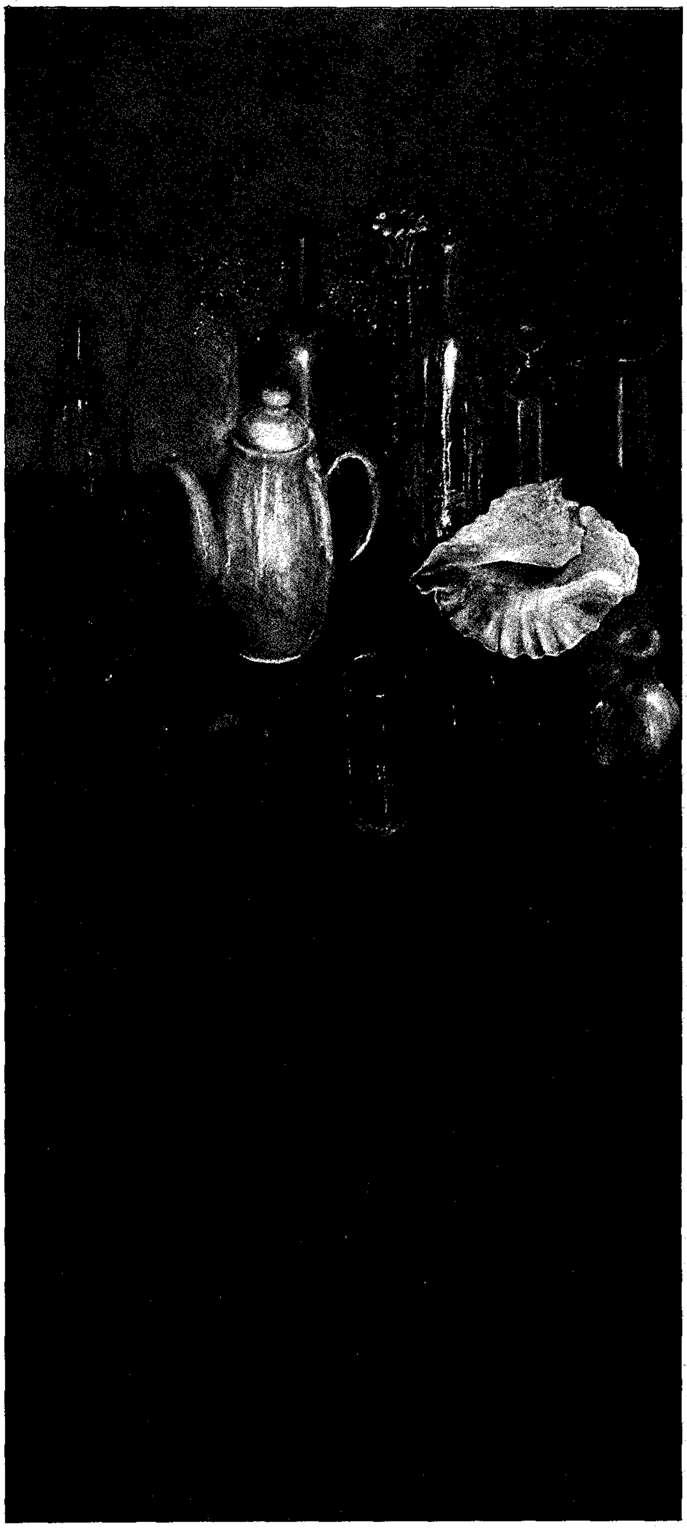
The Night, Forces Painterliness to Show Itself in a Clearer Way is the title of one of the paintings in **Jim Dine**'s astonishing new show (at the Pace Gallery, 32 East 57th Street, through 6/9), and it pretty much says it all. Ostensibly still lifes, these pictures could also be landscapes, but what they really are is meditation—on paint and on the way time passes, on darkness, mortality, and the life of inanimate objects.

What you see is a vast jumble of bottles and crockery, mostly undistinguished but with an occasional "good piece"—a brown Ridgeway teapot or a majolica pitcher—displayed as at a garage sale. (As a boy, Dine worked in his family's hardware store, where, to quote John Russell, he "deciphered the alphabet of feeling which other children spell out from nature.") Often the objects are crowded together in one part of the canvas, leaving the rest of it empty: Evidently that is "forbidden territory."

Mingled with this mostly dull junk are livelier things: an orange, a pumpkin, or a poinsettia looking out of place in the musty attic atmosphere. And there are other, disquieting objects in the tradition of the *vanitas* still life—a skull or an Egyptian tomb figure. There are not many of these, but when they occur it is with the force of a dull thud in the prevailing dead silence.

In his titles, Dine alludes to the seasons and the life of nature outside his Vermont studio: *The Spring Still Life (The Thaw); Still Life, Night Falls on Our Valley; The Still Life With a Red Pepper Painted as October Changes Our Valley.* We begin to feel that the life so carefully excluded from the "still life" situation is really present; that it can never be excluded, life and death being a sort of mutual admiration society. And we are never quite sure how undead the cups and bottles are. Perhaps they are "parallel" objects, like the imaginary plants recently cataloged by Leo Lionni in his marvelous book *Parallel Botany.*

As for the "painterliness" that night brings on: It has never before looked so dazzling, in what has been for Dine



Still life lives: *Jim Dine's* A Still Life, Remembering Oslo, Autumn, 6PM, 1973, *oil on canvas, 1977, 80 by 36 inches.*

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a long love-hate relationship with it. Even in the hard, slick surfaces of his so-called pop-art phase (Dine has rejected this label, and rightly) there was always a feeling of a Manet or a Whistler struggling to be let out. Through the years this has resulted in a special kind of painterliness, a highly experimental one, in which a slick illustrational style, "dumb" amateur painting, and serious, art-school academicism seemed to be scandalously cohabiting.

The new still lifes allow him to have it many ways at once. A pitcher painted with the mellow virtuosity of a Chardin is jostled by a cup done with the slapdash impetuosity of a Dubuffet, and their neighbors come in other assorted styles.

An extreme example is a four-panel work called *The Still Life Painted on the Same Things and Then Varied and Then Married.* The still-life setup in each panel is the same, or almost so: Dine has a habit of subtracting objects one expects to re-encounter, as in the primitive trick photography of Méliès. Each of the four panels is, however, painted in a different style or cluster of styles—highly worked up, impressionistic, or plain and crude. As a result, the objects take on a complex, Pirandellian reality. We are never sure which bottle is the "true" one, and when we think we know, it suddenly isn't there at all.

I mentioned that the paintings are like landscapes. This is not because of their allusive titles, but because the objects relate to one another in the haphazard yet predestined way of things in nature, rather than as a set of paintable subjects shifted about by an artist to suit his inclinations. In an eerie way they don't seem to have been touched by anybody; it's as though they just congregated there in the studio night after night. The effect is as disturbing as a volcanic landscape, where everything got stashed together for eternity, or until the next eruption.

Dine is famous as a brilliant and innovative graphic artist (a retrospective show of his etchings will open next month at the Museum of Modern Art). A group of etchings of flowers is included as part of the present show at the Pace Gallery. They are as accomplished as ever, but I found them less exciting than his previous graphics. This may be because flowers are living things, and nothing alive could compete with the spectral, intense life he has conferred on his still-life objects. It will haunt you.

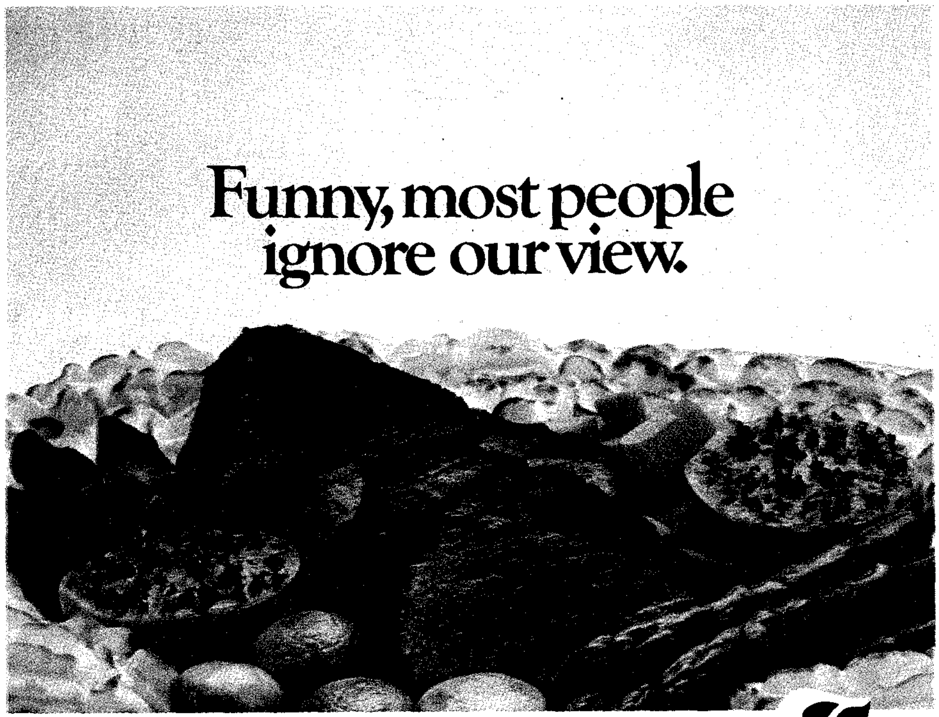
"It is the right, perhaps even the duty, of a statue to be sublime, of a picture to be severe. But it is not at all necessary for a scent bottle to be solemn, it is not indispensable for a salt-cellar to be august." Thus the critic Paul Mantz, quoted by Mario Praz in his book *On Neoclassicism.* Still, sublime utensils can be fun to contemplate if one doesn't have to live with them, as an elegant show at the Metropolitan, **The Arts Under Napoleon** (through 7/30), demonstrates.

Assembled by curators James David Draper and Clare Le Corbeiller and superbly mounted by Lucian Leone, it consists of objects from the museum's collection, with the important addition of a number of pieces of Napoleonic silver and other objects from the Audrey B. Love Foundation. (Here, indeed, the solemn sumptuosity does sometimes border on the ridiculous, as in Biennais's traveling food service of glass and gilt silver in a revolving stand of thuya wood—surely the ultimate in lazy Susans.)

The Empire style was as fleeting as the career of the man who inspired it, which may account for the slightly lugubrious impression it always creates. Praz, a lifelong Empire addict, has collected literary references to it from sources as varied as De Quincey and something called *The Kennel Murder Mystery.* The consensus seems to be that Empire is both elegant and gloomy. "The furniture was all of the Napoleonic period; nothing could have been more dignified and sadder," wrote the nineteenth-century essayist Vernon Lee. Nor more uncomfortable, as the image of Mme. Récamier in her scanty muslin dress, half reclining on that Procrustean bed, unintentionally suggests.

And yet there never was a time when such luxurious materials (gilt bronze and silver, rare woods such as amboyna, thuya, and yew) were used with such austerity. Even cheap materials were ennobled by the prevailing standard of taste: A toilet box of straw marquetry and a coffee service of purple lusterware in this show are as elegant as some of the more pretentious pieces, including the colossal Demidoff vase (known familiarly to Met employees as the Demidoff demitasse), of malachite and gilt bronze.

My favorite object is the pylon-shaped "Egyptian" medals cabinet designed by Percier for the antiquarian and tastemaker Vivant Denon. Each of its 22 graduated drawers is ornamented with a scaraboid bee whose right wing is hinged to serve as a drawer pull. Two of Ingres's most famous portrait drawings, including that of Mme. Léthière and her son, round out the show and evoke vividly the society for which these Spartan luxuries were created. ■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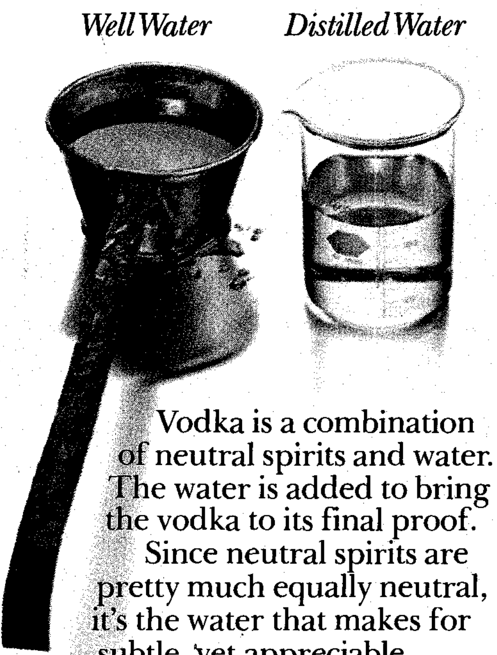

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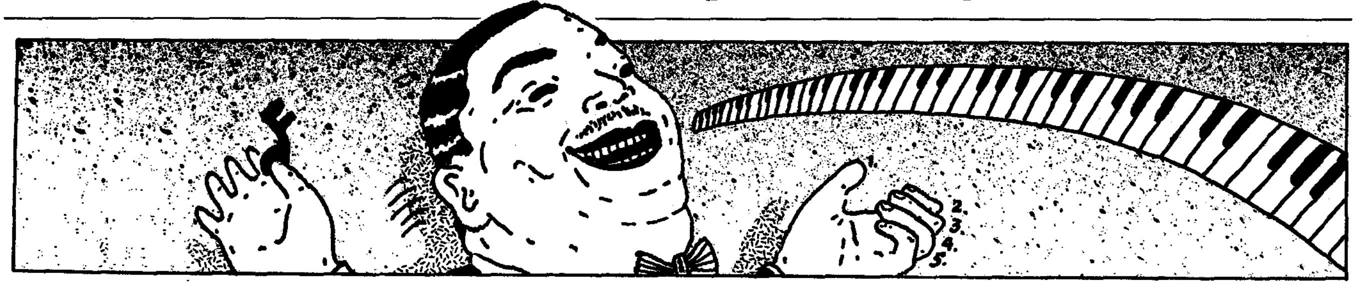

It was with trepidation that I confronted **Ain't Misbehavin'** on Broadway: Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of the show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement? Nothing to worry about; they did. John Lee Beatty, the set designer who specializes in thinking small and cheap—albeit with taste and imagination—has added suggestions of a nightclub with a proscenium arch whose lights permit themselves a modest trick, but nothing assertive. Randy Barcelo's costumes have a few sassy surprises—not so much up their sleeves as in the brims of their hats—but they never presume. A six-piece band has been discreetly conveyed to the back of the stage, where it remains mostly hidden by a scrim. When it does glide forward and gets all lit up, it still keeps its sonorous place largely as a backup for Luther Henderson's piano, which still does most of the accompanying in fine, Wallerian style. This piano has now become peripatetic and will sashay around the stage, but at least, unlike a strolling violin, it never mingles with the audience.

True, the Longacre, however intimate, is not so touchingly hole-in-the-wallish as the space at the Manhattan Theater Club, where this concatenation of songs by Fats Waller first saw the light of klieg. But the delicious songs by Waller and his friends, suggestively lighted by Pat Collins, continue their joyous renaissance under Richard Maltby Jr.'s canny and easeful staging, with Arthur Faria's fetching mini-choreography. Luther Henderson's orchestrations and William Elliott and Jeffrey Gutcheon's vocal arrangements manage to be both imaginative and homey, and it's wonderful that Maltby and Murray Horwitz had the idea in the first place and also wrote lively additional lyrics.

Now that—whew!—I have discharged my other obligations, allow me to rave incontinently about the cast of five that works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. Above my praise for them individually, I must set my admiration for them as a protean ensemble that, subdividing and coalescing into any number from one to five, is always gloriously one.

There is, in this quizzical quintet, Ken Page, a corpulent but lightsome man, who has that extraordinary quality I associate with children, idiots, and great performers: absolute spontaneity. Performers, unlike the other two groups, have to fake it, and Page does this with such guileless conviction going from seignorial indignation to irrepressible roguery as only the most untampered-with children and divinely inspired idiots could match. When, for instance, he throws back his head to emit a very nearly endless note, and we feel drenched by that warm geyser of sound, we would swear that his gleeful surprise is as genuine as our own.

Then there is Armelia McQueen, a red-hot mama that can turn into a milky baby or anything intermediate in rather less than a trice. Imperious or mellow, she cajoles or commands, and floats her imposing girth on the air like the zippiest of zeppelins. The beautifully trained voice rides the octaves like a surfer, and when, for example, she stretches an imaginary stocking between ineluctably diverging hands, the gesture is so real that you tremble for the meshes of the hose.

Andre De Shields is next, the epitome of suave rascality. A fellow of slides and slithers, his very voice handles the staff as if it were a greasy pole; his snippy words and snide looks are worthy of a French pastry cook caught among Bronx bagel bakers. Even when he stands still, he seems to undulate; you just know that his suit is filled not with a body, but with lizards of both the lounge and leapin' varieties.

Charlaine Woodard, who reminds me of Shelley Duvall, can make dopiness look like a privileged state, and generally carries on like a very hip sleepwalker. When she throws herself into a dance movement, she knows no more than we do where a given foot or elbow of hers might end up; when she recovers her balance, she beams incredulously, like someone whose wallet is returned intact by a passing gypsy. In song, notes take off from her cantilevered lips for unknown destinations, and seem to hit home quite accidentally. She is also very, very sweet.

But the most miraculous finger of this hand is the fat little thumb called Nell Carter. Looking like a slightly larger-than-life eight ball with a pert face painted on and four clothespins added for limbs, she is simply immense. She has, in fact, every attribute of a giantess, except the size. On exaggeratedly dainty feet, she moves like someone who would brook no contradiction from a bulldozer, if there were one rash enough to cross her path. Though she can leap up as lyrically as Wordsworth's heart to a rainbow, she is more likely to cock her head, latch on to the ground with her feet, and, arms akimbo, either charm the birds out of a tree or wither the tree itself with a glance. Her voice, which by itself should win acting awards, ranges from soprano sax to bass tuba and can thunder, wail, flicker, and put away a note with a marvelously smug little click.

Yet the ultimate hero of the evening is the man who either sang and popularized or actually wrote these gorgeous

Illustrated by Ben Chase

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songs: Thomas, or "Fats," Waller. I almost believe that under yet another first name he wrote one of the finest English lyrics, "Go, Lovely Rose."

You could not ask for a pleasanter piece of fluff than **The Bleacher Bums,** which the Organic Theater Company of Chicago brought into the Performing Garage. Developed by its eight able performers under Stuart Gordon's gimlet directorial eye, this is a distillation of what rabid Cub fans—bettors and abettors—do on a typical afternoon in Wrigley Field. The cast studied the fans' antics long and lovingly, then compiled them with, I would guess, minimal dramatic license into this frequently funny and always freakily human quasi-documentary. It is, as its director says, more about hope (considering the Cubs' track record) than about baseball, and hope may, *pace* Emily Dickinson, also be the thing in bleachers. Surely that is the place where mortals' absurdities, of which hope is the most nearly immortal, attain their fullest bloom, and it is with justified didacticism that the audience watching the show is also seated in bleachers.

Family Business, by Dick Goldberg, about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family, is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Even then, the language remains uninteresting, as the plot and characters always are. The only new twist—for melodrama—is that much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. John Stix has provided routine direction, but the acting by a cast of six is remarkable—especially that of Richard Greene, who manages to humanize a mediocre lummox of a shopkeeper without making any obvious plea for audience sympathy.

The Colonnades Theater Lab's **Molière in Spite of Himself** is Mikhail Bulgakov's not very good *A Cabal of Hypocrites* adapted into a much worse and unendurably longer play by Michael Lessac, who also directed the cast into what he must take to be stylization, but what is mostly palsied slowness of delivery further overwhelmed by unmeaningful pauses. The production is relatively lavish and not unhandsome, but many of the actors are feeble, and two or three of them insufferable. A cardsharp in the play is called Marquis de Lessac—no doubt one of Michael's ancestors. Jacqueline Cassel's bosom, arbitrarily exposed through most of Act I, easily steals the show. ■

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 319

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Billy Hits Jackson 'Long Overdue,' Says Martin

JACKSON, Miss., May 6—Hurricane Billy, the second big storm of the season, struck downtown Jackson today. "We were prepared this time," stated Mayor Blaine "Cayuse" Martin. "The storm was expected last week, and . . ."

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Results of Competition 316, in which you were asked to provide definitions for one related pair of familiar names, titles, etc., altered homophonically.

Report: An uncannily large entry, plus some mishap prehension of instructions. Understandable. It was not absolutely necessary to name pairs (per example, HERB AND RITA VELOPMENT), but to pair *related* names—either two couples or two individuals. Whatever. Both forms were ruled eligible, as well as some outstanding singles (see below). Repeats: SAM AND ELLA POISONING. MEL AND COLLEEN BABY. YVETTE AND SAL MIMEO. TOOT UNCOMMON. PULLET SURPRISE. HOMER DERANGE. DEE TERGENT. RHODA AND PHIL O'DENDRON. THE WALLED-OFF ASTORIA. ADAM'S MYTH. THE SAUNA PSORIASIS. JUSTIN THYME. NIKITA CRUISE CHEF. HELEN HIGHWATER. EYDIE AMIN and ELEPHANTS GERALD. READE M. N. WEEPE.

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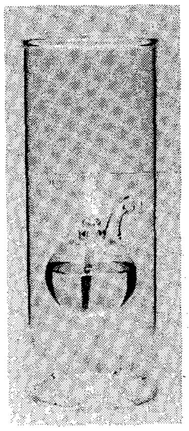

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Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 319, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by May 26. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of June 26. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, if possible.**

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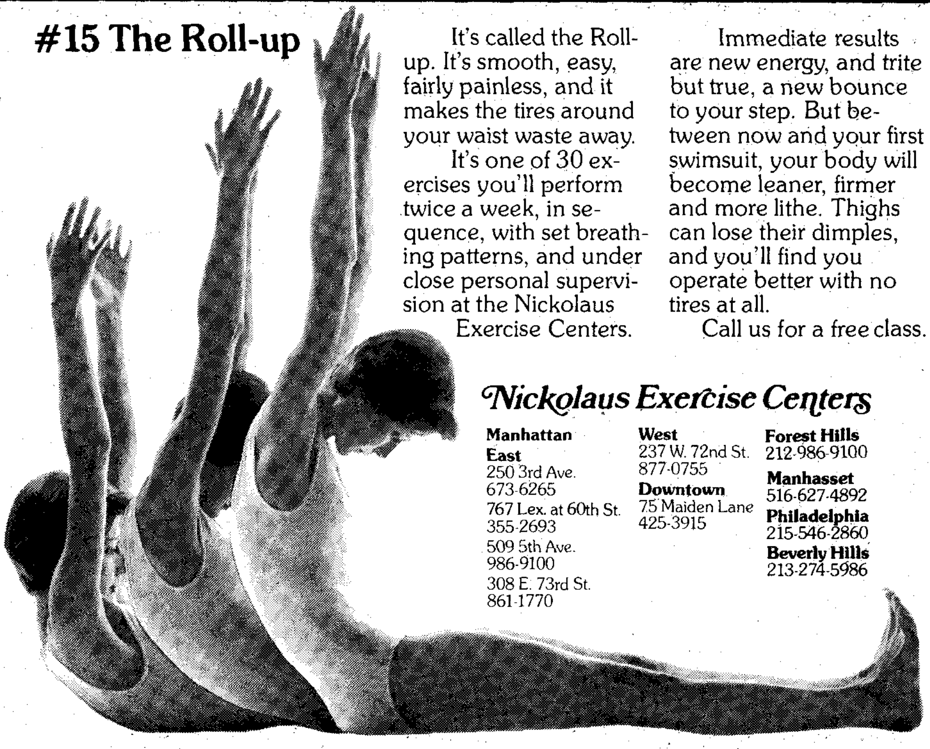

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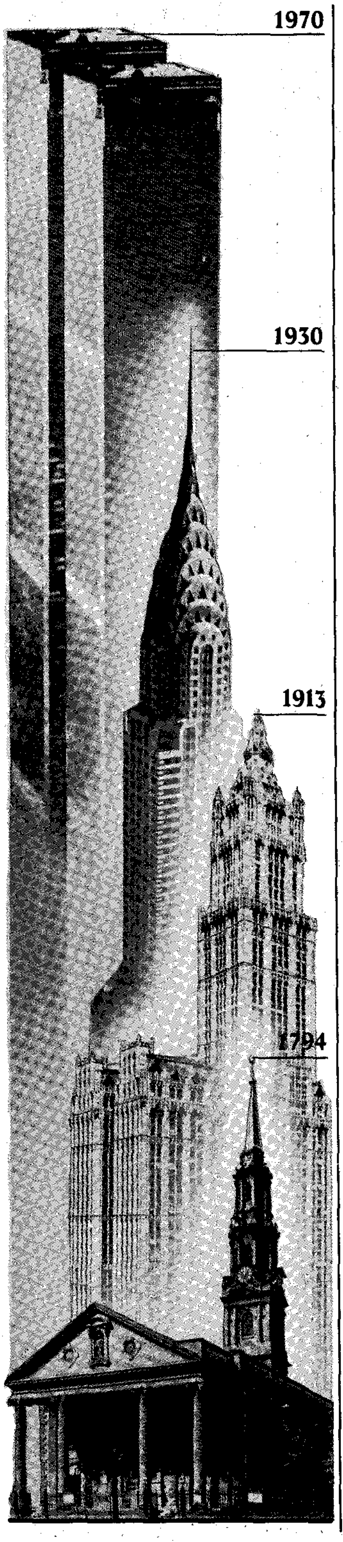
Page of Lists/John Tauranac

THEY WENT AND BUILT A SKYSCRAPER SEVEN STORIES HIGH!

...No building holds the title of New York's tallest very long. Herewith, the former record holders. World Trade Center, take note!...



If civilization could be measured with a yardstick, there would be no question that New York is getting better and better as it gets higher and higher. We've gone by easy stages from St. Paul's Chapel (200 feet) to the World Trade Center (1,350 feet). Only a fool would say this isn't progress.

1. 1794: St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway, Fulton, Church, and Vesey streets, 200 feet. The tallest structures in New York during the eighteenth century were its church steeples. A wooden one, added to the tower of St. Paul's Chapel 28 years after the church was built, made the building—now the only pre-Revolutionary War church in Manhattan—the tallest in New York at the time.

2. 1807: St. John's Chapel, Varick Street, between Laight and Beach streets, 214.5 feet. Another of the chapels of Trinity parish, this had a lovely park in front of it. After a warehouse was built on the park site, the neighborhood declined, and St. John's found itself without a congregation. The city then demolished St. John's to widen Varick Street.

3. 1846: Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall Street, 284 feet. People who mounted to this steeple lookout had an excellent view of the city of Brooklyn and other outlying suburbs. By the turn of the century, Trinity's, and most other steeples, would be dwarfed by secular buildings.

4. 1853: Latting Observatory, 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, 300 feet. Designed to attract the crowds who came to visit the Crystal Palace across the street, the observatory raised visitors to its two observation decks by the novel means of a steam elevator. The iron-braced wooden tower burned down in 1856.

5. 1890: Pulitzer Building, Park Row at Frankfort Street, 309 feet. "Skyscraping" office buildings had been around for fifteen years by this date, but the gold-domed Pulitzer Building was the first to be higher than the Trinity steeple. The city knocked down the Pulitzer Building in 1955 to make way for a ramp to the Brooklyn Bridge.

6. 1894: Manhattan Life Insurance Building, 66 Broadway, south of Wall Street, 350 feet. An eighteen-story structure, this building took the New York station of the U.S. Weather Bureau away from the old Equitable Building (1870), the first office building to charge higher rents for higher floors.

7. 1899: Park Row Building, 15 Park Row, between Ann and Beekman streets, 390 feet. When the Park Row Building was erected, it inspired predictions of great dirigibles casting off for faraway places from the building's cupolas.

8. 1904: Times Tower, Times Square, 419.7 feet (sort of). The Times Tower led one writer to make a claim for the world title with this bit of specious logic: Since the building rose 362.7 feet from the street and went down 57 feet to the printing presses in the sub-basement (the IRT took up the first basement), the tower was actually 419.7 feet high.

9. 1908: Singer Tower, Broadway between Liberty and Cortlandt streets, 612 feet. A Beaux Arts extravaganza, this building was the tallest in the world at the time. (To put things in perspective, the Seattle Space Needle, much publicized in 1962, is seven feet shorter.) The tower was demolished for the U.S. Steel Building.

10. 1909: Metropolitan Life Tower, Madison Avenue at 24th Street, 700 feet. Another world's tallest, this one is an astigmatic vision of the campanile of St. Mark's in Venice. From the fiftieth-floor balcony, the "homes of one-sixteenth of the entire population of the United States" could be seen for 50 cents, a lot of money in 1909.

11. 1913: Woolworth Building, Broadway at Park Place, 792 feet. Only five U.S. cities have buildings today that are taller than this soaring, Gothic-style building. On opening night, President Woodrow Wilson pressed a button in Washington, D.C., turning on the skyscraper's 80,000 light bulbs.

12. 1930: Chrysler Building, Lexington Avenue at 42nd Street, 1,048 feet. This Jazz Age masterpiece was the tallest building in the world and the first one taller than the Eiffel Tower.

13. 1931: Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, 1,250 feet (later 1,472 feet). The dream of dirigibles casting off from the tops of buildings was revived by the Empire State, whose mooring mast made up the top 200 feet. In 1950 nine TV stations moved their broadcasting equipment to the top; an antenna added 222 feet.

14. 1970: World Trade Center, west of Trinity Place at Cortlandt Street, 1,350 feet. To those who ignored the TV antenna on the Empire State, the twin towers were the world champions until the erection of the Sears Tower in Chicago in 1974. ▬

Illustrated by Ken Kendrick

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